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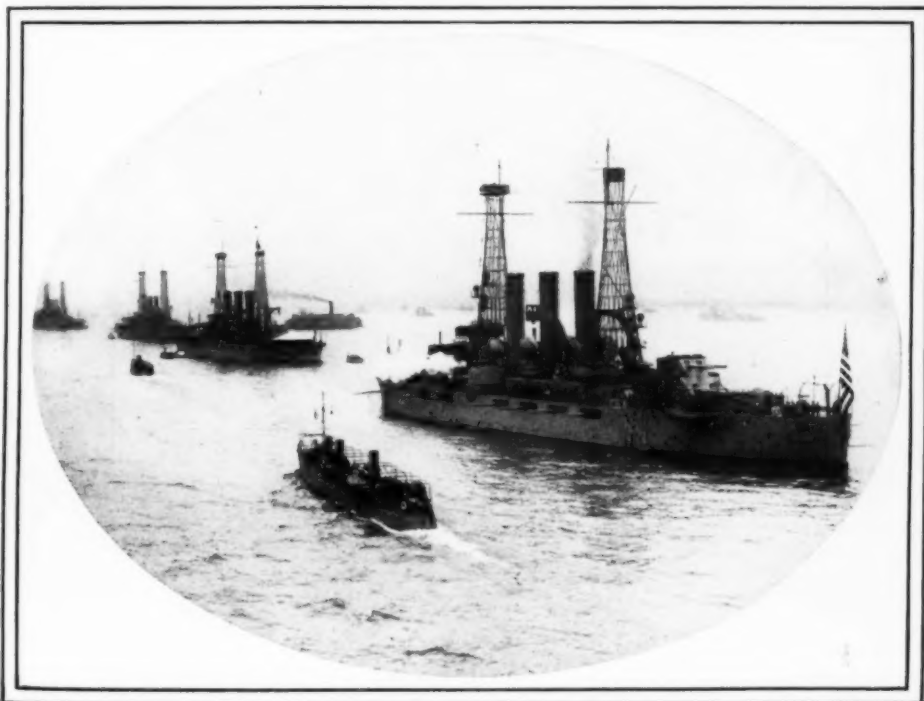
AMERICA'S GREATEST NAVAL REVIEW

BY PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

FOR a week in October, America's greatest fleet was a spectacle. For a week the citizens of the Atlantic seaboard and from far inland made holiday upon the ships in the splendid harbor of New York. Lovers went there. Honey-mooners went there. Fathers and mothers

and children went there. They clambered over decks and bridges and barbettes and turrets. They hugged the smooth sides of the guns. They caressed those gray old fighters from stem to stern. Almost they held them in their arms.

On Sunday afternoon they overran the



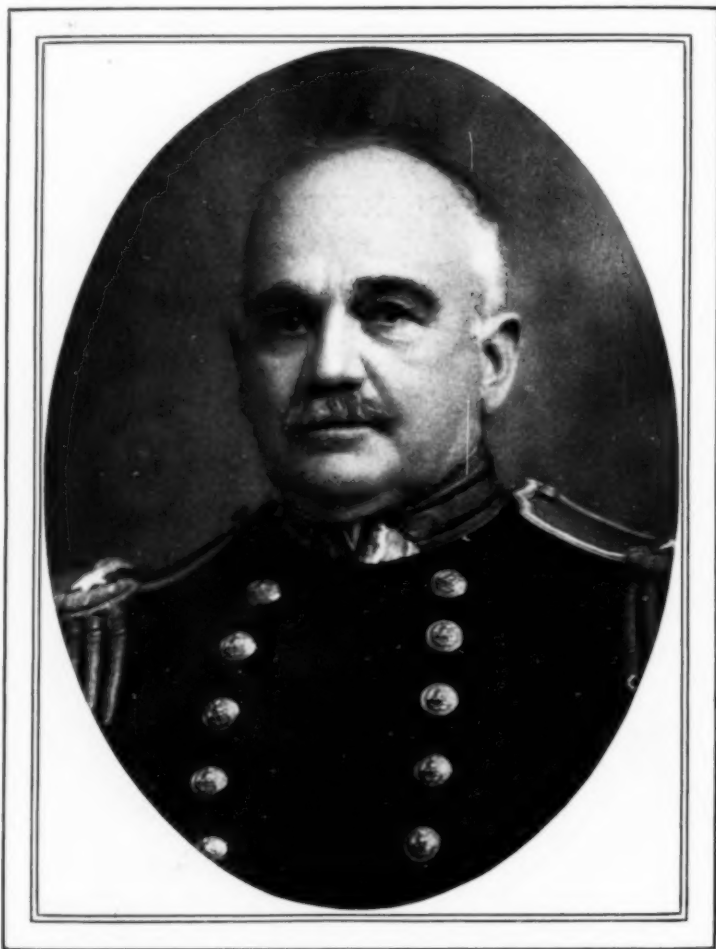
THE DESPATCH-BOAT DOLPHIN, BEARING THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, REVIEWING THE ATLANTIC FLEET IN THE NORTH RIVER, OCTOBER 14, 1912

Wyoming, the superdreadnought which, with her sister, the Arkansas, is at the moment the most powerful ship afloat, to such an extent that they almost took her away from Captain Chapin and his officers. They thronged her decks. They swarmed the bridges and gun platforms, and at one

laughed. Then he tried again, making a trumpet of his hands to shout:

"Tell them if they don't come down we will clear the bridge!"

But the crowd continued to mount the companionways. A girl in blue silk, with a saucy hat upon her saucy head, led the



REAR-ADMIRAL HUGO OSTERHAUS, COMMANDING THE ATLANTIC FLEET

From a copyrighted photograph by Pach, New York

time began to shoot up the great skeleton masts like jets from some human geyser.

"Stop those people from going up that mast!" ordered the officer of the deck.

"I tried to, and they won't stop, sir," replied a boatswain from the bridge, in discouraged tones.

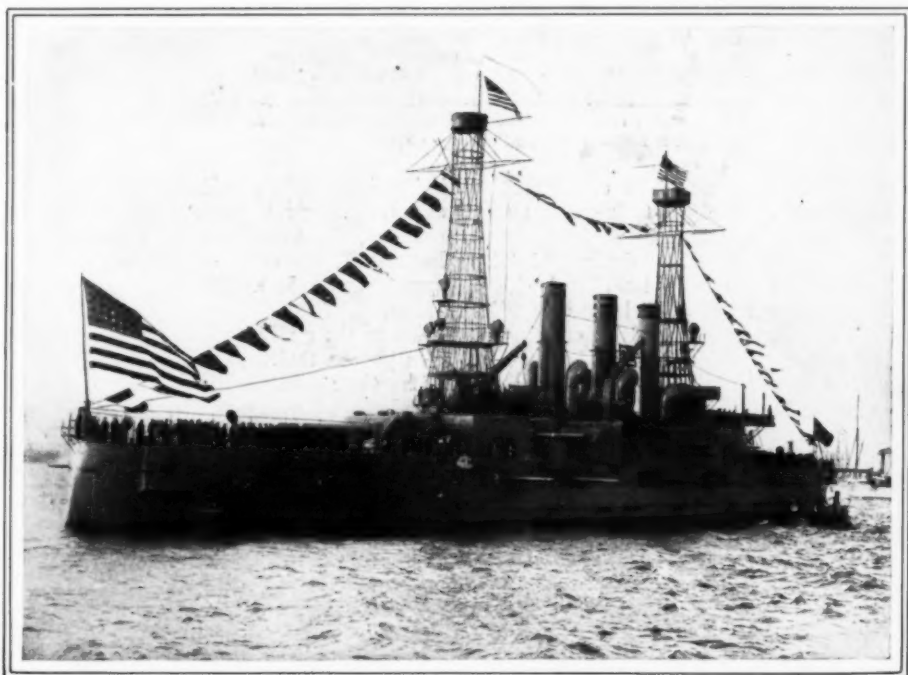
The officer of the deck laughed good-naturedly, and the people about him

charge. The boatswain had halted her at the top step. She shot a glance of her blue eyes straight into his, and the sailorman wavered like a tree in the blast; but the officer of the deck was watching, and returned his appealing look with one that tried to be stern.

The girl in blue caught this bit of eye-play, and turned and fluttered her hand-



ONE OF THE SUBMARINES OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET, WITH HER CREW LINED UP FOR REVIEW BY THE PRESIDENT AND THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY



A BATTLE-SHIP IN GALA ATTIRE—THE NEW HAMPSHIRE, A SIXTEEN-THOUSAND-TON DREADNOUGHT, DRESSED FOR THE REVIEW



THE MAN WHOSE HAND IS ON THE NERVE-CENTER OF A MODERN FIGHTING-MACHINE—
CAPTAIN HUGH RODMAN ON THE BRIDGE OF THE FLAG-SHIP CONNECTICUT

kerchief at the officer. The crowd on the decks tittered. The girl took courage and fluttered down a smile.

It was an armor-piercer, that smile! The officer of the deck dropped his hand with a gesture of surrender. The boatswain wilted out of the way with a look of mingled relief and admiration on his face. The good-humored throng surged after their fair leader in blue, cherishing, no doubt, a new respect in their hearts for an officer who had sense enough to let a crowd of average Americans have their way for a little while with one of their own ships.

Thus the people made a plaything of the fleet. And, really, the fleet was quite willing to be played with. This was its annual play day. It donned its best. It polished its guns. It furbished its yards. By night it outlined the shapes of the ships in electric lights, and converged its scores of search-

lights into something between a rainbow and a heavenly halo. By day the bugles sounded, the bands played, and the brilliant uniforms of the marines made the quarter-decks look like beds of crimson tulips.

When the really high days came, the officers put on their stiff full-dress uniforms, with their gondolalike chapeaux, with epaulettes blooming on their shoulders like huge golden chrysanthemums, and with as much surplusage of gilt braid upon their apparel as appertains to the regalia of a colored lodge.

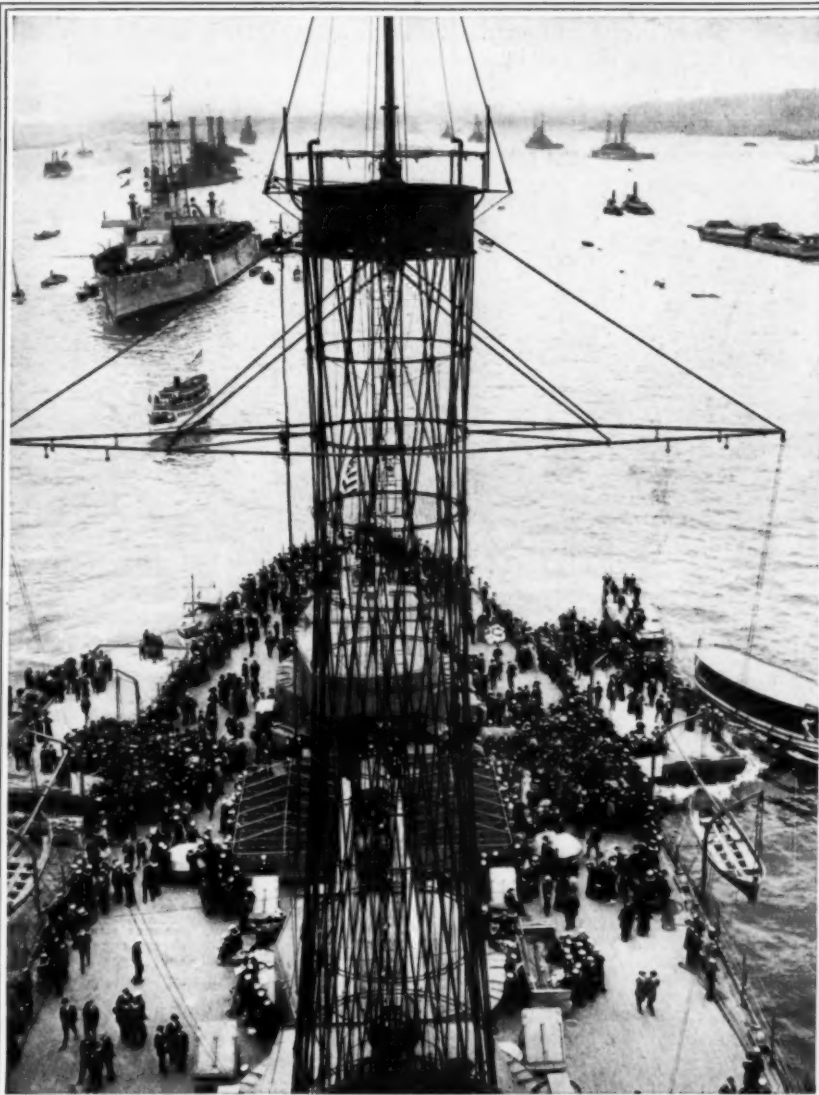
And there were doings, too. The officers had a banquet at the Astor, and the sailors had a parade on Fifth Avenue. The President and the Secretary of the Navy came. One day they steamed up the long line of the fleet and back again. Another day they anchored off Bedloe's Island, with the God-

NOTE—The views printed with this article are from photographs taken for MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE by Brown Brothers, New York, during the recent review of the Atlantic fleet.

ness of Liberty looking down over their shoulders, while the fleet steamed out to sea. There was shooting of cannon, there was

the little Mayflower, on which the President stood to review them.

And shall I tell you what all this meant?



A HOLIDAY CROWD ON BOARD THE CONNECTICUT, FLAG-SHIP OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET—A VIEW SHOWING THE BATTLE-SHIP'S AFTER DECK AND ONE OF HER MASTS

baring of heads, there was waving of flags, there were fanfares of bands and the simultaneous, rhythmic salute of a thousand hands at a time, as the great battlers passed

It was not a fête. It was a demonstration. It did not mean that our navy was ready for a frolic; that our ships are play-things. It meant the opposite—that they

are ready for a fight. Instant efficiency! Shotted guns! Heaped up magazines! Deadly preparedness! Hair-trigger initiative! These are the lessons of that great mobilization.

The fleet that steamed out of New York Harbor was ready to engage an enemy. It could have met off Sandy Hook and pounded to the bottom before dark any fleet that was ever assembled in the history of the

we must get the details under our eye and in our mind for a moment.

THE MUSTER-ROLL OF THE FLEET

The fleet swung at anchor in two lines that stretched ten miles from the Goddess to Spuyten Duyvil and beyond. There were thirty-one battle-ships, eight cruisers, twenty-four destroyers, sixteen torpedo-boats, ten submarines, six naval militia



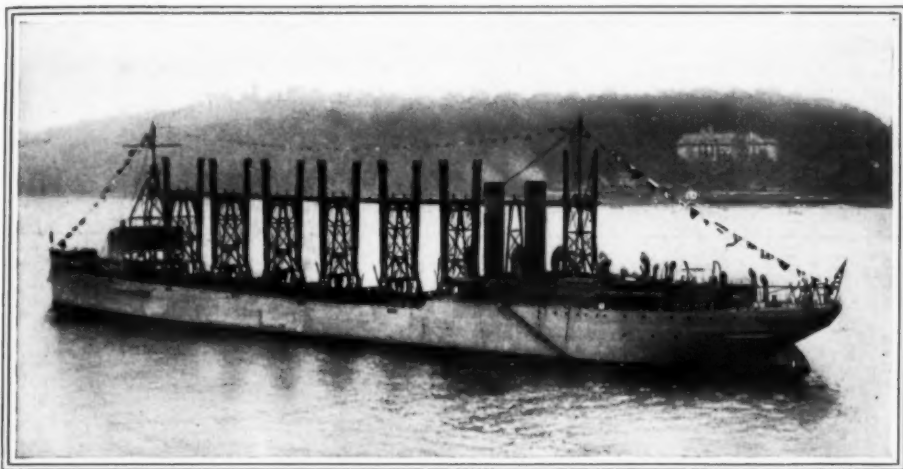
A FOUR-INCH GUN ON THE NASHVILLE FROM WHICH THE FIRST SHOT OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR WAS FIRED

world, with the single exception of one which Great Britain mobilized a few months ago. And against such a one as that, against superior weight of ships and guns and armor, we may, and most of us would willingly, I think, pit the superior efficiency of our men and ships in those vital elements of gunnery, dash, and courage, and safely predicate a victory in that case also.

But to appreciate the greatness and the significance of that October demonstration,

vessels, eight fuel ships, twenty repair-ships, mine-layers, and tenders—beef-bringers, valets and grooms, rubbers and trainers for the great, snubby-nosed fighters—in all one hundred and twenty and three, with an aggregate displacement of seven hundred and twenty thousand tons, and representing a money cost of three hundred and thirty millions of dollars. The complement of these ships was about fifteen hundred officers and thirty thousand men.

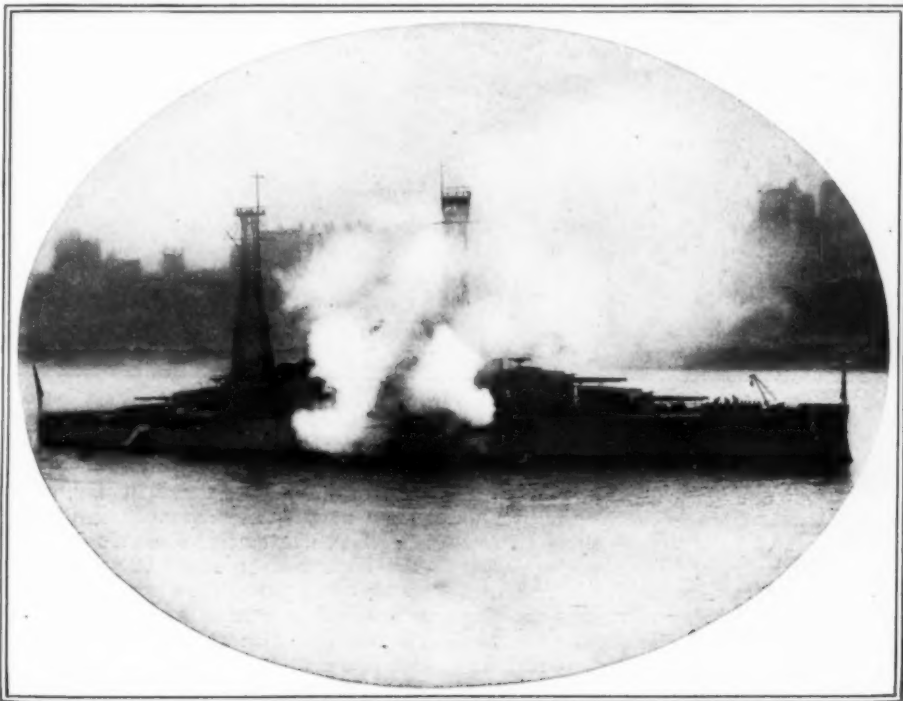
It was a great sight. When the Presi-



ONE OF THE COLLIERIES OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET, WITH ITS ROW OF CRANES FOR LOADING AND UNLOADING COAL

dent's flag was broken out on the Mayflower, twelve hundred guns roared in simultaneous salute; and that was a great sound. Some people thought it was silly. I thought it was fine. For me it kindled

echoes of the "shot heard round the world." It reminded one of Bunker Hill and New Orleans, of Chapultepec and Santiago; of the things our navies and armies have done; of the things our country stands for and on



THE DREADNOUGHT MICHIGAN FIRING A SALUTE IN HONOR OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

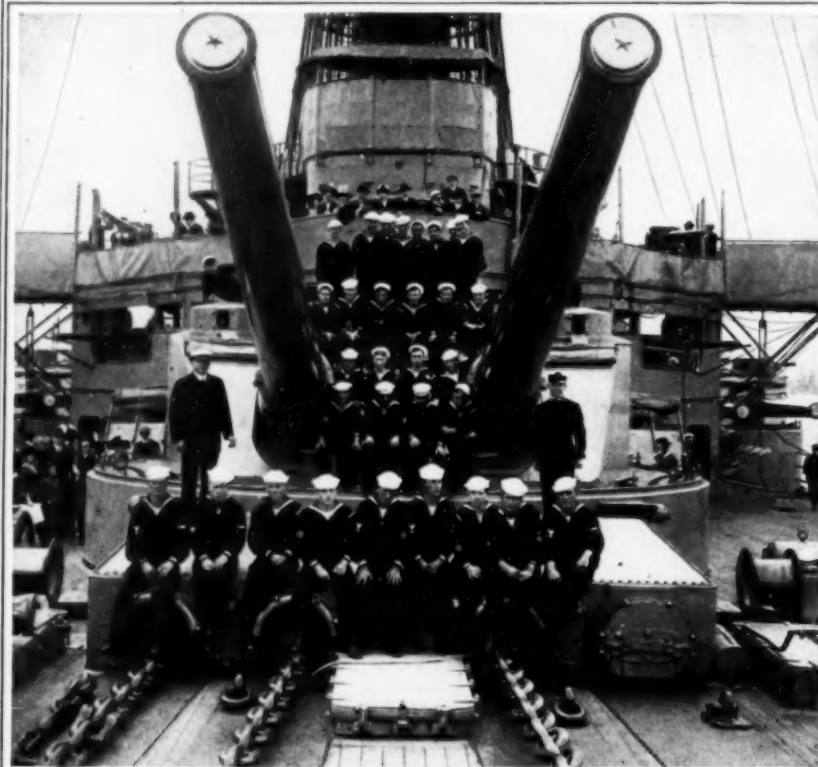
occasion has needed armies and navies to maintain—the great, big, broad, enduring, enlarging, advancing principles of human liberty and social justice.

It is good to be reminded of these. It is well that we should not forget them. So that is the first word the fleet whispered to me, from behind a white-gloved hand:

roofed in steel, but with bristling fortifications piled on top.

There wasn't a sail nor a spar, and scarcely a rope, except some signal-cords and clothes-lines, and the halters for the launches. Now what sort of a ship is it that affords not the smell of tar?

Indeed, we might about as well take that



THE FORWARD TWELVE-INCH GUNS OF THE CONNECTICUT, WITH THEIR GUN-CREW—THESE GUNS RECENTLY FIRED TWELVE SHOTS, MAKING ELEVEN HITS, IN THREE MINUTES AND TWENTY-ONE SECONDS

"Lest we forget!"

But I went down to the North River to see ships, and I did not see ships. I saw shops—battle-shops! For shops are what they are—huge hives of wheels and cogs and coils, of throbbing valves and shooting pistons, with long rows of roaring fires like forges—each ship one vast, beautiful, intricate, crowded, glittering machine-shop, sunk in the sea, but floating; ribbed and

word "ship" out of the dictionary, so far as the navy is concerned. The torpedo-boats look like darting sharks with a few extra back fins showing. The submarines are almost as much like a school of whales as a school of whales are like themselves. The colliers, with their forest of cranes, look like nothing unless it is a baobab-tree shorn of its foliage. And as for the militant monsters of the battle line, I tell you that

they are not ships but shops, mere floating and fortified shops.

THE GREATEST WAR-SHIPS AFLOAT

Take, for instance, the Wyoming and Arkansas, latest and greatest of fighting-machines that float. They have but one deck. It is five hundred and fifty-four feet long, and straight as a scow, with never a dip or bend or break. It does not look like a deck. It is not a deck. It is a platform for cannon. These vast structures, whose propellers kick them through the water at the rate of twenty-one knots, have not the lines of ships, but of fortifications. There are parapet and scarp, there are barbette and penthouse, and the brazen glint of guns. And what guns! The Wyoming carries twelve twelve-inch guns. In the unoccupied angles of these floating fortifications are massed twenty-one five-inch and four four-inch guns.

The turrets of the twelve-inch guns swing free. All can be brought to bear in one broadside, and those twelve guns, without hurrying, can hurl ten tons of metal a minute. In ten minutes that makes one hundred tons of metal, which is like shooting a locomotive at you. These superdreadnoughts are floating volcanoes which will break into eruption at a mere glint of the eye of the Goddess of Liberty.

And they hurl these terrible volleys with awesome precision. The two forward twelve-inch guns of the Connecticut, in a recent target practise, fired twelve shots in three minutes and twenty-one seconds, and scored eleven hits on a moving target one mile distant and but seventeen by twenty-one feet in size. And while the great guns of the Wyoming would be hurling their ten tons of metal a minute, the five-inch and four-inch auxiliaries would be licking with red-hot tongues every inch of an enemy's surface.

THE CAPTAIN OF A "BATTLE-SHOP"

Everything about these "battle-shops" is steel, or upholstered in steel. I walked on steel, ate on steel, sat on steel, clambered over steel, and barked my shins on steel. I sat in the captain's cabin, and the floor was steel and the walls were steel and the ceiling was steel. The captain's roll-top desk was steel. The very manner of the man was steel.

Yet the impression this cabin gave was that of a business office. The typewriter,

the files, the telephones, and the push-buttons, and the brisk alertness with which business was despatched, all suggested the trained American business executive, with the appurtenances of his craft about him. This quick-eyed man who gave orders in quiet but incisive tones might have been the head of a great corporation. He might have been the president of a railroad, or the executive of some great manufacturing or commercial enterprise—might have been, but for one thing. That thing was the breech of a five-inch gun, which backed itself impudently through the side of the cabin and winked a brassy eye right over the captain's ear.

This was a business office, all right, but the business was fighting. These were, indeed, the wires and buttons and telephone-calls of a great mechanical plant. There were one thousand men in this steel skin. There was ten million dollars' worth of the finest, most delicate, and most efficient machinery ever built, and it was all put together to fight with. This cool man was a fighting man, fighting with every device of science and engineering to help him. He is the modern successor of that Stephen Decatur or Paul Jones who used to jump aboard the enemy's deck, cutlas and pistol in hand.

The traditions of our navy are more glorious than ever. Here is science. Here is modernity. Farragut went into battle with his body lashed to the mast. This man goes in with his ear glued to a telephone. He can see ten miles in the night. He can hear a thousand yards under water. He can flash a message one thousand miles on the open sea. He can hurl the entire weight of the Constitution through the mouths of his guns in less than an hour.

Paul Jones fought his ships with wind. Osterhaus fights his with electricity. *Po-lonius* admonished *Laertes*:

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for.

"The bunkers are full and the radio is calling," would be the nineteen-twelve version. Radio? Yes; that's the modern for wireless, because "wireless" is as *passé* in the navy now as "automobile" among those that ride in motor-cars.

The captain of the "battle-shop" need not know a hawk from a marlinespike, nor how to tie any knot save one in his cravat, but he must know electricity. I went on

the bridge of the Connecticut with Captain Hugh Rodman—at a moment, you may be sure, when the only knots that good ship was doing were in her anchor-chain, but on the bridge, just the same. I give you my word that the thing we stood on wasn't a bridge at all, but something as round as your dining-table, with a forest of hoods and tubes and dials and helmets of large and small degree thrusting themselves breast high through the floor of the thing, so close together that one could hardly squeeze between them.

Each hood was a telephone-line, a messenger-call, a signal-shaft, or a speaking-tube, leading to the forward turret, to the after turret, to the engine-room, to the furnaces, to the magazines, to the captain's cabin, to the wireless—beg pardon, radio—office; to the range-finders' platforms, to the signal-stations—well, to everywhere. The captain, picking his way about in this tube-studded, canvas-roofed wigwam of a place, had under his twiddling fingers the keyboard of the ship.

And what a diapason he could play upon this vast orchestrated mechanism! Every note was there, from the silvery call of her bugle to the swish of her mighty engines and the broadside battery of her twelve-inch guns.

THE HUMAN FACTOR IN THE FLEET

But, after all, the great thing about the fleet wasn't the Wyoming nor the Arkansas, nor the diving Submarine C 2, nor the torpedo-shooting Preston. The biggest thing was the human fleet—Rear-Admiral Osterhaus and Captain Rodman, and Jack Tar and Bill Marine, and all the men they typify.

The navy has changed in fifteen years. The pride of the line that smashed Cervera in the July of 1898 were the curiosities of the naval review of the Hudson in those October days of 1912. The personnel has changed as well as the ships. The officery of the navy has become a huge technological faculty. It is a body of scientific and expert engineers and navigators.

An elaborate system of survivalism raises the standards higher annually. Two hundred embryo officers, or more, start in every year at Annapolis with high hopes; but immediately a fierce competitive system begins to make the strong men stronger and to weed out the weak. The whole class does not graduate.

Once in the real service, failures and weaknesses develop annually, for a naval officer plays many parts in a lifetime. Each year brings new responsibilities, which inevitably sift out the men. In the course of his gradual survival, the Annapolis graduate will have served on all kinds of craft and will have done duty in all sorts of positions. He will know machinery; he will know navigation; he will know men. In twenty years after graduation he may have captained aeroplanes or discovered north poles.

Of a class of two hundred entering, say, twenty-five or thirty years ago, it may well be that no more than a half-dozen survive in the service to-day. Those six will stand for tried-in-the-fire efficiency. They are men to whom we can commit freely the command of our twelve-million-dollar ships. In the next ten years of service, these six men will be sifted further, and of what remains we can make admirals with utter conviction that the fate of the navy, and mayhap, as has happened, the history of the nation, can be entrusted to their hands.

Still, whatever reconstituting of the officery of the navy there has been is more of a development than a change. The real change has been in the personnel of the seamen. There never were so many foreigners in the navy as was popularly supposed, but the personnel is now more thoroughly American than ever. At the present time the law requires enlisted men to be American citizens, and, as a matter of fact, the men of our ships come from the villages, farms, and cities of our own country.

Many of them have never seen the sea till they reach the training-ships. The navy, to them, becomes a great trade school. It is astonishing how many trades and crafts are required to keep a battle-ship ready for battle. Under that huge and highly expert technological faculty, the officers, the men learn all these trades. They receive that most valuable of educations which trains the hand and the eye as well as the mind.

The navy is the greatest industrial school in America, with nearly fifty thousand students. These men are as modern and efficient as the things they fight with. They have been trained to think and to act and to take care of themselves.

Athletics are encouraged. On one of the ships, and perhaps it is regularly true of others, the chaplain is detailed as officially

to referee boxing-matches in the forecastle as to conduct ship's devotions.

"ALWAYS READY" THE WATCHWORD

Efficiency and preparedness are the key-words of the navy to-day. Promotions are according to efficiency standards. It is the custom of the navy to have no drills and no exercises that do not relate directly to efficiency and preparedness. No ship of the line leaves port to-day that does not carry in her magazines three months' supplies.

To be ready for sea, to be at sea for long weeks, to maintain those ships in readiness for instant action on the seas, means work—work for the officers and work for the men. They do their work, and the fleets are ready.

Seeing the ships thus at play, with pleasure-seekers clambering over them, I asked a captain what would be the effect of the announcement that a hostile fleet was outside the Narrows.

The captain smiled, and reminded me that under modern conditions no fleet could get within a thousand miles of us without its every movement becoming known, thus providing long days of opportunity for preparation.

"But," I persisted, "suppose it should!"

And again my captain smiled.

"Well, suppose it should"; and he picked up a code-book and put his finger on two letters. "Those two letters would flash out of the radio instrument, followed by the name of the admiral. Almost before we had done sending those two letters, these three letters, which mean 'Orders executed,' would be rasping back from every ship in the first line. Ships would be clearing, anchor-winch would be singing, colors would be shifting, and visitors would be tumbled over the side, or, if we couldn't get 'em off quickly enough, battened below. On the instant these ships would be in motion!"

As he spoke with quickening utterance, he turned and laid an affectionate hand on the breech of the five-inch gun. Into his eyes there came the light of an enthusiasm I had not seen before. One thought of the calm words of Dewey at Manila:

"You can fire when you are ready, Gridley."

When all is said and done, that is the thing these men are waiting for—the order to engage. Not that they wish for war, but war, down to this present, has been neces-

sary to the preservation of nations and of liberty. And these men enter the navy to bear their part in it.

It is for this that they are cadets and middies and ensigns; for this that they are lieutenants and engineers, commanders and captains; for this that they rack their brains with study, and train themselves in body and mind to the razor edge of fitness; for this that we build our ships, and man them and gun them—to *fight!*

Uncle Sam's armada awaits that quiet order. May it never come! But let me whisper something—if it does come, *we are ready!*

And let me shout something else. We shall not be ready three years from now, if Congress does not cease playing politics with the navy and give us at least two battle-ships a year!

A TYPICAL AMERICAN SAILORMAN

The first gun fired in the Spanish war was on board the Nashville—the forward starboard gun. While I was staring at it with proper interest, a seaman, a wiry-looking fellow, came up and stood beside it. Another seaman instantly plucked me by the elbow.

"That's Breeman," he said in an awed whisper.

Then, while I looked, he told me Breeman's story. On the 13th of April, 1906, there was an explosion in one of the turrets of the Kearsarge, which killed seven men. At the moment, Breeman was at the door of the handling-room beneath the lower turret. Burning powder was trickling down upon him.

And what did Breeman do? Think of himself? Run from the danger that threatened him? No! Instead, he invited death, stepped into death.

He shut the door of the handling-room—shut himself in with these burning smudges of powder, while all about him were open cans of the stuff. By closing the door he shut off his chance of escape if an explosion took place in the handling-room, but he also prevented additional sparks from entering. Then he calmly tramped out the burning powder with his feet, and closed the open cans.

What had threatened was such a disaster as that of the Maine may have been, but greater. And Breeman made it impossible, daring horrible death to do so. The department rated his act as one of extraor-

dinary heroism, and gave him official praise and a medal.

And that was Breeman, leaning on the barrel of the gun there. He appeared to discern that we were talking about him, for he flushed, and drifted away. For two days I tried to corner him for a little talk and a picture, but got neither. I never again saw more than his back. He would stow himself below decks for hours, and when he appeared he was careful to hide in groups of sailors, where he avoided me.

"There he goes! That's Breeman!" the boys would say to me as he hurried out of sight.

I heard those words so often that they came to have a symbolic meaning. The blue of the jacket and the tan of the neck of Breeman were just like those of any other seaman. His chance had come and he had shown his quality. To my mind every man of these sailors was a potential Breeman. I remembered that when they called for men to go with Hobson at Santiago, there were hundreds of eager volunteers. So everywhere a jacky went I would say to myself:

"There he goes! That's Breeman."

In the review, when we were passed by the fleet of tiny submarines, with the men standing on their gray whalebacks, which showed no more than a foot or two above the wave, and where the slightest shift of keel would have plunged the sailors into the stream, I said again:

"That's Breeman!"

As I watched our great American curiosity - chasing, sensation-seeking public climbing day by day over the parapets and through the embrasures of these floating forts, I began to see that, after all, that which broke out in Breeman was the great American laughing, fighting, self-sacrificing spirit, which any crisis reveals. We saw it in the San Francisco earthquake, and we saw it when the *Titanic* went down.

High up aloft the photographers were climbing on the *Nashville* to the range-finder's platform, and then to the crow's-nest; but one young chap went higher. With his heavy camera and plate-box strapped upon his back, he climbed up till he stood on the naked yard itself. There, with not even a lashing about him, with one shoulder pushed under a light and wavering halyard, he stood for hour after hour as the *Nashville* drove up and down the stream, while the saluting guns boomed and blankets of smoke were wafted this

way and that. Through it all he sighted his camera, focused his lenses, and bided his time with an eye on wind and light, snapping his pictures unconcernedly a hundred feet above the deck.

Watching, I said to myself:

"There he goes! That's Breeman."

A yawl full of red-faced, bawling youngsters, waving flags, and flying a rudely chalked pennant reading "Public School 130," doubled under our bows. An old boatswain leaned over the side with the first smile I had seen on his face that day, to cheer the yelling arabs.

"Them's the fellers!" he shouted to his comrades, with enthusiasm in his eye.

"Yes," I said to myself again, "no doubt there are Breemans there!"

THE GREAT DAY OF THE REVIEW

The most inspiring day of all was that last Monday when the *Nashville*, bearing the newspapermen, steamed twice along the whole ten-mile double line of the fleet—once following the *Dolphin*, which bore the Secretary of the Navy, and once following the *Mayflower*, which bore the President.

As we steamed, the bugles sang attention, and thousand after thousand of men dressed the grim lines of these floating forts with that noble human *passementerie* which, after all, is our real navy. Bands broke into snatches of national tunes, and the guns wrapped the ships in a pall of dun and drifting smoke. The echoes rattled on the Jersey Palisades and reverberated from the heights of Manhattan, battlemented with apartment-houses.

This scene brought into mind all the greatness of our past history, all the greatness of our present power, all the complexities of our present responsibilities. It fired the perception, the imagination, the resolution. For a moment the Stars and Stripes faded out. What flew from gaff or staff was the preamble to the Constitution.

That was what our navy was to make good. For that we created her. For that her guns boomed at Manila and Mobile. For that the battle of the ballots was being fought this autumn; and however the temporary issue turns, victory must always and ultimately come to that preamble which our fathers nailed to the mast so long ago.

It was late Monday afternoon when the *Nashville* had concluded her second round of the fleet. My eye chanced to rest on a fresh-faced seaman who had been standing,

like his comrades, at attention for most of the last four or five hours. As the Nashville's anchor splashed in the river, something like a sigh of relief escaped him, and I asked:

"What do you think of it, Jack?"

Jack's eye swept up the whole line where the skeleton masts loomed dimly amid the clouds of smoke that were slowly lifting and mingling with the haze. Then he gave me one look that wiped the whole thing out of mind, while his eyes, with yearning in them, turned west to where the sun was beginning to drop straight down.

"It's getting along toward milking-time," he said, with that peculiar hitch of the shoulders which can only be done by the farmer boy who is used to hunching up under the side of a cow.

Then he relapsed into complete taciturnity.

This seaman came from an Iowa farm. He had heard the blare of bugles and the roar of guns. He had seen Presidents and

secretaries and admirals. He had seen the most wonderful shore and sky-line in all the world—Manhattan from the Battery to Fort Washington Park. He had seen the greatness of his country's sea-power and the greatness of her land power; and he was not thinking about it at all. His mind was on a pasture where Jersey cows cropped the late clover; on a big red barn and a small white farmhouse with wind-whipped trees about it.

He was American—American to the core. He cared about all this fuss and flutter only because it was the velvet trimming on the gloved hand of war, a hand which stands for the Iowa farm and the New York tenement; which maintains that this is still the land of the free and the home of the brave.

After an interval of watching the sun, the sailorman from Iowa spat reflectively into the water, then turned and went below. And I said to myself:

"There he goes! That's Breeman!"

WATCHING THE OLD YEAR OUT

THE fireside logs glow red, old year,
And late are the tapers alight;
For sake of the days you've fared with us
We are watching you out to-night—
Out to the fogs of a swamp untrod,
Where the wings of the storm swoop low,
Where scourges of sleet the blackness beat
And tatter the weft of the snow!

Step have we kept since the steel-clad night
When the black frost shriveled the earth
As we watched the flame-waves rise and fall,
Till the bells went wild at your birth;
And not a gift from our hands you've held
Aloof, through the rain-sweet spring,
Of flower or leaf, of fruit or sheaf,
To the wane of the harvesting.

But now, as the embers glimmer dull
In the ash-drift smothering white,
And the wolflike shadows creep and slink,
We must speed you away to-night.
The slender thread on the wheel is spent,
The tapers dwindle and pale;
A shout sweeps wide on the midnight's tide,
With a crash of bells on the gale!

Harriet Whitney Symonds

EDITORIAL

A GREAT DEMOCRATIC VICTORY AND A GREAT PROGRESSIVE TRIUMPH

WOODROW WILSON has been elected President by a Democratic party which differs marvelously little from the Democratic party that three times tried to elect Mr. Bryan, and once Judge Parker. In each of those campaigns the party was in a minority of the popular vote; and, even as against the elements that formerly made up the Republican party, it continues in a minority this year. Its sweep of the electoral college is so complete as to distract attention from the fact that Mr. Wilson was by no means the choice of a national majority. The verdict of the nation is distinctly and primarily a verdict against the Republican party.

Two years ago, the Democrats were swept into control of the lower house of Congress by a landslide which seemed, at the time, to have been so tremendous that it must have spent its force. To the contrary, this year's result proves that it has rather gained than lost in power. But the cause is just what it was two years ago—disaffection against the Republican party.

President-elect Wilson and the country are both fortunate in the fact that all branches of the government—Executive, Senate, and House—will be of the same political faith. The new President will have power and opportunity commensurate with the responsibility imposed upon him. Every patriotic American must wish for him a full measure of success, for according as his administration shall succeed or fail, the nation must prosper or languish.

The Republican party's star is obscured by that of the new Progressive party, which polled an emphatically larger popular vote than fell to the Republicans. That was no surprise to people who had realized that from the beginning, the clear, outshining, dominating note of the campaign had been that sounded by the Progressives. The issues were those which the birth and wonderful growth of the Progressive party forced into the campaign. Around these discussion centered, new alignments were made. They constituted the pivot on which the result turned. They made it a progressive campaign, whether or no; and the fact that the new party was a strong second in both popular and electoral votes is the most convincing testimony that it had mustered a mighty, moving force of public approval. It had the zeal, the enthusiasm, the vitality, that would have gained a still larger vote if the party had had a suitable organization to handle it. But an efficient organization could not be built in less than three months.

If President Wilson and his associates in leadership shall fully recognize what this means, if they will accept the great progressive expression as a mandate addressed to them as trustees of the public weal, they will prove them-

NOTE—All editorials in this department were written on or before November 6.

selves as broad as their responsibility. In just about the measure that they do this, they will deserve and achieve the success that the whole nation must wish them.

The Republican party has gone into eclipse because of a persistent conservatism that got it out of touch with the times. The Progressive party has become the leading party in opposition to the triumphant Democracy.

GIVING THE FARMER CHEAPER MONEY

AMERICAN farmers use an average of about six billion dollars of borrowed capital in their business, and pay, according to recent government data, much higher—perhaps nearly twice as high—interest rates as European farmers pay for like accommodations.

If they could get money at European rates, that is, the cost of the loans would be reduced pretty nearly one-half. That would not only effect an immediate and notable reduction in the expense of producing the things whose advancing prices justify most of the complaint about the cost of living, but it would attract into agriculture a vast number of people who cannot now afford to get in.

These are some of the generalizations from a recent investigation of the cooperative rural credit systems of Germany, France, and other European countries, of which some further particulars are given in the financial department of this magazine. President Taft has made the subject the theme of a letter to the Governors, who will consider, at their next conference, the question of providing State laws under which these European systems may be adapted to American conditions. Much interest has already been aroused, and indications are that during the coming winter the Legislatures will give extended consideration to this question.

The best farm securities in the United States carry considerably higher interest rates than those paid by States, municipalities, and railroads. In Europe this disparity to the farmer's disadvantage does not exist; indeed, the situation is frequently reversed there, and he is the preferred investment. The success of the foreign systems of providing the farmer with cheap capital proves the thing possible here. The cost of what the soil produces demonstrates the need of doing it.

THE RISE OF THE SMALLER NATIONS

EARLY in his military career, Julius Cæsar encountered some mountaineers who gave his legions no small trouble, though he finally succeeded in driving them back to their Alpine homes from the coveted plains of Gaul. After nearly two thousand years the descendants of those tribesmen, perched in their mountain fastnesses, still maintain independence and nationality, while all about them rage the contentions of the great armed powers of Europe. The Swiss are independent primarily because they have proved themselves to be fighters. They can turn out a quarter of a million splendid soldiers, if need be; so nobody cares to bother them much.

Thirteen years ago, two third-rate republics of the African *veldt*, by launching a carefully prepared attack, put the greatest of the world's empires into a position of no small difficulty, and tested its full military resources before they were finally suppressed. Then, not long after, little Japan plunged into

war overnight, and emerged as a victor over the most dreaded of all the European powers.

Italy, in her hour of seemingly hopeless disunion and weakness, gained national existence by a series of daring strokes in bold defiance of the hostile chancelleries of continental Europe. Lately, she has stretched her power to the southern shore of the Mediterranean in equally complete disregard of the policies of powerful and envious neighbors.

Bulgaria, which the powers at Berlin, in 1878, sought to dehorn by trimming it, territorially, down to a fraction of its proper national proportions, has now broken out of bounds. It has suddenly turned loose an onslaught against the Turk which, down to the time of this writing—when the Sultan's troops have been crushed in three great battles—must be written as one of the most brilliant and successful campaigns in history.

The Balkan allies seem to have knitted themselves together in a pact just as effective as national unity would have been, and perhaps more so, by reason of the competition and emulation that have been inspired. The despised buffer states that Berlin created as shock-absorbers are giving Europe its biggest shock since Sedan.

The lesson of it all seems to be that this is the best period the world has seen for the small country with a disposition to assert itself. Preparedness and efficiency are the watchwords. These were what Japan brought against Russia, and these are what Bulgaria and her allies seem to have opposed to the Turk.

As we write, it looks as if the Balkan states have signaled the doom of Ottoman power in Europe. The Turk always loses, even when he wins. The powers may step in and rob the victors of their spoils. They may do with the Turkish provinces what they did with Port Arthur when Japan first wrested that stronghold from the feeble grasp of China. The lesson of Port Arthur ought to teach them better. If it does not, there will be a reckoning later, as there was in the battleground of the Far East.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM FOR A CITY

LOS ANGELES is about to vote on a new charter which provides commission government, the short ballot, initiative, referendum, and recall, and various other advanced things. But the most striking thing in this charter is that it places every municipal employee, except the commissioners, under civil service rules. Even the city attorney and the police judges are to come under this protection. The municipal service is at one stroke made a career, with its biggest rewards opened to the deserving, instead of a muddle of political pull and graft.

Suppose the Post-Office Department were placed wholly on that basis, instead of being so only in part, as is now the case. Every postmaster would be the actual executive of his office, and not, as has too often been true, a political emissary. His business would be to run that office right up to the handle, not to control the caucuses. If he made an exceptional record in his town of a thousand people, he would be promoted to the post-office in a town of five thousand; thence, perhaps, to the capital of his State. He might become director of posts, if he earned his way up.

Expert railway-mail clerks, eminently equipped for the service, would be made postmasters, and thus in proper season put into the line of advancement. The whole service would be coordinated and unified, new incentive to effort

would be provided, and the great postal machine would enter upon an era of really effective administration that would make the old days seem a barbarous memory.

That's the way great railroads and industrial concerns manage their people, and they make it pay. Why not the government, whether it be in Los Angeles or in Washington?

FINDING OUT ABOUT THE CHILDREN

WHEN Miss Julia C. Lathrop was appointed chief of the Children's Bureau, created by Congress last session, the selection received a general commendation which finds justification in the first bulletin issued by the bureau. Miss Lathrop doesn't design to set about an immediate reformation of the world. She has no propaganda of Federal laws; no ambitious scheme of getting all the States to pass uniform legislation, or anything of the sort. In fact, she starts with the very appealing notion of finding out about the children, as they are, before she undertakes reforming them.

Miss Lathrop has an idea worth consideration by some of the men reformers. She wants to know the facts about birth-rate, mortality, orphanage, desertion, child labor, relations of divorce to children, and the like, before she generalizes as to what ought to be done about all these things.

This program does not make much appeal to ambitious imagination, but it is highly sane. Think how much less speechifying there would be about the tariff if people would insist on knowing what they were talking about before they talked!

The Children's Bureau, under the law thus far passed, has no administrative powers. It can't do any harm, anyhow, with half-baked experiments. Later, when it has gathered and digested its facts, it may pave the way to important achievements.

NEEDLESS NOISE

NOT long ago a distinguished assemblage of medical experts in Boston turned their attention to the subject of noise. It was the general opinion that Americans live in the noisiest country in the world, and that much of the noise that shatters the nerves of dwellers in our big cities is entirely unnecessary. Of course, spread-eagle orators are wont to say that our multitudinous din is simply the symphony proclaiming a majestic advance; but as a matter of fact we could advance more surely and more sanely if we made less fuss about it.

The scientists who have studied the subject of noise claim that it is a symptom of barbarism, rather than a product of advanced civilization. The question is one of large economics, because the presence of unnecessary noise is as much an indication of a waste of energy as the heating of the bearing of a machine.

We enact laws to muffle motor-boats and motor-cars, yet we have to endure the pneumatic riveter, which splits the ear of the city dweller and causes more genuine distress than all the gasoline engines combined. In New York—a city which is in a constant state of reconstruction—the riveter achieves its most discordant barbarity. Moreover, there is no effective restraint upon the throwing around of steel girders, which destroys not only nerves but sidewalks as well. It is amazing how very little control there is of noise in any of the larger communities.

A few years ago, a New York woman—Mrs. Isaac L. Rice—started an anti-noise crusade, taking for her special point of attack the hideous whistling of the river craft, which ceased not by day or by night. Her efforts furnished material for the cartoonist and the paragrapher, but she was a pioneer in a really useful and commendable work.

The man who tries to suppress unnecessary noise is much more than a crank. He is aiming at one of the sources of many human ills, such as deafness, nervousness, and general irritability. "Less noise and more efficiency" would be a pretty good slogan for a municipality to adopt.

A BAD AND UNAMERICAN SYSTEM

HOTEL employees' strikes in various important cities have lately called attention to conditions of employment in a business that presents some unique problems. We have imported the tipping system, and have overdone it. It has demoralized employers, employees, and the public. The notoriously liberal tipster gets more than his share of attention, while the patron who is willing to sacrifice his comfort in order to register his protest against the degrading system—well, he is permitted to sacrifice, that's all.

Europe has a good deal that we might well import. It could teach us much about the problems that an imminent future is pressing down upon us. Unfortunately, we are disposed to borrow from the Old World too much of the undesirable and too little of the useful.

Recent hotel and café strikes have been conducted with too little consideration, generally speaking, for the party chiefly in interest, the public. Still, the public could well suffer some sad soup and dropsical coffee if its pangs would bring an end to a bad system which apparently threatens to spread to other lines of business.

The public must pay the waiters, in the end; better pay them directly and decently, and have it added into the bill. If it requires, on an average, ten per cent of a restaurant's card rates to maintain the waiters, why not announce on the card that ten per cent will be added to the bill, for service, and prohibit waiters taking tips?

THE FATE OF SOME OLD FAVORITES

THE library authorities in an important American city have been separating the literary sheep from the literary goats, with a view to protecting youthful readers from undue association with the latter. As a result, they have placed under the ban a whole list of writers familiar to the childhood of people no longer young. The books of Oliver Optic and Horatio Alger were cast out, together with the "Elsie" and "Pansy" stories. On the other hand, the sterilized and amiable "Rollo" seems to have measured up to the standard of juvenile diversion set by these self-appointed critics.

The classification, whether just or unjust, suggests the fact that there is still an active demand for the juvenile classics in which generations of boys and girls have found delight. We see no reason to regret that it should be so. We are not in the least ashamed of the fact that a number of the old favorites first saw the light in a periodical issued by this publishing-house. It is difficult to believe that the middle-aged men of to-day would be better citizens if they had not been allowed to read the Optic and Alger stories, which are at least wholly clean and harmless, and which, perhaps, are none the worse for

being more or less old-fashioned. It is easily possible that the modern youth is better off in company with the heroes of these healthful books than with the more sophisticated products of later writers.

A MUNICIPAL DIVIDEND

THE city of Fargo, North Dakota, has declared a dividend of ten thousand dollars, which is to be distributed to its citizens on March 1, 1913. If every man, woman, and child in the town received a share it would mean about sixty-five cents apiece; but, properly enough, only the taxpayers will benefit by the distribution.

It appears that among the factors that have made possible this dividend, or rebate, are the taxing of public-service corporations on their real valuation, and the collection of license-fees from peddlers and places of amusement. The large reason, however, and the one with the greatest significance, is the fact that business methods have been introduced into the administration of Fargo's civic affairs. Not only has the city a surplus in its treasury, but it is in better condition than ever before. Its streets have had improved pavements, the police force has been increased, and the whole municipal machinery is in good working order, producing the best results at the least cost.

This Fargo episode, while involving only a small sum of money, has a useful lesson for every American community. A city which not many decades ago was the abode of the Indian and the grazing-ground of the buffalo, has set a constructive and economic example well worth heeding by its older and larger sisters. If Fargo can save money, then other cities can.

The German cities are notable examples of municipal efficiency and economy, and some of them have frequently declared dividends. This means that they are conducted as large business concerns, by men who regard government as a profession. There is no reason why we should not do the same thing.

A LESSON FROM THE LOWLY

EVERY now and then we get a lesson from the lowly that stirs the heart to fresh faith and newer devotion. One of the latest instances was the truly heroic sacrifice performed by a lame newsboy, Billy Rugh, of Gary, Indiana, for a woman whom he did not even know.

Rugh had a news-stand at one of the principal street-corners of the Indiana steel town. One day he read that a young woman had been severely burned in a motorcycle accident, and was in danger of death because there was not enough skin available for grafting. The boy's left leg was crippled, so he went to the hospital and suggested that the useless limb should be amputated and the skin used to give the injured girl a chance for life. He was warned that the operation might be fatal, but he persisted in his idea, saying jocularly:

"I'll save money. I shall only have to buy one shoe!"

As readers of the newspapers probably know, the leg was taken off; the operation on the young woman was successful, and the boy died. Before he passed out, he said with a smile:

"I was some good to the world, after all!"

The incident was an impressive and dramatic example of high courage and unselfish character. It simply shows that when it comes to real chivalry, our age is not inferior to the romantic days of Sidney and Raleigh.

KITTY, THE REFORMER

BY ANNE O'HAGAN

AUTHOR OF "LIZA'S BABY," "A CHANCE MEETING," ETC.

IN Luke Wilson's predatory code there was no respect whatever for that fetish of many of his fellow beings—private property. To snatch the necessity of the moment whence he could—that had been his custom almost from infancy.

An orphan with no home but a pallet in the corner of a bibulous aunt's frequently changing abode, he had learned, by the time he was six, to dart into any carelessly opened kitchen door in whatever tenement happened to be her temporary lodging, and to grab unguarded food. By the time he was eight, he was expert in the art of forcing contributions from smaller, errand-going boys and girls with pennies clutched precariously in their moist, dirty hands. Twelve saw him advanced to a position of some responsibility in a gang which stole and disposed of lead piping. A large part of the proceeds was spent in maintaining a camp in a water-front lot which would have been vacant had it not been full of empty trucks by night.

In spite of his skill and fearlessness as a "provider" in the gang, Luke was not without his critics. Dissatisfaction was based upon his obstinate ownership of a dog—Rags.

Rags had a penetrating bark, an animated tail, a physical personality of quicksilver. Emotionally, however, he was much more steadfast. He had firmly attached himself to Luke when the boy was about ten years old, and Luke was not proof against the implied flattery. Since Rags, dingy, matted, jumping-jack of a dog though he was, had adopted Luke, Luke, with a queer sensation of pride and affection in the heart beneath his dirty old jacket, adopted Rags.

Rags had been his constant companion from that hour. The poor, quavering old aunt offered no objection, but maundered off into tipsy, tearful recollections of a dog

that had once been her father's in the old country; she sometimes even fed Rags.

Now, to adopt one dog really means to adopt the whole kingdom of the four-footed—a fact which Luke, at ten, did not know, or perhaps he would have been more wary about accepting Rags's offer of himself. He did not dream that his heart was going to soften toward all the neglected curs in the world, and that even the sight of overloaded horses and skinny cats was going to cause a curious, hot discomfort and anger in him. But that was what happened, and this, his one sentimental weakness, cloaked though it was beneath a swaggering air and a profane vocabulary, lessened the popularity to which his rapacious skill and swiftness entitled him.

The instinct of the gang was right. It was Rags's ecstatic, affectionate bark of greeting, as his master entered camp one evening, which gave the police a clue to the headquarters of the young lead-pipe thieves. And thus indirectly it was Rags who committed Luke to the reformatory for a number of years.

Luke, bitterly assailed by his friends for the misfortune his dog had brought upon them, could not deny the charge. But strangely enough, as he admitted in the silence of his own thoughts, he felt no hostility toward the crazy little animated mop of a cur, only a great lonesomeness that he and Rags were separated. And in the reformatory he learned to write real letters, in order to ask the tragic, drunken old aunt for news of his comrade.

He learned many other things in the reformatory, so that when he came out he could almost marvel at the paltriness of the old lead-pipe thefts from empty houses and unguarded plumbers' supplies. The aunt having gone the drunkard's workhouse way to the potter's field, and the memory of Rags being lost in the land, he joined forces

with Limping Johnny, a clever lad, out of the reformatory a few weeks earlier than himself.

And thus we come upon him in the Misses Hart's apartment at two o'clock in the morning of Thanksgiving Day. Limping Johnny's mother washed for the Misses Hart, and so Johnny and his pal knew that those excellent ladies were to spend Thanksgiving and the ensuing days in the country, departing thither on Wednesday afternoon. They knew, furthermore, that the place fairly glittered with silver—mugs and soup-tureens, ice-water pitchers and teapots, salvers and salt-cellars, handed down from the days when the Harts were greater personages than they were now, and loyally cherished and cleaned by the Misses Hart in their diminished circumstances.

It was Limping Johnny who planned Luke's campaign upon the Hart silver. The infirmity that gave him his name prevented his active participation in the burglary, but he was to dispose of the loot to a fence with whom he was on good terms; and the actual theft would be a simple matter. Luke agreed. He had already won his spurs as a housebreaker since he left the reformatory.

Now the Misses Hart were leagues removed from the moral status of Luke Wilson. Miss Barbara taught elementary Latin to young ladies preparing for college. Miss Emily wrote thoughtful reviews of psychological novels and historical memoirs for the *Bookworm*, and had even published a study of Henry James's women. They revered the rights of other persons, and they gloried—unostentatiously, inoffensively, as became reasonable human beings—in their ancestors. They were all that well-born, self-respecting spinsters could be—industrious, fastidious, and frugally elegant.

Nevertheless, they had gone away leaving their cat unprovided with food. Later, each one declared that she thought the other had set out the necessary saucers of milk, dishes of liver, and the like, for Kitty, on the kitchen linoleum.

When Luke, in his noiseless felt shoes, with his electric lantern in his hand, found himself in the apartment kitchen, he paused for a moment to get his bearings. In that moment he felt something rub against his leg and heard an eager, greedy "Me-ow, me-ow!" And Rags, long since dead, went on with the work of salvation which he had begun years before.

Luke could not bear the hunger, now plaintive, now rapacious, of the cat's cry; he couldn't bear to disappoint the ingratiating purr which alternated with the begging; he could not refuse the plea of the fur that so eloquently and so confidently rubbed against him. Not since Rags's day had any living thing looked to him wholeheartedly for support and care. The Hart cat awoke again the fatal weakness that had landed Luke in the reformatory.

Within himself he reviled the Misses Hart, looking upon them with honest scorn. Careless of consequences, he lit the gas to explore for food, Kitty keeping at his foot and frequently impeding his progress. In the spotless refrigerator he explored for milk. He found no milk, but Kitty's purr declared that she knew his defeat to be only temporary.

"You will find it, you will find it," she assured him with confiding noises from her little throat. "I leave myself in your hands!"

Baffled as to milk, Luke looked for meat. The refrigerator was as bare of that, too, as *Mother Hubbard's* cupboard, as a vegetarian larder. The Misses Hart were of the exemplary thriftiness which befits teachers and book-reviewers. In the pantry Luke found a tin of water-crackers and a jar of Spanish pimentoes, but instinct told him that these were not the proper diet for a young cat.

Kitty accompanied him everywhere, alternately me-owing her wants and purring her entire confidence in the newcomer. Luke stood in the kitchen and surveyed her doubtfully. It would be three hours, and daylight, before the milk-wagon would deposit milk-bottles in areaways. He could not wait for them. Yet it was clearly impossible, according to his code, that he should leave the cat unfed and proceed about his own business.

"Aw, well," said Luke disgustedly, "everybody in this joint can't be as mean as these skirts! There must be milk somewhere."

The path from crime to crime is easy. Luke had come to one apartment to steal silver; he would go on to another to rifle it of milk. He stooped and stroked the cat protectingly.

"Poor Kitty, poor Kitty!" he said, to reassure her as to his intention in departing. "I'll be back in a minute."

He had entered the Harts' apartment un-

ostentatiously by way of a rear fire-escape which he had reached from the back yard. He went out by the same route, and climbed lightly up the ladder to the fire-escape balcony above. Not even the slight window-fastening which had delayed him at the Hart kitchen window hindered him here. The sash slid up at his touch, and he stepped into a neat kitchen, the counterpart of the one below.

He paused to listen. All was silent. He stole into the hall and toward the refrigerator, conveniently adjacent to the dumb-waiter. The flash of his lantern showed the white tiled shelves less bare than those below. He turned off the current that lighted his lantern, and his hand closed lovingly about the neck of a generous milk-bottle. And then the door behind him opened, a band of light fell upon him, and he swung around, milk-bottle in hand, to confront a tall young woman in a pink dressing-gown.

Miss Angelina King, investigator for the Bureau of Municipal Research, had not gone away to spend Thanksgiving. She stood quite still for a second, looking at Luke, whose hand still clasped the milk-bottle. Then she asked, in a matter-of-fact tone:

"What are you doing here?"

"Gettin' some milk for the cat downstairs," replied Luke, uninventively.

Now, moral conceptions differ among different persons. Miss King happened to be an impassioned animal-lover, and crime, in her vocabulary, was unkindness to dumb beasts, just as crime in the Misses Hart's definition was synonymous with a lack of cultivation and a disregard of other people's rights.

Of course, this was merely a coincidence; it might have been a robust butcher, a vivisectioning medical student, or a visiting *toreador* whom Luke encountered on the floor above the Misses Hart. And then probably Kitty would not have got her milk that night, being brought up to Miss King's flat by Luke acting hypnotically under her orders; and Luke would have got his just deserts as a housebreaker.

But things are as they are. The Harts' silver is untouched. The kitten is sleek and well fed, and belongs now to Miss King, in recognition of her services in regard to the silver. Luke is working in the Barkhemstead Collie Kennels, where he sometimes sighs as he tends a registered dog and says, thinking of Rags and the bibulous, tremulous, kind old aunt:

"But the best little dog ye ever saw in yer life—"

IN AN OLD BOOK

BETWEEN the pages of a book,
I found this print to-day—
A snap-shot, taken years ago,
Haphazard laid away.

Not worth a mount or frame it seemed—
Faint, overspread with haze,
One of the failures that record
My photographic days.

To-day the dim, imperfect thing
Seems wondrous clear to see;
Such long-dead yesterdays unveil
Their happy hours to me!

The corner of a little room,
A rug, a desk, a chair,
A letter-rack, a telephone,
Framed pictures here and there.

I cannot see the little print,
My heart so weeps and sings;
I feel her presence there, among
Her dear, familiar things!

P. A. Nedwill

"LONG LIVE THE KING!"

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN IN LOWER TEN," "THE AMAZING
ADVENTURES OF LETITIA CARBERRY," ETC.

WITH TWO DRAWINGS (SEE FRONTISPIECE) BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

THE crown prince sat in the royal box and swung his legs. This was hardly princely, but the royal legs did not quite reach the floor from the high crimson velvet seat of his chair.

Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm Franz Otto was bored. His royal robes, consisting of a pair of blue serge trousers, a short Eton jacket, and a stiff, rolling collar of white linen, irked him.

He had been brought to the opera-house under a misapprehension. His aunt, the Princess Annunciata, had strongly advocated "The Flying Dutchman," and his English governess, Miss Simpkins, had read him some rather inspiring literature about it. So here he was, and the Flying Dutchman was not ghostly at all, nor did it fly. It was, from the royal box, only too plainly a ship which had length and height, without thickness. And instead of flying, after dreary eons of singing, it was moved off on creaky rollers by men whose shadows were thrown grotesquely on the sea backing.

The orchestra, assisted by a bass solo and intermittent thunder in the wings, was making a deafening din. One of the shadows on the sea backing took out its handkerchief and wiped its nose.

Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm looked across at the other royal box, and caught his cousin Hedwig's eye. She also had seen the handkerchief; she took out her own scrap of linen, and mimicked the shadow. Then—the Princess Annunciata being occupied with the storm—she winked across at Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm.

In the opposite box were his three cousins, the Duchesses Hilda, Maria, and Hedwig. Personally he liked Hedwig best.

She was the youngest and prettiest. Although she had been introduced to the court at the Christmas eve ball, and had been duly presented by her grandfather, the king, with the usual string of pearls and her own carriage with the spokes of the wheels gilded half-way—only the king and Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm had all gold wheels—she still ran off now and then to have tea with Ferdinand and Miss Simpkins in the schoolroom at the palace, and she could eat a great deal of bread and butter.

Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm winked back at the Duchess Hedwig. And just then—

"Listen!" said the Princess Annunciata, leaning forward. "The 'Spinning Song'—is it not exquisite?"

"They are only pretending to spin," remarked Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm.

Nevertheless, he listened obediently. He rather liked it. They had not fooled him at all. They were not really spinning—any one could see that—but they were sticking very closely to their business of each outsinging the other, and collectively of drowning out the orchestra.

The spinning chorus was followed by long and tiresome solos. The crown prince yawned again. Catching Hedwig's eye, he ran his fingers up through his thick yellow hair and grinned.

Hedwig blushed. She had confided to him once, while they were walking in the garden at the summer palace; that she was madly in love with a young lieutenant of the palace guard. Ferdinand had been much interested. He had asked to have the lieutenant ride with him at the court riding-school, and his grim old grandfather had granted the request.

Ferdinand liked the young officer. He assured Hedwig, the next time she came to tea, that when he was king he would see that she married the lieutenant. But Hedwig was much distressed.

"I don't want him that way," she said. "He—he doesn't care about me. You should see the way he stares at Hilda!"

"Pish!" said Ferdinand over his cup. "Hilda is not as pretty as you are. We talk about you frequently."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the Princess Hedwig, coloring. "And what do you say?"

Miss Simpkins's back being turned, Ferdinand Wilhelm took another lump of sugar.

"Say? Oh, not much, you know. He asks how you are, and I tell him you are well, and that you ate thirteen pieces of bread at tea, or whatever it may have been. The day Miss Simpkins had the toothache, and you and I ate the fruit-cake her sister had sent from England, he was very anxious. He said we both deserved to be ill."

The Duchess Hedwig had been blushing uncomfortably, but now she paled.

"He dared to say that?" she stormed, and picked up her muff and went out.

Only—and this was curious—by the next day she had forgiven the lieutenant, and was angry at Ferdinand Wilhelm. Women are very strange.

So now Ferdinand Wilhelm ran his fingers through his light hair, which was a favorite gesture of the lieutenant's, and Hedwig blushed. After that, she refused to look across at him, but sat staring fixedly at the stage, where Frau Engel, in a short skirt, a black velvet bodice, and a white apron with two yellow braids over her shoulders, was listening, with all the coyness of forty years and six children at home, to the love-making of a man in a false black beard.

The Princess Annunciata, sitting well back, was nodding. Just outside, on the red velvet sofa, General Mettlich, on guard, was sound asleep. His martial bosom, with its gold braid, was rising and falling peacefully. Beside him lay the prince's crown, a small black derby hat.

The Duchess Maria looked across, and smiled and nodded at Ferdinand Wilhelm. Then she went back to the music; she held the score in her hand and followed it note by note.

It was very wearisome! If one could

only wander around the corridor, or buy a sandwich from the stand at the foot of the great staircase—or, better still, if one could only get to the street, alone, and purchase one of the fig women that Miss Simpkins so despised! And, after all, why not? His aunt and General Mettlich were asleep; Miss Simpkins, *Gott sei dank*, was at home with a headache. Why not?

With the trepidation of a canary who finds his cage-door open, and, hopping to the threshold, surveys the world before venturing to explore it, Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm rose to his feet, tiptoed past the Princess Annunciata, who did not move, and looked around him from the doorway.

In the royal dressing-room behind the box, a lady in waiting was sitting and crocheting. A maid was spreading the Princess Annunciata's carriage wrap before the fire. The three duchesses had shed their carriage boots just inside the door. They were in a row, curiously of a size.

Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm picked up his hat and concealed it by his side. Then nonchalantly, as if to stretch his legs by walking ten feet up the corridor and back, he passed the dressing-room door. Another moment, and he was out of sight around a bend of the passageway, and before him lay liberty.

Not quite! At the top of the private staircase reserved for the royal family, a sentry commonly stood. He had moved a few feet from his post, however, and was watching the stage through the half-open door of a private loge. His gun, with its fixed bayonet, leaned against the stair rail.

Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm passed behind him with outward calmness. At the top of the public staircase, however, he hesitated. Here, everywhere, were brass-buttoned officials of the opera-house. A *garde-robe* woman stared at him curiously. There was a noise from the house, too—a sound of clapping hands and "bravos."

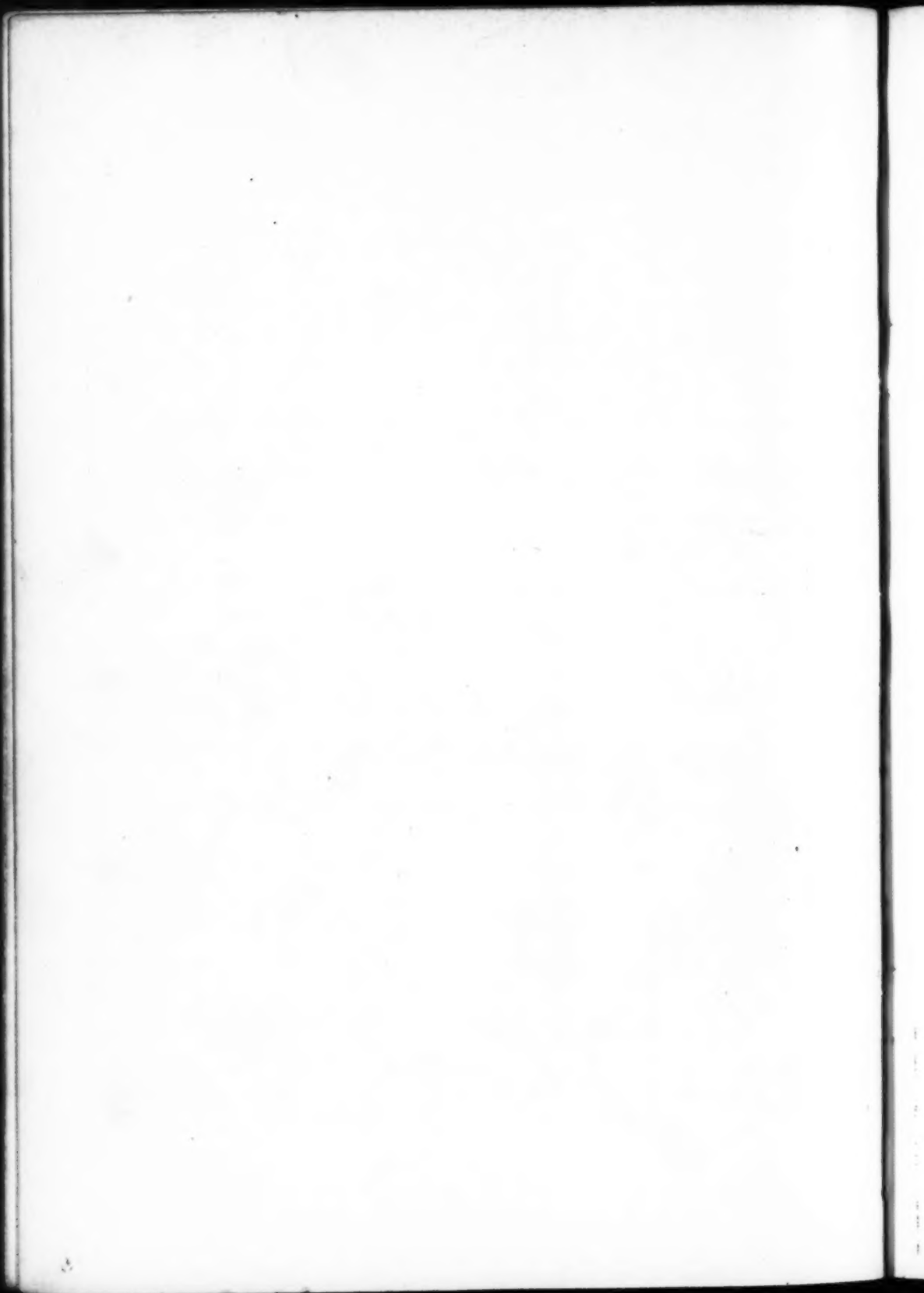
The little prince looked at the woman with appeal in his eyes. Then, with his heart thumping, he ran past her, down the white marble staircase, to where the great doors promised liberty.

Olga, the *garde-robe* woman, came out from behind her counter, and stood looking down the marble staircase after the small flying figure.

"*Lieber Gott!*" she said, wondering. "How much that child resembled his royal highness!"



WITH A CRY OF THANKFULNESS, GENERAL METTLICH KNELT AND KISSED THE SMALL,
NOT OVER CLEAN HAND



The old soldier who rented opera-glasses at the second landing, and who had left a leg in Bosnia, leaned over the railing.

"Look at that!" he exclaimed. "He will break a leg, the young rascal! Once I could have—but there, he is safe! The good God watches over fools and children."

"It looked like the *prinzchen*," said the woman. "I have seen him often—he has the same bright hair."

But the opera-glass man was not listening. He had drawn a long sausage from one pocket and a roll from the other, and now, retiring to a far window, he stood placidly eating—a bite of sausage, a bite of bread. His mind was in Bosnia, with his leg.

And because old Adelbert's mind was in Bosnia, and since one hears with the mind, and not with the ear, he did not hear the sharp question of the sentry who ran down the stairs and paused for a second at the *garde-robe*. Well for Olga, too, that he did not hear her reply.

"He has not passed here," she said, with wide and honest eyes, but with an ear toward old Adelbert. "An old gentleman came a moment ago, and got a sandwich, which he had left in his overcoat. Perhaps that is whom you are seeking?"

The sentry cursed, and ran down the staircase, the nails in his shoes striking sharply on the marble.

At the window, old Adelbert cut off another slice of sausage with his pocket-knife and sauntered back to his table of opera-glasses at the angle of the balustrade. The hurrying figure of the sentry below caught his eye.

"Another fool!" he grumbled, looking down. "One would think new legs grew in place of old ones, like the claws of sea-creatures! *Himmel!*"

But Frau Olga leaned over her checks, with her lips curved up in a smile.

"The little one!" she thought. "And such courage! He will make a great king. Let him have his prank like other children, and—God bless him and keep him!"

Sheltered behind the rows of coats from Adelbert's spying old eyes, she crossed herself.

II

THE crown prince was just a trifle dazzled by the brilliance of his success. He paused for one breathless moment under the *porte-cochère* of the opera-house; then he

took a long breath and turned to the left. For he knew that at the right, just around the corner, were the royal carriages, with his own drawn up before the door, and Beppo and Hans erect on the box, their haughty noses red in the wind, for the early spring air was biting.

So he turned to the left, and was at once swallowed up in the street crowd. It seemed very strange to him. Not that he was unaccustomed to crowds. Had he not, that very Christmas, gone shopping in the *Stadtplatz*, accompanied only by General Mettlich and Miss Simpkins, and bought his grandfather, the king, a burnt-wood box which might hold either neckties or gloves, and his cousins silver photograph-frames?

But this was different, and for a rather peculiar reason. Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm had never seen the back of a crowd! The public was always lined up, facing him, smiling and bowing and God-blessing him. Small wonder he thought of most of his future subjects as being much like the ship in the opera, meant only to be viewed from the front.

Also, it was surprising to see how stiff and straight their backs were. Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm had never known that backs could be so rigid. Those with which he was familiar had a way of drooping forward from the middle of the spine up. It was most interesting!

The next hour was full of remarkable things. For one, he dodged behind a street-car and was almost run over by a taxicab. The policeman on the corner came out, and, taking Ferdinand Wilhelm by the shoulder, gave him a talking to and a shaking. Ferdinand Wilhelm was furious, but policy kept him silent; which proves conclusively that the crown prince had not only initiative—witness his flight—but self-control and diplomacy. Lucky country, to have in prospect such a king!

But even royalty has its weaknesses. At the next corner Ferdinand Wilhelm stopped and invested his small change in the forbidden fig lady, with arms and legs of cloves. He had wanted one of these ever since he could remember, but Miss Simpkins had sternly refused to authorize the purchase. In fact, she had had one of the raisins placed under a microscope, and had shown his royal highness a number of interesting and highly active creatures who made their homes therein.

His royal highness recalled all this with great distinctness, and, immediately dismissing it from his mind, ate the legs and arms of the fig woman with enjoyment. Which—not the eating of legs and arms, of course, but to be able to dismiss what is unpleasant—is another highly desirable royal trait.

His movements, although agreeably indeterminate, had by now a definite object. This was the park, and a certain portion of the park at that.

It was not the long *allée* between rows of trees trimmed to resemble walls of green in summer, and curiously distorted skeletons in winter; not the coffee-houses, where young officers in uniform sat under the trees reading the papers, and rising to bow with great clanking and much ceremony as a gold-wheeled carriage or a pretty girl went by.

Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm had the fulfilment of a great desire in his small, active mind. This was nothing less than a ride on the American scenic railroad, which had secured a concession in a far corner of the park. Hedwig's lieutenant had described it to him—how one was taken in a small car to a dizzy height, and then turned loose on a track which dropped giddily and rose again, which hurled one through sheet-iron tunnels of incredible blackness, thrust one out over a gorge, whirled one in mad curves around corners of precipitous heights, and finally landed one, panting, breathless, shocked, and reeling, but safe, at the very platform where one had purchased his ticket three eternities, which were only minutes, before.

Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm had put this proposition, like the raisins, to Miss Simpkins. Miss Simpkins replied with the sad story of an English child who had clutched at its cap during a crucial moment on a similar track at the Crystal Palace.

"When they picked him up," she finished, "every bone in his body was broken!"

"Every bone?" queried the prince.

"Every bone," said Miss Simpkins solemnly.

"The little ones in his ears, and *all*?"

"Every one," said Miss Simpkins, refusing to weaken.

The prince pondered.

"He must have felt like jelly," he remarked, and Miss Simpkins had dropped the subject.

So now, with freedom and his week's allowance, except the outlay for the fig woman, in his pocket, Ferdinand Wilhelm started for the Land of Desire. The *allée* was almost deserted. It was the sacred hour of coffee. The terraces were empty, but from the coffee-houses along the drive there came a cheerful rattle of cups, a hum of conversation.

As the early spring twilight fell, the gas-lamps along the *allée*, always burning, made a twin row of pale stars ahead. At the end, even as the wanderer gazed, he saw myriads of tiny red, white, and blue lights, rising high in the air, outlining the crags and peaks of the sheet-iron mountain which was his destination. The Land of Desire was very near!

There came to his ears, too, the occasional rumble that told of some palpitating soul being at that moment hurled and twisted and joyously thrilled, as *per* the lieutenant's description.

Now it is a strange thing, but true, that one does not reach the Land of Desire alone; because the half of pleasure is the sharing of it with some one else, and the Land of Desire, alone, is not the Land of Desire at all. Quite suddenly, Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm Franz Otto discovered that he was lonely.

He sat down on the curb under a gas-lamp and ate the fig woman's head, taking out the cloves, because he did not like cloves. At that moment there was a soft whirring off to one side of him, and a yellow bird, rising and falling erratically on the breeze, careened suddenly and fell at his feet.

Ferdinand Wilhelm leaned over and picked it up. It was a small toy aeroplane, with yellow silk planes, guy-ropes of waxed thread, and a wooden rudder, its motive power vested in a tightly twisted rubber. One of the wings was bent. Ferdinand Wilhelm straightened it, and looked around for the owner.

A small boy was standing under the next gas-lamp.

"Gee!" he said in English. "Did you see it go that time?"

Ferdinand Wilhelm eyed the stranger. He was about his own age, and was curiously dressed. He wore a short pair of corduroy trousers, much bloomed at the knee, a pair of yellow Russia-leather shoes that reached well to his calves, and, over all, a shaggy white sweater, rolling almost to

his chin. On the very back of his head he had the smallest cap that Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm had ever seen.

Now this was exactly the way in which Ferdinand Wilhelm had always wished to dress. He was suddenly conscious of the long trousers on his own small legs, of the ignominy of his tailless Eton jacket and stiff, rolling collar, of the crowning disgrace of his derby hat. But—the lonely feeling had gone from him.

"This is the best time for flying," he said, in his perfect English. "All the exhibition flights are at sundown."

The boy walked slowly over and stood looking down at him.

"You ought to see it fly from the top of Pike's Peak!" he remarked. He had caught sight of the despised derby, and his eyes widened, but with instinctive good-breeding he ignored it. "That's Pike's Peak up there."

He indicated the very top of the Land of Desire. The prince stared up.

"How does one get up?" he queried.

"Ladders. My father's the manager. He lets me up—sometimes."

Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm stared with new awe at the boy. He found the fact much more remarkable than if the stranger had stated that his father was the King of England. Kings were, as you may say, directly in Ferdinand Wilhelm's line, but scenic railroads—

"I had thought of taking a journey on it," he said, after a second's reflection. "Do you think your father will sell me a ticket?"

"Billy Grimm will. I'll go with you."

The prince rose with alacrity. Then he stopped. He must, of course, ask the strange boy to be his guest. But two tickets! Perhaps his allowance—

"I must see first how much it costs," he said with dignity.

The other boy laughed.

"Oh, gee! You come with me. It won't cost anything," he said, and led the way toward the towering lights.

For Bobby Treat to bring a small boy to ride with him was an every-day affair. Billy Grimm, at the ticket-window, hardly glanced at the boy who stood, trembling with anticipation, in the shadow of the booth.

"Remember, Bob," he said, passing out the two tickets to fairy-land as if they were mere bits of paper, "I haven't pulled your

ears for luck yet. Just wait until closing-time!"

"It's my birthday," explained Bobby, as they climbed the steps to the waiting car. "In America they pull your ears on your birthday. What do they do to you?"

Now Ferdinand Wilhelm had had a birthday lately. He had a vivid recollection of early mass in the palace chapel before dawn, with the prelates of the church praying for his long life and health and wisdom; of being taken at eleven o'clock to see his grandfather, the king, and of suffering a grilling examination in army tactics at the hands of that grim old man of blood; and of a tiring reception that afternoon, when the court had brought its respects and good wishes, as well as the admirals of the fleet and the generals of the army, and the burgomaster had read him a long address, while he stood until his legs ached. Also, he remembered that he had had preserved pineapple at tea that day, by way of special jollification. Nobody had pulled his ears.

"They—oh, they don't do very much," he said evasively.

"Doesn't your mother let you order what you want for dinner, or give you presents?" Bobby asked.

"My mother's dead," said Ferdinand Wilhelm.

He did not have a lump in his throat when he said it. His mother had died years before, as had his father—both felled by the dagger of an assassin. To Ferdinand Wilhelm they were two pictures that hung on his bedroom wall, and of course there was his father's sword. He rather fancied the sword. Once or twice, in his rare moments alone, he had buckled it on. It was much too long, of course, unless he stood on a hassock.

The car came just then, and they climbed in. Perhaps, as they moved off, Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm had a qualm, occasioned by the remembrance of the English child who had met an untimely end; but if he did, he pluckily hid it.

"Put your lid on the floor of the car," said Bobby Treat, depositing his own atom there. "Father says, if you do that, you're perfectly safe."

Ferdinand Wilhelm divined that this referred to his hat, and drew a small breath of relief. And then they were off—up an endless, clicking roadway, where, at the top, the car hung for a breathless second over the gulf below; then, fairly launched, out

on a trestle, with the city far beneath them, and only the red, white, and blue lights for company; and into a tunnel, filled with roaring noises and swift-moving shadows. Then came the end of all things—a flying leap down, a heart-breaking, delirious thrill, an upward sweep just as the strain was too great for endurance.

"Isn't it bully?" shouted Bob against the onrush of the wind.

"Fine!" shrieked his royal highness, and braced himself for another dip into the gulf.

Above the roaring of the wind in their ears, neither child had heard the flying feet of a dozen horses coming down the *allée*. They never knew that a hatless young lieutenant, white-lipped with fear, had checked his horse to its haunches at the ticket-booth, and demanded to know who was in the Land of Desire.

"Only the son of the manager, and a boy friend of his," replied Billy Grimm, in bad German. "What's wrong? Lost anybody?"

But Hedwig's lieutenant had wheeled his horse without a word, and, jumping him over the hedge of the *allée*, was off in a despairing search of the outskirts of the park—despairing, because those who had slain the father still lived to threaten the son. The terrorists! He shut his teeth to stifle a groan.

As the last horse leaped the hedge and disappeared, the car came to a stop at the platform. Quivering, Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm reached down for the despised hat.

"Would you like to go around again?" asked Bobby, quite casually.

His highness gasped with joy.

"If—if you would be so kind!" he said.

And at the lordly wave of Bobby's hand, the car moved on.

III

THE old king was dying. To the Princess Annunciata, his spinster daughter, the news had come as she sat dozing in the royal box at the opera.

And the crown prince, who might now at any moment be king—the crown prince was missing!

The news had spread quickly. There was wild consternation in the palace. In the public squares crowds were silently gathering, and in every group there was whispering of the terrorists who had stabbed Prince Marmaduke and his young

wife, and who might now—but then, such a child! It was incredible!

Across from the palace, with only the great square between, lay the Royal Opera. Old Adelbert, having locked up his opera-glasses—for, with the king dying, there would be no opera that night, nor, indeed, for no one knew how long—old Adelbert limped down the marble stairs and into the square, black with people.

The crowd was very still. Always it stood facing in one direction—toward that wing of the palace where the old warrior had his apartments, and where now he lay dying.

The curtains were open, and the casement of one window, which opened on a balcony, was thrown wide. Now and then shadowy figures passed it and once the Princess Annunciata, with wide, grief-stricken eyes, had come as if for air, and had stood for a moment, unconscious of the eyes below.

"A good woman!" said old Adelbert, finding himself, in the dusk, beside the *garde-robe* woman. "She remained unmarried to be with her father. And now he goes, and she is alone. It is the way of the world."

Olga had been staring before her with dull and sunken eyes.

"They—have they found the—*kronprinz*?" she asked, thickly.

Adelbert stared.

"The *kronprinz*!"

"He is missing. I—I thought it was only a prank, but—two hours!"

"What did you say?" Adelbert was old, and the soft hum of the crowd confused him. "What was two hours?"

"Nothing." She drew a long breath.

"He is missing!"

Old Adelbert started.

"He is not there, in the palace?"

"No. He disappeared from the opera-house this afternoon. Every regiment in the city is out."

And true enough, at that moment, the crowd surged back against them to allow the passage of a company of soldiers. For the first time in the knowledge of man the palace was practically unprotected. The king's guard, every man of noble birth, marched swiftly through the crowd, young faces eager and intent under their tall black shakos, lanterns swinging in time to the muffled beat of a solitary drum. It was General Mettlich's own regiment, and the

crown prince himself wore its uniform on gala occasions.

Up-stairs, in an anteroom of the king's bedchamber, General Mettlich, old friend and comrade of the dying monarch, had been placed under restraint. Twice, in frenzy over the loss of his charge, he had tried to fall on his sword. Now he sat between two guards, his face whiter than the king's own, waiting for what must soon come—for the dreaded moment when, the archbishop having solemnly announced from the balcony the death of their old ruler, the people below would call to him, General Mettlich, to show them from the rail their boy king.

As the sound of the solitary drum came through the open window, the old warrior stirred. One of the guards—crowning humiliation, a captain of his own regiment!—laid a quieting hand on his arm.

Down in the square, old Adelbert at the same moment put a hand on Olga's arm. His mind moved slowly.

"From the opera-house!" he said. "Impossible! There were the usual guards—unless—" He turned and peered into the *garde-robe* woman's face. "It was *he* then!" he muttered. "And you knew!"

"He was so little, and he has so few pleasures," cried Olga passionately. "It is always study, study—and I saw his eyes. They were like his father's!"

Old Adelbert made no reply. He caught her arm, and, struggling, pulled her behind him through the crowd. Where it refused to yield, he brought down the iron point of his wooden leg, and his progress was one of oaths and groans.

"Where are you taking me?" gasped Olga.

"To the Princess Annunciata," said the old soldier. "The child is only lost, wandering. It is not the terrorists, after all. *Gott sei dank!* Only—may he be found in time!"

Olga wept softly. She complained that her shoes were bad and her jacket old. If she had only time to go home, and put on her braided coat—

"Come! Use your breath to pray," said old Adelbert roughly, and planted his iron toe on her shabby ones.

So she was led as a lamb to the slaughter. Finally they came to an open space under the stone balcony, where one sentry kept the crowd back, and walked sadly to and fro with his gun over his shoulder.

Adelbert stepped boldly into the lighted square, and faced the sentry.

"I would see the Princess Annunciata," he said, and saluted.

The sentry stared.

"Adelbert, from the Royal Opera"—under his breath—"with news of the *kronprinz*."

The sentry swiftly turned the geometrical right angle that is a specialty of sentries, and crossed with rapid strides to the arched stone doorway which was the old king's private entrance.

"Adelbert of the Royal Opera, with news of the *kronprinz*," he repeated to the sentry there.

And so it happened that into the anteroom where General Mettlich sat on a sofa between two captains of the guard; where the Duchess Hedwig, kneeling at a shrine with her sisters, was crying over a small silver photograph-frame; where the Princess Annunciata, distracted, walked backward and forward, wringing her hands—into this room, preceded and followed as far as the door by sentries, and then left to stumble into the bright light by themselves, came Adelbert of the opera-house and the *garde-robe* woman, Olga.

The Princess Annunciata stared. Then she came toward them swiftly. Old Adelbert could not kneel, having lost his leg fighting for the old man in the next room. Also, he was out of breath.

"Highness!" he said. "Highness!"

Then—oh, pitiful climax to a martial career! It came to him suddenly that just beyond that door his king lay dying; and old Adelbert burst into ignominious tears.

Women rise better than men to great emergencies. Olga forgot her worn shoes and the braided coat which was at home. She saw only the frantic eyes of the Princess Annunciata, and her fear left her.

"Highness," she said gently, "the little *kronprinz* was—was not abducted by the terrorists. I think he is safe. He—he ran away, quite by himself. It was only a boyish prank, highness—the desire of a caged bird to fly."

"Why, if you knew this, did you not raise an alarm?"

"I saw him running down the staircase of the opera-house, excellency. He looked at me, as if to ask me not to tell. And I did not." She looked bravely at the princess, although she knew that her confession might cost her dearly.

"Highness, I have but this moment learned it," said old Adelbert, getting his voice. "I brought the woman here at once. I thought it might distress the—his—majesty, and I—I was in the Bosnia campaign. He—he came once to the hospital, where I lay, and patted me—"

The disgrace of old Adelbert was complete. He broke into sniveling sobs. Throwing his arms up against the side of the doorway, he wept unrestrainedly into the velvet hangings, with the royal arms in gold and silver.

The Duchess Hedwig came over to Olga, and patted her on the sleeve of the jacket which was not the braided one.

"We are grateful to you," she said softly. "No harm will come to you, I am sure. Will you tell the gentlemen in the next room what you have told us?"

So Adelbert and Olga were taken to another and a larger anteroom—a room all gold and blue, where the court was gathered, and where the prelates of the church and the generals of the army and the admirals of the fleet were waiting with white faces and strained eyes. And there Adelbert was himself again, and a man among his peers, wearing, instead of a jeweled order, his insignia of valiant service, a wooden leg with a sharp iron point.

And there he told his story.

IV

On his narrow iron bed the old king lay peacefully dying. He had not moved for an hour, and it was the prayer of the court that he might not recover consciousness before the end. He would wish to see the little crown prince.

Beside him knelt his private chaplain. The three court physicians had withdrawn from the bed, and stood consulting in an alcove. The two sisters of mercy who had cared for the old king for years, stood looking down at him.

"I should wish to die so," whispered the elder. "A long life, filled with many deeds, and then to sleep away!"

"A long life full of many sorrows!" whispered back the younger one. Her mild blue eyes rested on the writing-table, where, under the lamp, were the photographs of his dead wife, his slain son. "He outlived all that he loved."

"Except the little Ferdinand."

Their eyes met, for even here there was a question.

As if their thought had penetrated the haze over the old king's faculties, he opened his eyes.

"Ferdinand?" he asked, with difficulty.

"I—I wish—"

"Yes, yes," said the younger sister.

"You shall see him soon."

Which, of course, was literally true, and no prejudice to the good sister's soul. The chaplain had so instructed her. For if the terrorists—but God forbid!

The old monarch closed his eyes, but a moment later he opened them again.

"Mettlich?" he asked.

The elder sister tiptoed to the door.

"His majesty is conscious; he has asked for General Mettlich," she said.

The Princess Annunciata took the general's hand and led him to the door of the bedroom.

"Courage!" she said. "And not a word!"

General Mettlich stood a second just inside the door. Then he staggered to the side of the bed and fell on his knees, his lips to the cold white hand on the counterpane.

"Sire!" he choked. "It is I—Mettlich!"

The old king looked at him, and put his hand on the bowed gray head. Then his eyes turned to the Princess Annunciata and rested there.

"A good friend and a good daughter! Few men die so fortunate, and fewer sovereigns!" said the old ruler, and placed his other hand on the head of the princess as she knelt beside him. His eyes, moving slowly, traveled to the photographs on his writing-table and rested there.

The elder sister leaned forward and touched his wrist.

"*Herr doctor!*" she said sharply.

The doctors came forward hastily, and grouped around the bed. Then the eldest of the three, who had ushered her into the world, touched the Princess Annunciata on the shoulder.

"*Madame!*" he said. "*Madame*, I—the king has passed away."

General Mettlich staggered to his feet and took a long look at the face of his old sovereign and friend. Then, his features working, he opened the door into the large anteroom.

"Gentlemen of the court," he said, "it is my duty—my duty—to announce—" His voice broke; his grizzled chin quivered.

Tears rolled down his cheeks. "Friends," he said pitifully, "our—our good king—my old comrade—is dead!"

V

THREE glorious times the car had made its trip to Pike's Peak and return. Three rapturous, breathless times it had swept into the sheet-iron gulfs of the Grand Cañon, only to climb out again of its own momentum. Three times it had swept through the blackness of the tunnels, and as many times had brought up in safety at the landing-platform.

Then, having no charm of novelty for him, the scenic railroad palled on Bobby. They climbed out and stood on the platform, and by the light of a gas-lamp the small American consulted a large nickel watch.

"Gee!" he said. "It's supper-time; I thought I was feeling empty. Say, can't you come home to supper with me?"

Ferdinand Wilhelm consulted his own watch. It was gold, and on the inside of the case was engraved:

To Ferdinand Wilhelm Franz Otto, from his grandfather, on the occasion of his taking his first communion.

It was seven o'clock! Miss Simpkins would be very irritable; she disliked waiting one moment for her supper. But perhaps she had been frightened, and if she had, a little more alarm would probably make her glad to see him.

"Do you think your mother will be willing?" he asked.

"Willing? Sure she will! The only person—but I'll fix *fräulein*. She's a Bohemian, and they're always cranky. Anyhow, it's my birthday. I'm always allowed a guest on birthdays."

So home together, gaily chatting, went the two children, along the cobble-paved streets of the ancient town, past old churches that had been sacked and pillaged by the very ancestors of one of them, taking short cuts through narrow passages that twisted and wormed their way between and sometimes beneath century-old stone houses; across the flower-market, where faint odors of dying violets and crushed lilies-of-the-valley still clung to the bare wooden booths; and so, finally, to the door of a grim building where, from the porter's room beside the entrance, came a reek of stewing garlic.

Neither of the children had noticed the unwonted silence of the streets. What few passers-by they had seen had been hurrying in the direction of the palace. Twice they had passed soldiers, with lanterns, and once one had stopped and flashed a light on them.

"Well, old sport?" said Bobby in English. "Anything you can do for me?"

The soldier had passed on, muttering at the insolence of American children. The two youngsters laughed consumedly at the witticism. They were very happy, the lonely little American boy and the lonely little prince—happy from sheer gregariousness, from the satisfaction of that strongest of human inclinations, next to love—the social instinct.

The porter was out. His wife admitted them, and went morosely back to her interrupted cooking. The children hurried up the winding stone staircase, with its iron rail and its gas lantern, to the third floor, where the parents of Bobby Treat made their temporary home.

In the sitting-room, the sour-faced governess was darning a hole in a small stocking. She was as close as possible to the green tile stove, and she was looking very unpleasant; for the egg-shaped darning only slipped through the hole, which was a large one. With an irritable gesture, she took off her slipper, and, putting one coarse-stockinged foot on the fender, proceeded to darn by putting the slipper into the stocking and working over it.

Things looked unpropitious. The crown prince ducked behind Bobby. The *fräulein* looked at the clock.

"*Du bist fünfzehn minuten spät*," she snapped, and bit the darning thread—not with rage, but because she had forgotten her scissors.

"I'm sorry, but you see—"

"Whom hast thou there?"

The prince cowered. She looked quite like his grandfather when his tutors' reports had been unfavorable.

"A friend of mine," said Bobby, not a whit daunted.

The governess put down the stocking and rose. In so doing, she caught her first real glimpse of Ferdinand, and she staggered back.

"*Gott in himmel!*" she said, and went white. Then she stared at the boy, and her color came back. "For a moment," she muttered, "I—but no. He is not so tall,

nor has he the manner. Yes, he is much smaller!"

Which proves that, whether it wears a crown or not, royalty is always measured to the top of one.

In the next room, Bobby's mother was arranging candles on a birthday cake in the center of the table. Pepy, the cook, had iced the cake herself, and had forgotten one of the "b's" in "Bobby," so that the cake really read:

BOBY—XI JAHR

However, it looked delicious, and inside had been baked a tiny black china doll and a new American penny, with Abraham Lincoln's head on it. The penny was for good fortune, but the doll was a joke of Pepy's, Bobby being aggressively masculine.

Bobby, having passed the outpost, carried the rest of the situation by assault. He rushed into the dining-room and kissed his mother, with one eye on the cake.

"Mother, here's company to supper! Oh, look at the cake! 'B-O-B-Y'! Mother, that's awful!"

Mrs. Treat was very young and girlish. She looked at the cake.

"Poor Pepy!" she said. "Suppose she had made it 'Booby'?" Then she saw Ferdinand Wilhelm, and went over, somewhat puzzled, with her hand out. "I am very glad Bobby brought you," she said. "He has so few little friends—"

There she stopped, for the prince had brought his heels together sharply, and, bending over her hand, had kissed it, exactly as he kissed his Aunt Annunciata's every morning at eleven o'clock. Mrs. Treat was fairly startled, not at the *hand-kuss*, but at the grace with which the tribute was rendered.

Then she looked down, and it restored her composure to find that Ferdinand Wilhelm, too, had turned eyes toward the cake. He was, after all, only a hungry small boy. With the quick tenderness that all good women who have been mothers feel toward other children, she stooped and kissed him gravely on the forehead.

Caresses were strange to Ferdinand Wilhelm. His warm little heart leaped and pounded. At that moment, he would have died for her!

Mr. Treat came home a little late. He kissed Bobby eleven times, and one to grow on. He shook hands absently with the visitor, and gave the *fräulein* the evening

paper—an extravagance on which he insisted, although one could read the news for nothing by going to the café on the corner. Then he drew his wife aside.

"Look here!" he said. "Don't tell Bobby—no use exciting him, and of course it's not our funeral, anyhow—but there's a report out that the crown prince has been kidnaped. And that's not all. The old king is dying!"

"How terrible!"

"Worse than that. The old king gone, and no crown prince! It may mean almost any sort of trouble. I've closed up at the park for the night. The whole town is packed in front of the palace." His arm around his wife, he looked through the doorway to where Bobby and Ferdinand were counting the candles. "It's made me think pretty hard," he said. "Bobby mustn't go around alone the way he's been doing. All Americans here are considered millionaires. If the crown prince could go, think how easy—"

His arm tightened around his wife, and together they went in to the birthday feast.

Ferdinand was hungry. He ate eagerly—chicken, fruit compote, potato-salad—shades of the court physicians, who fed him at night a balanced ration of milk, egg, and zwieback! Bobby also ate busily, and conversation languished.

Then the moment came when, the first cravings appeased, they sat back in their chairs while Pepy cleared the table and brought in a knife to cut the cake. Mr. Treat had excused himself for a moment. Now he came back, with a bottle wrapped in a newspaper, and sat down again.

"I thought," he said, "as this is a real occasion, not exactly Robert's coming of age, but marking his arrival at years of discretion, the period when he ceases to be a small boy and becomes a big one, we might drink a toast to it."

"Howard!" objected the big boy's mother.

"A teaspoonful each, honey," he laughed. "It changes it from a mere supper to a festivity."

He poured a few drops of wine into the children's glasses, and filled them up with water. Then he filled the others, and sat smiling, this big young man, who had brought his loved ones across the sea, and was trying to make them happy up three flights of stone stairs, above a porter's lodge that smelled of garlic.

"First," he said, "I believe it is customary to toast the king. Friends, I give you the good king and brave soldier, Karl Otto II!"

They stood up to drink it, and even Pepy had a glass.

Ferdinand was on his feet first. He held his glass up in his right hand, and his eyes shone.

"To His Majesty Karl Otto II!" he said solemnly, in German. "God keep the king!"

Over their glasses, Mrs. Treat's eyes met her husband's. How they trained their children here!

But Ferdinand Wilhelm had not finished.

"I give you," he said, in his clear young treble, holding his glass, "the President of the United States. The President!"

"The President!" said Mr. Treat.

They drank again, except the *fräulein*, who disapproved of republics, and only pretended to sip her wine.

"Bobby," said his mother, with a catch in her voice, "haven't you something to suggest—as a toast?"

Bobby's eyes were on the cake; he came back with difficulty.

"Well," he meditated, "I guess—would 'home' be all right?"

"Home!" they all said, a little shakily, and drank to it.

Home! To the Treats, a little house on a shady street in America; to the *fräulein*, a thatched cottage in the mountains and an old mother; to Pepy, the room in a tenement where she went at night; to Ferdinand Wilhelm, a formal suite of apartments in the palace, surrounded by pomp, ordered by rule and precedent, hardened by military discipline, and unsoftened by any love other than the grim affection of the old king.

Home!

VI

AFTER all, Pepy's plan went astray, for the *fräulein* got the china baby, and Ferdinand Wilhelm the Lincoln penny.

"That," said Bobby's father, "is a Lincoln penny, young man. It bears a portrait of Abraham Lincoln. Have you ever heard of him?"

The prince looked up. He knew the Gettysburg address by heart, and part of the Proclamation of Emancipation.

"Yes, sir," he said. "The—my grandfather thinks that President Lincoln was a very great man."

"One of the world's greatest. I hardly thought, over here—" Mr. Treat paused and looked speculatively at the boy. "You'd better keep that penny where you won't lose it," he said soberly. "It doesn't hurt us to try to be good. If you're in trouble, think of the difficulties Abraham Lincoln surmounted. If you want to be great, think how great he was. If you want to be good, just remember how good he was." He was a trifle ashamed of his own earnestness. "All that for a penny, young man!"

The festivities were taking a serious turn. There was a little packet at each plate, and now Bobby's mother reached over and opened hers.

"Oh!" she said, and exhibited a gaudy tissue-paper bonnet. Everybody had one. Mr. Treat's was a dunce's cap, and *fräulein's* a giddy Pierrette of black and white. Bobby had a military cap. With eager fingers Ferdinand Wilhelm opened his; he had never tasted this delirious paper-cap joy before.

It was a crown—a sturdy bit of gold paper, cut into points and set with red paste jewels—a gem of a crown. He was charmed. He put it on his head, with the unconsciousness of childhood, and posed and smirked charmingly.

From a far-off church a deep-toned bell began to toll, slowly.

Ferdinand caught it—St. Stefan's bell! He sat up and listened. The sound was faint; one felt it rather than heard it, but the slow booming was unmistakable. Only once before had Ferdinand heard it, except for mass, and that was when his uncle—

He got up and pushed his chair back.

Other bells had taken it up, and now the whole city seemed alive with bells—bells that swung sadly from side to side, as if they said over and over:

"Alas, alas!"

Something like panic seized Ferdinand Wilhelm. Some calamity had happened—some one was—perhaps his grandfather—

He turned an appealing face to Mrs. Treat.

"I must go," he said. "I do not wish to appear rude, but something is wrong. The bells—"

The *fräulein* had been listening, too. Her face worked.

"They mean but one thing," she said slowly. "I have heard it said many times.

When St. Stefan's tolls like that, the king is dead!"

"No! No!" cried Ferdinand Wilhelm, and ran madly out of the door.

VII

WITH the first boom of St. Stefan's bell, the great crowd fell on its knees. Other bells took up the dirge, and above their slow, insistent peal rose the nearer sound of a people mourning.

The archbishop came out upon the balcony, and stood for a moment with both hands raised. What he said no one heard, but all knew.

Hedwig's lieutenant, riding frantically up one street and down another, heard the bell. With his horse's bridle over his arm, he knelt on the cobblestones in the street, and prayed at the passing of his king's soul. And if the lieutenant shed a tear or two, why, there were few dry eyes in the city that night.

When he had crossed himself and risen, behold, running down the street, sobbing and panting, a small figure in blue serge trousers, a short Eton coat, and a rolling white collar, and with a gilt paper crown on its head. The boy, who did not recognize the lieutenant, having cried much and run more, gasped:

"Take me to the palace instantly!"

Without ceremony, Hedwig's lieutenant flung his king into the saddle, and, springing up behind him, rode wildly to the palace.

The Princess Annunciata had come out of the death chamber, and stood staring at the archbishop.

"What are we going to do?" she asked. "*What are we going to do?*"

From a corner the Duchess Hedwig sobbed aloud. She was sitting alone, holding the silver photograph-frame.

And then, suddenly, the door was flung open, and in it, with the lieutenant behind, stood the boy king.

"My grandfather!" he said, and, seeing their faces, fell to sniveling into a very soiled pocket-handkerchief.

General Mettlich opened the door from the room where the court had assembled. He saw the disreputable figure of his sovereign, and, with a cry of thankfulness, he knelt and kissed the small, not over clean hand.

Ferdinand Wilhelm straightened his shoulders. It had come to him that he was

a man now, and must do a man's part in the world.

"I wish to see my grandfather," he said, fighting back the tears.

General Mettlich rose and stood looking down at him.

"Your people are waiting," he said gravely. "To a ruler, his people must come first!"

And so, in the clear light from the room behind, Ferdinand Wilhelm I first stood before his people. They looked up and saw the erectness of the small figure, the steadiness of the blue eyes that had fought back the tears, the honesty and fire and courage of this small boy who was their king. And they rose and cheered mightily.

Down below, in the crowd, a young American woman clutched her husband's arm, and together they stared up.

"Dick!" she said. "Dick, it's Bob's little friend!"

"Nonsense!" he retorted, uneasily. "It looks like him, but the thing's absurd. See, they've crowned him already!"

"Oh, they haven't crowned him!" She was half weeping, half smiling. "The absurd little chap! They've forgotten to take off his paper crown!"

VIII

THE king, having been pronounced safe and well by the court physicians, had a warm bath and was put to bed. There was much formality to this process now, but finally he was left alone with Oskar, who had put him to bed and got him up since he had passed the wet-nurse stage—alone, of course, as much as a king may be alone; for there were guards outside each door and below his windows.

"Oskar!" said the king, from his pillow.

"Your majesty?"

Oskar was gathering the royal garments, which were to be burned, as Heaven only knows where his majesty had been, and what germs—

"Have I a small box anywhere, a very small box?"

"The one in which your majesty's seal ring came is here, as is also the larger one which had schoolroom crayons in it."

"Give me the ring-box and my trousers," said Ferdinand Wilhelm I, and sat up in bed.

Having received both articles, he proceeded to feel carefully in all the pockets of the trousers. At last he found what he wanted,

and the new Lincoln penny rested in a cushion of white velvet, on which were the royal arms.

Ferdinand Wilhelm looked carefully at the penny, and then closed the lid.

"Whenever I am disagreeable, Oskar," he said, "or don't care to study, or—or do things that you think my grandfather would not have done, I wish you'd bring me this box. You'd better keep it handy!"

He lay back and yawned.

"Did you ever hear of Abraham Lincoln, Oskar?" he asked.

"I—I have heard the name, your majesty," ventured Oskar cautiously.

"My grandfather thought he was a—great—man. I—should—like—"

The excitements and sorrows of the day left him gently. He stretched his small limbs luxuriously, and half turned upon his face. Oskar pulled the blanket around his shoulders, and put out the light.

Half an hour later, General Mettlich passed the guard and tiptoed into the room. He knelt by the bed in silence, and into the old soldier's prayer went all his hopes for his country, all his dreams, all his grief for his dead sovereign and his loyalty to his new king.

In his stone-floored room behind a milk-

shop, old Adelbert prayed also. The events of the evening had awakened his warrior spirit again.

"Oh, God, make him a soldier!" he prayed. "Let him lead his country to victory!"

Olga, the *garde-robe* woman, sat late that night sewing, for the *garde-robe* alone would not support her.

"How like his father he looked!" she said. "And he smiled at me, God bless him!"

The Duchess Hedwig, having sent away her maid, sat in front of her dressing-table and looked long at the silver photograph-frame.

"Dear little Ferdinand!" she thought, and then her mind traveled to the young lieutenant. After all, she thought, the young officer was noble, and such things as she dreamed of had been known. "I hope I shall look well in black!" she reflected, and held one of her black silk stockings to her cheek to see.

The American mother bent over her boy's bed, and kissed him softly on the lips.

"I wonder," she said, "in all that great palace, did any one kiss the little king good night?"

A CHRISTMAS VISION

CLEAR within a dream I saw—
Vision filled with brooding awe—
How the Magi came of old
Down the barren desert reaches,
Bearing frankincense and gold.

On and on from dusk to dawn
Were their faithful footsteps drawn
By the glory of a star
Ever o'er them and before them
Flaming bright and flaming far.

And when I awakened, still
Seemed that wondrous light to fill
All the spaces that were lorn;
Then I knew I viewed the splendor
Of a cloudless Christmas morn.

And it was as though a voice
Cried unto my heart: "Rejoice!
Spread the tidings unto men!
Little stranger, in the manger,
Lo, the Christ is born again!"

Clinton Scollard

"SPECIALIZING"

THE NEW OPPORTUNITY FOR THE AMERICAN MANUFACTURER

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

A MAN who had bought a small house in an up-State city of New York, and was renovating it for his own use, went into the leading department-store of the town and asked for white linoleum for a bath-room floor.

"We can give you a pattern in which white predominates," said the salesman.

"But I want it to predominate to the absolute exclusion of everything else," laughed the man, "I want 'solid-color' white."

At that the salesman shook his head. They had nothing of the sort, although this was a large city, and the store was known to the trade across the land.

He summoned the buyer. The buyer was positive in the matter.

"An all-white linoleum is an impossibility," he said. "No such thing is made."

The customer kept his good humor.

"I've seen it used for bath-room floors," he insisted.

"You must have been mistaken," answered the store's representative with equal insistence, and with encyclopedic authority. "I would have known of it. There is no such thing made. But we have some delicate varicolored linoleum patterns."

He had lost his customer. A week later there came a business errand that called the home-fitter down to New York. In the first fifteen minutes he had at leisure in the big town, he found enough white linoleum for a dozen bath-rooms.

As luck would have it, he rode on a returning train beside the owner of that up-State department-store—a club acquaintance. To him he poured out his linoleum experience, which he made the basis for a little lecture on merchandizing.

"We shall have no expert shopkeepers in this country," he went on, "until a man can

fill not only his ordinary wants, but his unusual ones—his whims, if you please to put it that way. It is very different on the other side of the water—in European towns, large or small. If I want a suit of underwear here, I must take the standard sizes, the standard colors, the standard designs that have suited the fancy of American shopkeepers and manufacturers. Over there they will make what I want as I want it. They are suiting my tastes and my purse, not their own. I am the customer, therefore I am the man to be pleased. I can be as individualistic as I please, and they will let me carry my individualism out even as far as furniture for my house. I think some of those smart European storekeepers would have a picture of Lake Lucerne painted for me from a new angle, if I wanted it. But here—"

The merchant rallied to the defense of his craft. He was big enough and fair enough to admit the mistake of his employees in the linoleum affair, but he let it be known that such was not the rule of his store.

"A woman came into my store, three months ago, and wanted a wooden kitchen spoon of a certain pattern," he said. "She carefully described what she wanted, and said that she had once bought one for fifty-nine cents, while she was living in Toledo. We agreed to try and find that sort of spoon for her, although none of us had ever seen one. We wrote right and left, and finally, through the courtesy of the Toledo store, we located it. It came from an obscure little factory in southern Missouri. That spoon cost us more than two dollars in time, correspondence, and worry before we delivered it to our patron—for fifty-nine cents. Still, I'm not grumbling at that. That was part

of the store service that we are so constantly advertising in the newspapers.

"As to the underwear, you cannot take me to task for the shortcomings of the American manufacturer. We come rather near having to sell the things that he gives us. And if you want to display your individualistic tendencies in furnishing your new house, there are plenty of little shops in Fifth Avenue, New York, or Michigan Avenue, Chicago, or in half a dozen other of the biggest cities, that will do that to your heart's desire—and charge you roundly for the privilege!"

THE DEMAND FOR INDIVIDUALISM

"Which is just the point I am making," said the other quietly. "We have come to an era of good taste among the American folk who are by no means rich. What opportunity is there for a man, with an income, let us say, of less than four thousand dollars a year, to equip his house according to his own canons of good taste? Barbaric colors and crude designs still shriek at him from the shelves of all those stores that are within reach of his purse. Furniture of set patterns, rugs and carpets of set patterns, mantels from standardized catalogues—all these things are the barbarities which he—the customer—must endure."

"Go and tell your troubles to the manufacturer," growled the merchant, as he picked up his newspaper once again.

And a pretty good American citizen of western New York had become an insurgent of a brand-new sort.

Now here is the pith and kernel of the thing—the fundamental truth of the situation which that retail merchant knew well enough himself, but which he did not care to discuss with one of his patrons. Like a good many of our national habits, this situation has been a gradual growth.

Until twenty-five or thirty years ago, the American manufacturer depended quite blindly upon the jobber, or, as he was often called, the middleman. The manufacturer considered it no part of his business to discover, save in very vague and general fashion, what the retailer or the buying public wanted. He held himself strictly aloof from the retail trade.

The manufacturers who made the greatest successes were those who had smart salesmen—men who, by pure cleverness, could sell to the jobbers, at a large profit, all that their factories turned out. There

was an alternative—even better from the manufacturer's point of view. He might, and often did, make a contract over a period of years for a jobbing-house to take all his product at a satisfactory price.

By these systems, in vogue since the first days of American manufacturing, the retailer got what was offered him, and had no say at all; while the customer was absolutely no factor in the situation. It did not matter so much at first, for the retail store was then selling what may be called raw products. That is, people bought cloth and dress materials almost exclusively, instead of finished clothes.

The household was to a very large extent the manufactory. Mothers and daughters made their own undergarments, wraps, and dresses—practically all their clothes. In many cases they made the men's clothes, too. The modern department-store was hardly more than started.

Among the more prosperous classes, a man almost invariably had his suits and overcoats "made to order" at a tailor's. There were then innumerable small shops of almost every sort. If a family wanted new furniture, a cabinet-maker built it "to order." To-day, the home-maker of good taste and fairly moderate means harks back to the handicraft of that generation, and seeks its furniture, if he wants good construction and individualistic expression.

THE ERA OF SMALL TRADESMEN

The business men of that earlier day, who came into contact with the public, supplying its wants direct, were small business men. All shop-work was turned out directly under supervision of the "boss." Thus the small shop and the home made practically all that was worn or used, and their products were as varied and as individualistic as the myriad folk who produced them.

Of course, there were a few articles—such as men's hats, silverware, jewelry, novelties of invention, and foreign importations—that were exceptions to this rule. In the cities, these last had a large sale, and first started the modern merchant on his career of fortune-building.

So American manufacturing, from the first days of the nineteenth century to about the year 1880, was not at all on the plane it occupies to-day. It furnished the cloth or the fabric, but not the actual clothes; the food, but not prepared articles ready for

eating; the wood, but not the furniture. Nearly every one who was neither very poor nor very rich had his or her clothes, food, and house equipment according to his or her individual taste—a great deal of it actually home-made, nearly all the rest from a small shop within a block or two.

People followed the fashions and the modes of their day and their own community, and that was the day of a nationwide individualism. Men and women expressed their taste in their clothes and in their homes and their house-fittings. Boston was different from New York, and Philadelphia and Baltimore were different from either. The South had a charm and personality all her own, the West had its own needs and its own canons of taste.

Brown, a local tailor in Philadelphia, and Robinson, in the same trade in Chicago, did not cut a suit just the same way, and their customers looked different. Anne Simpson on one street and Mary Rogers on the next, with their spring dresses made at home, or perhaps by the dressmaker a few squares away, were individual. Mrs. Mason's new parlor-set was not at all like Mrs. Moran's, although it may have cost the same amount.

THE SYSTEMATIZATION OF INDUSTRY

Soon after the interesting foreign displays at the Centennial Exposition of 1876, in Philadelphia, American inventiveness and ingenuity began to busy themselves. The constant bettering of transportation methods had its decided influence in changing American life from its individualism toward the standards that were being framed for it by the new generation of manufacturers. Even so little a matter as the changing of railroad gages to a single national measure was a decided factor in promoting the new era of things.

To know of that new era, go to some manufacturer who is big enough, broad enough, honest and frank enough, to tell you the truth. Here is one, with a dozen push-buttons at his hand that instantly summon a dozen high-salaried specialists to his command.

"The earlier mills—you can still see many of the quaint, dormered buildings standing in the shadows of their newer and plainer brethren in the older parts of the country—have grown into enormous concerns," he tells you confidentially. "The whole manufacturing idea has grown.

The American manufacturer is no longer content simply to spin the cloth for the tailor, the dressmaker, and the workers in the home. He delivers the finished clothing product to the consumer—a single ob-servant walk down Fifth Avenue, New York, will show you on what scale.

"Of course there was a reason for the change. In the first place, the factory could make cloth more cheaply than the woman at the spinning-wheel. In the same way it could take its original product and surpass, in price and workmanship, the single worker who turns out anything to wear or use. So the second stage of American manufacturing began. One of its earliest and most successful developments was shoes. The big shoe-factory mowed down the little shoemakers. That movement has been carried forward in a hundred different lines.

"If the hundreds of business men who launched themselves on the new era had considered the problem they were facing, they might not have had the courage to proceed so boldly. That problem was this—Americans had been used to distinctive, personal articles. Would they take just what practically every one else took? We all risked millions of dollars upon that—gradually, of course. The result has answered the question."

"The result?" you venture to inquire.

THE NEW MERCHANDIZING

"The result," the manufacturer smiles back at you, "is manifold—and manifest. A woman buys a shirt-waist for two dollars, and an office-girl a suit for nine dollars. If the woman bought the materials, they would probably cost her more than the shirt-waist. If the girl bought the cloth, and made the suit herself, it would come to less, but nowadays she doesn't have time to do so. She is a specialist along some other line. If she took the cloth to a dress-maker, the total price would be more than the shop would charge, and the job wouldn't be as well done.

"It has been impossible, under this new order of things, to produce 'individual' articles. The success of the 'new merchandizing' has been the production of thousands of a given thing, practically precisely alike. The psychology behind the idea has been to induce people, by means of printed advertising and window displays, to wish to possess the same thing as others—a certain can of soup, a certain style of skirt or

bag, a piece of furniture or a rug. You should have it, because your friend or neighbor has the same thing."

The manufacturer argues well—from his own point of view. Quite naturally, he does what pays him best, or seems to pay him best. The mechanical problems of his factories seem to make standardized products most feasible. In the manufacture of them he can produce thousands of articles in little or no time, dividing up their production so that each workman has but a small part to do, and in practise can do that part with the utmost rapidity.

Under such conditions, it is hard to make him give heed to that large and increasing number of Americans who not only request, but are beginning to demand, individuality in their possessions. Imitation, not individuality, is his strong hold.

And if you doubt for an instant his powers for creating an imitative sentiment, take a look at femininity on the main street of your town any one of these pleasant afternoons. If you are a man, you may have paid but little attention to this phenomenon. For once, it will pay you to observe it.

Nine out of ten of the women whom you pass down on Main Street are going to be clothed, not according to their own tastes or intentions, but according to the plans and specifications laid down for them several months ago by a group of clothing manufacturers in the city of New York. This year they are following some eccentric whim which these men have formulated as a feminine standard for the United States of America. Last year the standard was different; in 1910 it had other variations, and so on, going back for many years; but in each season the rules have been rigid, and women have followed the rules, because they could not afford to break them.

A WORKING WOMAN'S PROTEST

At this point my secretary breaks in with an interruption to the dictation. She has begun to feel the force of what she has been setting down on paper.

"I know," she says, unable to keep quiet any longer under the full force of pent-up womanly emotion. "If I want to wear a new fall hat, and you make me work such long hours that I have no time to fuss one together for myself, what chance have I?"

She answers her own question.

"I can go out and buy a hat that looks

like a shapeless bag crushed down on the top of my head. There are nearly two million women in the city of New York, and to-day most of them are compelled to disfigure themselves with those awful hats, which are becoming to about one in ten of those who wear them. I hate mine, but I have to wear it, because I cannot afford to go up on the avenue and pay twenty dollars for a distinctive tailored hat."

The secretary's plaint is but that of one woman out of a whole city full. Nor is mere man in a position to stand and scoff at his sisters. His clothing, too, is planned and standardized for him, from his factory-made hat to the shoes which "chains" of retail shops across the land are selling him.

It takes a man with considerably more than five thousand dollars a year to be able to afford to have his suits tailored and his boots made by a custom shoemaker in a large city; and as for a hat made to order—he had better put his money into automobile tires. Like the women of his household, the average American must standardize himself, heart and soul—and body, unless his bank-deposit is of a size to bring a smile from the teller each time he enters the bank.

Yet it was only three or four years ago that a smart boy graduated from a great university in Michigan and shocked his family by announcing that he was going to open a furniture-shop. Bless your heart, that was the one thing the family did not want him to do! They had been in the furniture business all their lives, and they had hoped that their eldest son and heir would glorify the family name by selecting one of the professions for himself; but after four years of high hopes, the boy dashed every one of them to the ground.

"Doctoring, lawyering, all the rest of them are crowded to the gunwales," he said, in half apology, "and I don't want to go down, like some of the fellows that I have seen go out from here. I don't want to starve and be slick. I want to get into jumpers and make a decent living for myself, from the beginning!"

A NEW SORT OF FURNITURE SHOP

He had a square jaw and a solid way of thinking, and his father gracefully backed down at the beginning, instead of waiting until it should be, of necessity, an ungraceful performance. Besides, the boy had expressed a taste for furniture-making; and

furniture had been that family's commercial god. The old gentleman boasted that his factory had made enough beds to sleep the entire population of four States of the Union. One of his statisticians had discovered that their unit bookcases, placed end to end, would reach from the Michigan factory to a point seven miles southwest of Calcutta.

"Well, sonny, I guess we can find room for you at the chair-plant," said the boy's father. "We're going to break into the Japanese trade."

"It is not my ambition to raise a nation of little brown men and women from their neat floors to the lazy comforts of Morris chairs," was the reply. "I'm going to start on my own hook and on my own feet, just as you did in your day!"

"You'll find it a different proposition, to-day, to get a big plant under way—and without a big plant you cannot break into the game."

"I'll risk that," said the boy.

And risk it he did. He went out to Chicago and started a little shop, in which a customer could purchase what he wished, not what the shopkeeper was most anxious to sell him. The secret of the new business was that the shop could itself produce the things that its customers demanded. It could keep faith with them to the last detail.

It prospered. It became known as a shop of exclusive and personal styles. The boy's experience of summer vacations spent in his father's great plant was of aid to him in keeping his production costs down so low that the shop was also known as one where the prices were not extortionate, as they are in so many exclusive and personal shops. At no point did he conflict with his father's business—at every point did he succeed with his own. He has proved that the shopkeeper who humors the individual tastes of his patrons can hardly fail.

THE FIELD FOR THE SPECIALIST

We live in a land where every one reads, in an age when this national characteristic becomes more pronounced year by year. Much reading makes much good taste and promotes much individualism. So the success of the Michigan boy in making furniture for Chicago folk of taste is being repeated everywhere.

A keen-witted girl graduates from Wellesley, and makes a good living binding

books—individually—at Springfield, Massachusetts. Two women of recognized social position in Washington open a tea-room, and with little knowledge of general economic laws, or of the special laws of business, make good incomes for themselves. These are but few of many instances.

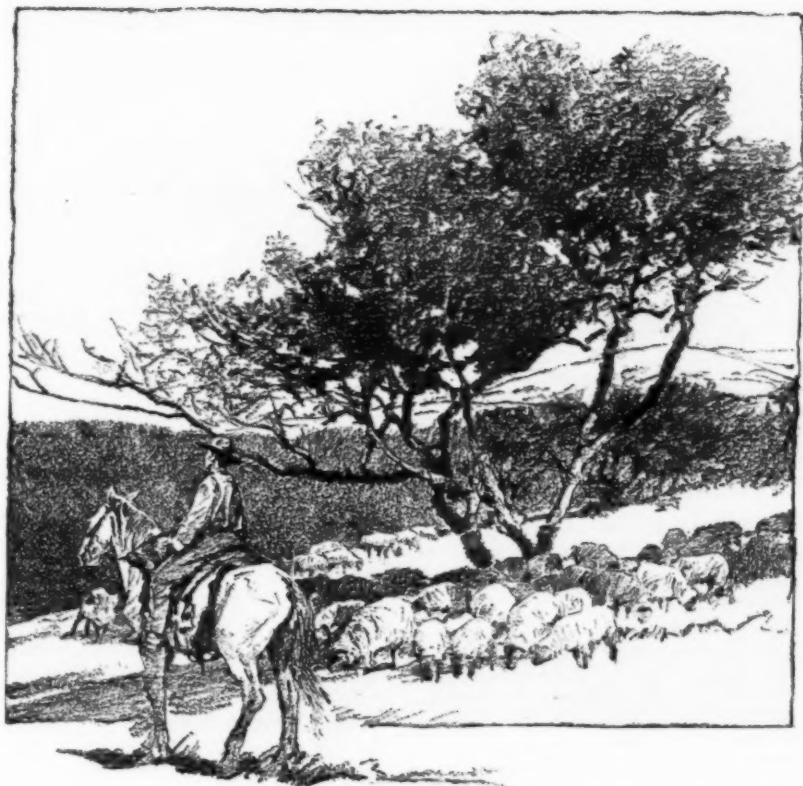
The most remarkable retail development of New York, in the past decade, has been not in the great commercial palaces of the department-stores, but in the multiplication of little shops along Fifth Avenue and in the side streets leading into that wonderful thoroughfare. There are more of those little shops in Michigan Avenue, Chicago; in the fashionable East End of Pittsburgh; along Boylston and Tremont Streets, Boston; in St. Louis and Denver and Los Angeles and San Francisco.

They thrive and they multiply, and that despite the fact that the American manufacturer, of large scale, does little to help them. But what the United States denies, Europe and the strange lands of the Orient can, despite the exactions of a high tariff, grant them. The European manufacturer, working under more or less similar conditions, has begun to discover the market which the American producer has so consistently ignored, although it was close under his nose.

In the success of these little shops, in their rapid multiplication and their increase in popularity, the American manufacturer should see that the pendulum has begun to swing sharply back from excessive standardization. The American man and the American woman of to-day are making a hard struggle to get away from the "ready-made."

The manufacturer may standardize, and standardize he should, in all the essential details of his business, for he is bound, morally and economically, to save the ultimate consumer in every possible way. But he should not let standardization become a door that shuts out opportunity. Let him confine his taste for making standards to its legitimate field, the actual manufacture of his products. In the products themselves, he will do well to be ready for the whims and tastes of any consumer within his great field.

To the first big manufacturer who sees this thing clearly there will come a flood-tide of business that will make him realize that he has opened the door at full width to opportunity.



TEX AND HIS CURSE

by King Kelley Drawings by J. Scott Williams

"BE careful now, Tex!" the camp-tender warned, as the herder left with his pack animal at sunrise that morning.

Austin Stepney did not resent the nickname that had been given him on his arrival in Wyoming, but he vaguely wondered why he should be careful. It must have been wolves and cougars that he was to look out for. Surely there were no bad Indians in these parts!

Sitting idly on his horse, with one leg thrown around the horn of his saddle, he slowly followed the scattered band of bleating sheep. For a hundred miles or more he had trailed the flock. He had crossed the Wind River divide, and was now dipping down into the Jackson Hole country.

A bunch of horsemen appeared on the crest of a hill some distance away, and moved up a narrow ridge to the large flat on which he was grazing his sheep. They stopped at the tent, and some of them dismounted. A blaze shot up from his camp.

They came toward him now. His dog dared to growl. It was answered by a dozen guns, which all but tore the animal to pieces.

With a mighty chorus of yells, the horsemen dashed past the herder and into the flock. There were about twenty in the gang, and twenty guns spat a hail of lead into the terrified sheep. The flock dashed down a slope to the left, the riders following close, and leaving the ground behind thickly dotted with dead and wounded.



THERE WERE ABOUT TWENTY HORSEMEN IN THE GANG—

At the foot of the hill down which the flock was rushing, there was a jump-off of a few feet. Over this the sheep went, and, before those ahead could get out of the way, others were on top of them. In less than a minute, nearly the entire band were stacked up in the narrow gulch. The riders fired volley after volley into the struggling mass.

When the men had apparently glutted their vengeance on the sheep, they headed toward the herder. Tex no longer wondered at the injunction to be careful. It certainly stood a fellow in hand to be careful in a country where men turned out and destroyed a thousand sheep in five minutes' time, he thought. He was quite sure that he would rather be back in Jack County, Texas.

"Shoot the horse out from under him, and set him afoot!" some one suggested, as the mob gathered around.

A few assented to the proposition; others said nothing. All sized him up.

"Now look here, fellows! This is my horse, and I'm not goin' to walk out of the country. You've done enough killin' around here. You shoot this horse, and I'll do some lead-throwin' myself. I know there's enough of you to git me, but I'll git more than one of you before you do!"

"You can keep your horse," the spokesman announced presently; "but don't you ever try to bring any more sheep over that divide. This country is for the elk. If you want to know what'll happen to you if you do, go and look on the hill yonder. You'll find the scattered bones of a feller

that thought he could bring sheep in here. Sheep-herdin'," he continued severely, "is the most disgraceful thing a man can do. There ain't nothin' worse. A man that'll herd sheep'll do anything!"

They rode away, gleefully recounting incidents of the massacre, and Tex was alone with his slaughtered flock. A hundred or so of the sheep had escaped, but they were widely scattered, and would be likely prey for the skulking wolves. Without a dog, it was impossible to round them up.

It dawned on Tex that Morley had sent him into this country because he was a stranger and unacquainted with the unwritten law of the region. He had been sent where no other man would go. The sheepman was bent on breaking down the custom that this land was for the elk only. Morley cared not that a herder might pay for it with his life.

Why, then, should the herder care for Morley's sheep? He wouldn't even go back to report the loss.

II

TEX had come up from the South a month before. Persistent reports of high wages on Wyoming cattle-ranches had lured him from the shale rock hills of Jack County, Texas. Learning at first hand that far-away fields are not so green, after all, and urged by a depleted purse, he had hired as a sheep-herder—not knowing that an awful stigma attached to the occupation in parts of the West.

Now that he had been so ruthlessly di-



—AND TWENTY GUNS SPAT A HAIL OF LEAD INTO THE SHEEP

vested of his job, he turned his horse's head toward the Snake River. He would learn more about these people, for whose boldness he felt more fascination than fear.

Down the long, sparsely wooded slopes, dotted here and there with small bands of watchful elk, he guided his horse. In the lower lands, sage-brush dressed the hills. The scent of it put him back among the bellowing cattle of Texas. At a bend in the stream that he was following, he saw the mighty Tetons lifting themselves in the distance, the three sharp peaks so close together that they resembled fingers raised in warning.

Darkness brought him to a settlement, and into the midst of a pioneer celebration. The games of the day were closed, but a large bough-covered pavilion was alight with Japanese lanterns and thronged with happy dancers. One of the men on the reception committee spied Tex, welcomed him heartily, and would hardly give the herder time to refresh himself, so eager was he to extend the courtesy of the West.

Clothes? Why, his clothes were plenty good enough! Clothes didn't cut any figure. He must come right over to the pavilion, get acquainted with the girls, and dance. From Texas? Well! Raised in Denton County himself!

Thus Tex, against his inclination, was hurled into the midst of the jubilations. The gray-haired committeeman led him around the floor, with as much seeming pride as if the herder were a prize-winner, and introduced him to the ladies. It was

good for his lonely heart to see them beam a gracious welcome; and as he retired modestly to a corner, many soft eyes searched out his tall, lithe form. Surely, these were a great people!

He resolved to take the camp-tender's advice, however, and proceed cautiously, lest something should drop. When the music struck up again, he waited and took the last girl—a plain-faced little miss who was eying her fortunate sisters sadly.

It was a gay, democratic throng. High-heeled boots won over patent-leather shoes. The flowing silk handkerchief did not stand abashed while the starched collar walked away with the queen of the evening. Dainty white waists pressed the soft flannel shirts of ranchmen, and no one seemed ashamed.

Swiftly and sweetly an hour or so passed. Then it happened. Some one whispered the dreadful word:

"Sheep-herder!"

In ten minutes, Tex was as much a stranger as when he entered the village, two hours before. Soft eyes went to ice, and women drew their skirts close in passing, lest the contamination should spread. Men glowered at him, and girls whom he asked to dance were always engaged.

Across the floor a bunch of young galls hovered near a girl like bees about a rose. She had smiled at Tex several times over the shoulder of her partner, as if inviting a closer acquaintanceship. He would try her; if she turned him down, he would know that his disgrace was complete.

When an opportunity offered, he advanced and asked the customary question. Flirt as she was, she was more honest than the rest. With a proud toss of her pretty head, she emphatically replied:

"No! You're a sheep-herder!"

Oh, for a hole about a thousand feet deep to drop into!

As Tex turned away, the plain-faced girl touched him on the arm.

"Would you like to dance with me this time, Mr. Stepney?"

"Bless your little heart, yes!" was all that he could say.

When the dance was finished, men deliberately bumped against him, with the evident intention of arousing a quarrel. Voices from the darkness outside the pavilion imitated the bleat of a sheep. One, bolder than the rest, shouted, in the language of a herder:

"Go 'way around 'em, Shep!"

Tex had had enough. While there was yet time, he retreated to the corral, a badly beaten man.

Rolling himself up in his blanket, he laid his head on the saddle and gazed hard at the stars. Truly, it was a shameful thing to be a sheep-herder in the Jackson Hole country!

The wail of the wolf was answered from hill to hill, until the line became indistinct in the distance, and Tex thought of the gory feast to which the hungry brutes were inviting one another. The Teton peaks lifted ominous fingers of

warning. He choked back all comments, and lay still.

III

DAYLIGHT brought a revival of the celebrations. In fact, this was to be the big day. All that had gone before was a mere prelude. The Governor was to speak, and there was to be a thrilling exhibition of bronco-busting. The latter exercise held Tex to the spot, though something in him warned him to go.

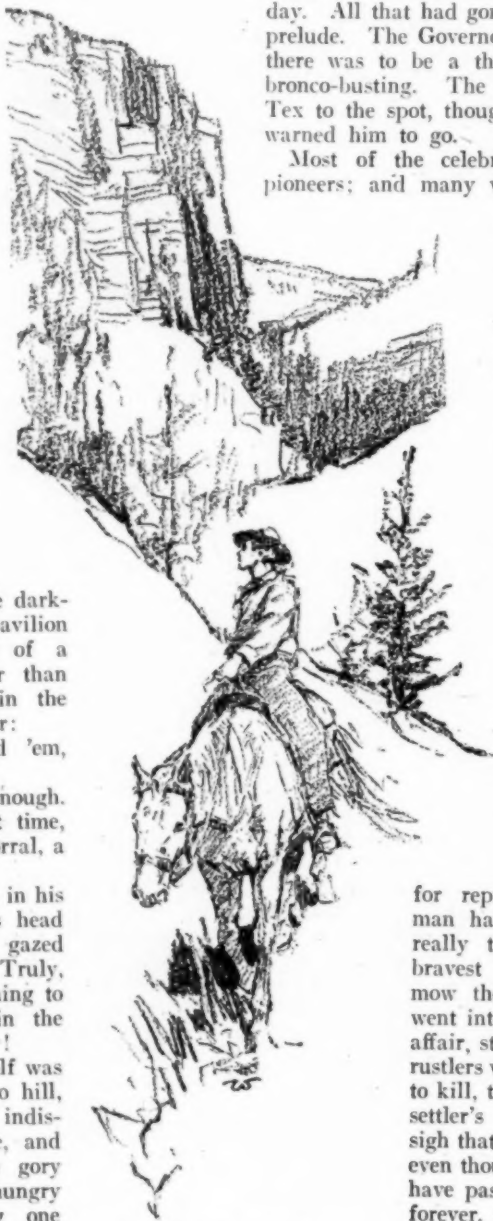
Most of the celebrants seemed to be pioneers; and many were the arguments,

some of them very heated ones, as to who was the first settler. Men whose imaginations had been quickened by frequent trips to the saloon told of exciting days and anxious nights.

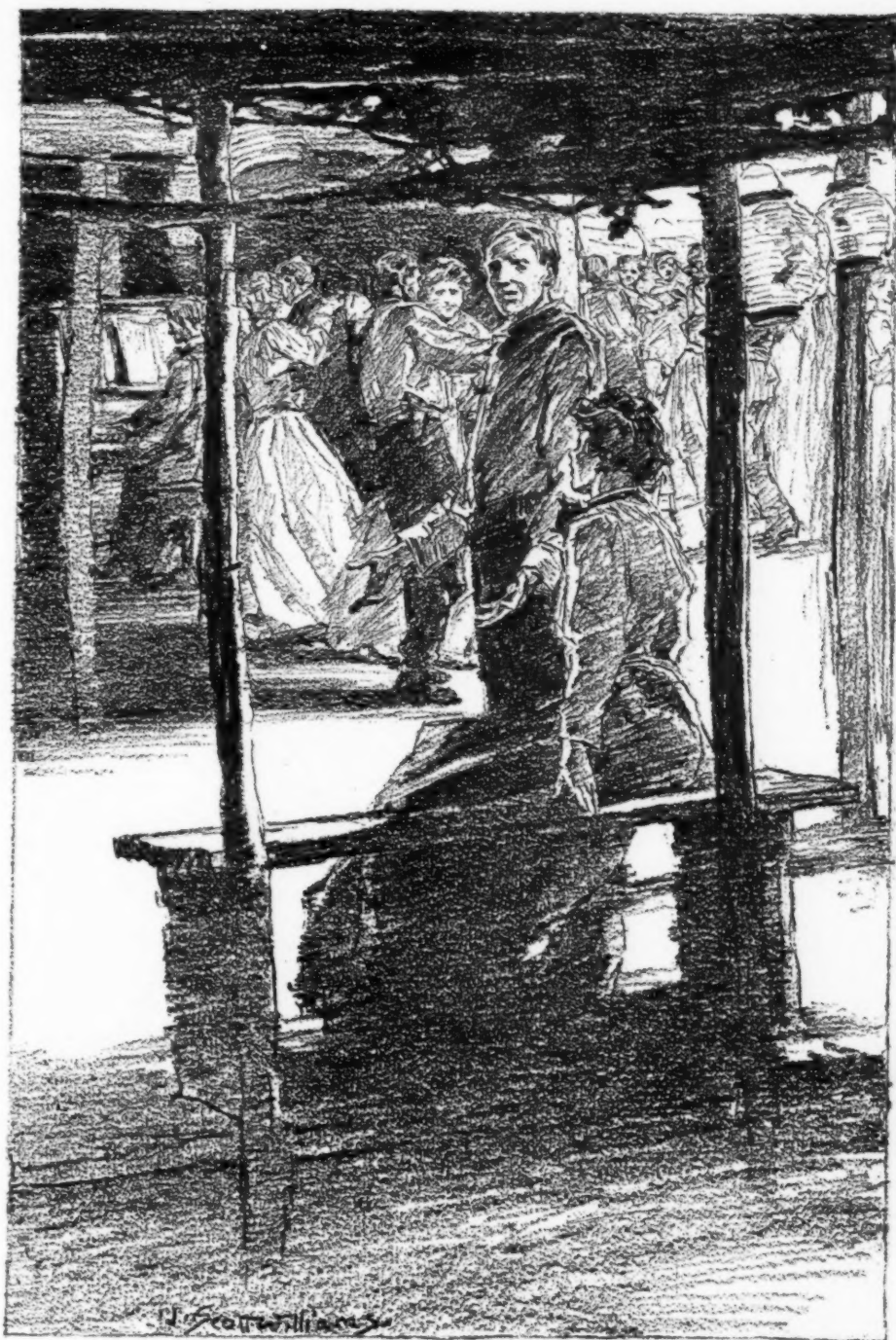
One old fellow pointed to a butte, at the foot of which two horse-thieves had been shot from their saddles. Then, swinging his finger around to the east, he indicated the spot where Mike Burnett and his partner had met their fate; loudly denouncing the author of "The Virginian"

for representing that one man had done it, when it really took twelve of the bravest in the country to mow them down. As he went into the details of the affair, strongly favoring the rustlers whom he had helped to kill, there was in the old settler's voice a regretful sigh that men of such nerve, even though outlaws, should have passed from the West forever.

The scene of the day's doings was a large pasture



HE TURNED HIS HORSE'S HEAD
TOWARD THE SNAKE RIVER



HE WAITED AND TOOK THE LAST GIRL—A PLAIN-FACED LITTLE MISS WHO WAS EYING
HER FORTUNATE SISTERS SADLY

field on the edge of town. A small grand stand occupied one corner, a stout corral another.

When the four or five hundred celebrators were gathered in the field, the Governor mounted the platform in front of the grand stand, and told at great length what he had done for the State, and what he proposed to do if the returns from the impending election permitted him to retain his seat.

When he had finished making promises, and had been duly applauded, a grizzled veteran made his way to the front and held up a silk sash of gorgeous design. It was fairly glittering with beads and gold.

"Tain't necessary for me to relate the history of this sash—how it once adorned a female personage of Spanish royalty. It's worth more'n a thousand dollars. I again offer it as a prize to any one who will ride the one-eyed sorrel. At each pioneer meetin' for five years I've offered it, but nobody's ever taken it down. Don't reckon any o' you boys want to try it to-day, do you?" he closed defiantly.

"Don't reckon anybody does," a bystander remarked to Tex. By some mischance, the speaker had not learned that he was a sheep-herder. "One feller tried it the first year 'twas offered. That's him over there on the crutches. Another feller tried it the next year." The speaker pointed to a hillside where a white fence surrounded a small plot of ground. "Broke his back," he explained briefly. "Bad horse, that sorrel! Worst I ever see."

A bunch of horses were grazing in the far end of the field. Cowboys and near cowboys raced off on their ponies and drove them up to the corral, the one-eyed sorrel galloping proudly at the head. In a few minutes half a dozen wild horses were saddled and out before the grand stand, ready to be mounted; but the sorrel was not among them.

The interest of the crowd was intense as the riders advanced to their mounts. The Governor and his promises were forgotten in the excitement of this exhibition of manly skill, where the deed spoke for itself. Girls expressed their interest in a favorite rider by timidly calling some warning. Riders paused carelessly, with reins in their hands, to answer some bantering remark. Young lads shouted boyishly, and old men made sarcastic rejoinders.

As the busters leaped nimbly into their

saddles, and the horses doubled up and went into the air, a great, glad shout rose up from the crowd. As the cayuses plunged and whirled, and the riders bawled, men laughed till the tears ran. It was their chief sport. Old men, as they watched, went through involuntary contortions, as if it were they that were riding, and the scene a rolling, cattle-dotted plain with the chuck-wagon standing in the distance. Swayed by the memory of fierce old days, they called out to some rider to "thumb 'im," or to "roll 'im in the shoulder!"

Tex had chanced to get into a conspicuous place. When the excitement had cooled a little, some one bleated like a sheep. The crowd caught the significance of it.

"Go 'way around 'em, Shep!" came tauntingly from a hundred throats.

Tex glared savagely for a moment, and his hand went to his waist, as if feeling for a gun. They had laid on the last straw. Still, there was no use starting anything here. He was alone, with the mark of a sheep-herder upon him.

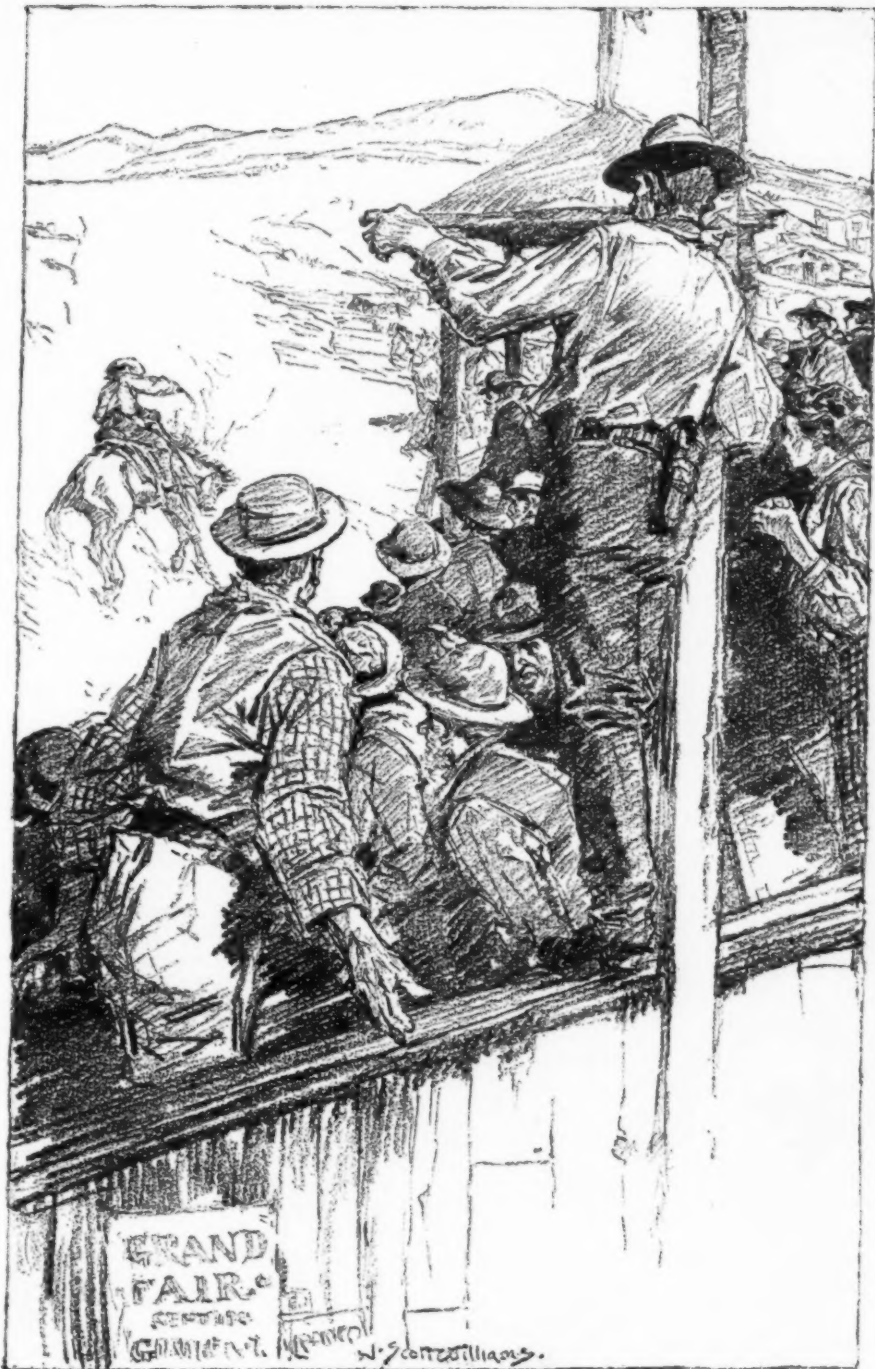
Then he thought of the one-eyed sorrel that no one dared to ride, and a mad frenzy took hold of him. He would ride that horse or die! He would humble these pasture-field cowboys! He would wash the stains of a sheep-herder from his name! He would draw down that sash!

Much surprise was manifested when he accepted the challenge. Many hands, in a spirit of sardonic glee, helped to saddle the outlaw and bring him in front of the grand stand. All sorts of wagers were proposed. One fellow offered to bet that Tex would pull leather in three jumps of the horse. Another aggressive individual wanted the herder to cover fifteen hundred dollars that the sorrel would throw him.

Of course, Tex couldn't cover much more than that many cents; but it occurred to him that if he lost, he would probably have no further use for earthly possessions, so he put his horse and saddle up against two hundred dollars. Then, after much taunting about making his will, and questions about where he wished to be buried, he sprang into the saddle.

IV

WITH a leap, the sorrel was off. Of all the angles at which a horse could possibly strike the ground, this outlaw cayuse was a master. It was mere play for him to swing half round while in the air, and he



AS THE BUSTERS LEAPED INTO THEIR SADDLES, A GREAT, GLAD SHOUT ROSE UP FROM THE CROWD

could turn equally well to the right or left without warning.

When he had gone through all the preliminary twists and turns and side-jumps, and still the rider did not come off, the sorrel took up long, racking leaps. He sprang into the air, shook himself, and came down with a force that well-nigh loosened the herder's teeth. Weaving round and round in a small circle, the horse kept up these jarring leaps, alternating now and then with a quick turn to right or left.

The crowd had grown very quiet. Tex knew that he was winning their respect—that the sheep-marks were washing from his hands.

Out of wind, the horse stopped to rest. That would never do! If the animal ever got his second wind, Tex was a goner.

He dug with the spurs and laid on the quirt. The mad horse went at it again. Every time the outlaw showed signs of easing down, Tex ripped him with the spurs. To tire the horse out was his only hope.

But the rider's strength was nearly finished, too. His muscles were drawn into knots, and the incessant jarring was driving the blood through his nose and mouth. As he kept a stiff balance to the never-ending plunges of the horse, he heard some one say:

"Froze to the saddle!"

His head grew dizzy. It seemed like an age or two since he had mounted the sorrel. Sweat and blood ran from his face, and bunches of foam from the horse covered his clothes. Then a girl's voice rang out from the crowd:

"Look out! He's goin' to fall forward on you!"

For the first time since the start of the ride, a chilly fear ran through him. What if he were really frozen to the saddle? What if his legs were locked in a cramp? If they were, well, it would be a broken back—that was all!

He jerked his feet, and they came out

of the stirrups—just in time, too; for in the next leap the horse struck and turned on over, head foremost.

Tex threw himself clear. He could scarcely move, but he managed to scramble back into the saddle as the horse was getting up.

Again the sorrel leaped and turned over, and again the rider saved himself and got back into the saddle.

A third time the vicious animal tried to kill Tex, and failed. Then he rose slowly, made one wild leap into the air, and came down on his side, emitting a long-drawn groan which said, as plainly as a horse can speak:

"My heart is broken!"

As the horse arose with Tex in the saddle, and walked meekly toward the grand stand, there went up from every throat a mighty and prolonged shout. The sheep-herder had broken the spirit of the one-eyed sorrel!

"Ladies and gen'lemen," began the marshal of the day, "the royal sash will be offered at Pioneers' Day no more. A man from Jack County, Texas, has drawn it down. I move that he be voted the liberty of the town. What say you?"

A chorus of affirmative yells was the answer.

Tex took the sash, and then spoke a word to the marshal, who called out:

"Miss Lindy Allen will come forward, please!"

The plain-faced girl, accompanied by an elderly lady who was still plainer, shyly presented herself. Tex laid the sash over her shoulder. Then, in sight of the whole crowd, and regardless of his bloody lips, he stooped down and kissed the lonely-hearted girl on the cheek.

"Why, ain't you goin' to stay for the dance?" half a hundred voices inquired, as the hero of the day vaulted into his saddle.

"Go 'way around 'em, Shep!" was the answer that Tex gave them.

Then he turned his horse's head toward the hills to the north.

EVENING

THE weary day droops in the arms of night;
The crimson roses wither in her hair;
So may we pray, when ends our day's delight,
That death shall fold us with as tender care!

Arthur Wallace Peach

JOAN THURSDAY

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

AUTHOR OF "THE BRASS BOWL," "THE BLACK BAG," "THE BANDBOX," ETC.

SHE stood on the southeast corner of Broadway at Twenty-Second Street, waiting for a north-bound car with a vacant seat. She had been on her feet all day, and was very tired—so tired that she found the prospect of being obliged to stand all the way home quite intolerable. And so, though quick with impatience to get home and "have it over with," she chose to wait.

Up out of the south, from lower Broadway and the sweat-shop purlieus of Union Square, defiled an unending procession of street-cars, one and all of them black and white with massed humanity. Pausing momentarily before the corner where the girl was waiting, as if mockingly submitting themselves to the appraisal of her alert eyes, one car after another received the signal of the switchman beyond the northern crossing, and ground sluggishly onward. Not one but was crowded to the guards, affording the girl no excuse for leaving her position.

She waited on, her growing impatience as imperceptible as her fatigue. Neither of them was discernible to transient stares—of which she received many with a semblance of blank indifference in reality not devoid of consciousness. Youth will not be overlooked. Reenforced by an abounding vitality, such as hers, it becomes imperious. This girl was as pretty as she was poor, and as young.

Judged by her appearance, she might have been anywhere between sixteen and twenty years of age. She was, in fact, something less than eighteen, and at heart more nearly a child than this age might be taken to imply—more than any who knew her suspected. She herself suspected it least of all.

She looked what she liked to believe herself—a young woman of some experience

with life. Simple, and even cheap, her garments still owned something of that impalpable quality which she would without hesitation have termed "stylish"—a quality of smartness which somehow contrived not incongruously to associate with inferior materials.

Her shirt-waist was of opaque linen, pleated, and, while not laundry-fresh, was still presentable. Her skirt fitted her hips snugly, and fell in graceful lines to a point something short of her low tan shoes, showing stockings of a texture at once coarse and sheer. To her hat, an ordinary straw simply trimmed with a band and knot of ribbon, she had lent some little factitious character by deftly twisting it a trifle out of the prevailing shape.

Over her left arm she carried a coat of the same material as her skirt; in the other hand a well-worn hand-bag of imitation leather, rather too large, and decorated with a monogram of two initials in German silver. The initials were J. T.; her name was Joan Thursby.

Uniform with a thousand sisters of the shop-counters, she was yet mysteriously different. Men looked twice; some turned to look a third time.

Her face, tinted by the glow of the western sky, was not poor in native color. A shade thin, its regular features had a promise, vague, fugitive, provoking. Her hair was a brown which hardly escaped being ruddy, and her skin matched it, lacking alike the dusky warmth of the brune and the purity of the blonde.

She was neither tall nor short, but seemed misleadingly smaller than she really was, by reason of the slightness of a body more stupidly nourished than under-nourished, or immature. Her eyes were brown and large, and very beautiful when divorced from the vacancy of utter weariness.

It was, indeed, in this look of the unthinking toiler that she confessed her immense fatigue. Her features were relaxed into lines and contours of dulness. She seemed neither to think nor even to be capable of much sustained thought. Yet she was thinking, and that very intensely, if unconsciously.

Not only was her mind active, but it was one of considerable latent capacity—a fact which she did not in the least suspect. Indeed, it never occurred to her to debate her mental limitations. Her thoughts, as a rule, were more emotional than psychical; as now, when she was intensely preoccupied with wondering how she was to explain to those at home the loss of her position, and what would be said to her, and how she would feel when all had been said, and what she would do next.

Daylight was slowly fading. Though it was only half past six of an evening in June, the sun was already invisible, smudged out by a portentous bank of purplish cloud, whose profile was fire of gold against a sky of tarnished blue—a sky that seemed as if dim with the sweat of day-long heat and toil. The city air was close and moveless, and the cloud-bank was climbing very slowly from behind the Jersey hills; it might be several hours before the promised storm would break and bring relief to a parched and weary people.

At length, despairing of her desire, the girl moved out to the middle of the wide street and boarded the next open car of the Lexington Avenue line.

She was able to find standing-room only between two seats toward the rear, where smoking was permitted. She stood just inside the running-board, grasping the back of the forward seat. Her hand rested between the shoulders of two men.

She was the only woman in that section. Behind her were ten masculine knees in a row, before her five masculine heads—ten men crowding the two transverse benches, some smoking, all stolidly absorbed in newspapers, and indifferent to the intrusion of a woman. None dreamed of offering the girl a seat; nor did she find this anything remarkable, for use had bred the habit of accepting without question such everyday phenomena. If she was weary, so were the men. If she desired the consideration due her sex, then must she enfranchise herself from the sexless struggle for a living wage.

The car, swerving into Twenty-Third Street, plunged onward and turned north on Lexington Avenue. Thereafter its progress consisted in a series of frantic leaps from street-corner to street-corner. When it was in motion, there was a grateful rush of air; when at pause, the heat was stifling, and the fumes of cigarettes, pipes, and cheap cigars blended to manufacture a mephitic reek.

A slight sweat dewed the face of the girl, and her color faded to pallor. Her feet and legs were aching, her back ached with much lifting of boxes to and from shelves, her head ached—chiefly because of the inevitable malnutrition of a shop-girl's lunch.

From time to time more passengers were received, while a lesser number alighted. Joan found herself obliged to edge further in between the rank of knees and the rigid back of the forward seat. By the time the car paused at Forty-Second Street, she was close to the inside guard-rail; ten persons, half of them standing, were occupying a space meant for five.

It was then, or only a trifle later, that she became conscious of the knee. It touched her leg, withdrew, returned, and again withdrew. Then for a minute or two she was let alone; but she was sick with apprehension.

She endured it as long as she could. Then, abruptly, she twisted round and faced the occupant of the seat immediately behind her. Before her eyes, half-blinded by rage and disgust, his face swam like the mask of an incubus—a blur of red flesh set in an insolent smirk.

She was only dimly aware of the curious glances lifting to the sound of her tremulous voice:

"Must I leave this car? Or will you let me alone?"

There was the pause of an instant. Then she had her answer in a tone of truculent contempt:

"Ah, what's the matter with you, anyhow?"

She choked, stammering, and looked round in despair. The man at her elbow was grinning with open amusement, and another, seated beside her tormentor, was pretending to notice nothing, intent on his newspaper.

"If you don't like the going, sister, why doncha get off 'n' walk?"

This from him who had forced her to that frantic protest.

With a lurch, the car stopped. As it did so, the girl turned impulsively, grasped the guard-rail, swung her lithe body under and between it and the floor of the car, and dropped to the paving between the tracks. She staggered a foot or two away, followed by an indistinguishable taunt and derisive laughter. Fortunately, there was no car bearing down on the south-bound track to endanger her. That which she had left flung away as, recovering, she ran to the sidewalk.

She began to trudge northward. The first street-lamp she encountered told her that she had alighted at Forty-Seventh Street, and had another mile and a half to walk. Tired as she was, she no longer thought of riding. It was impossible—she could never escape persecution—men just wouldn't let her alone!

Men!

She shuddered imperceptibly, her eyes hot with tears of shame and indignation. She walked rapidly, anxious to gain the refuge of her home, to be secure, for a time at least.

They called themselves men! She despised them all—*all!* Beasts!

What had she ever done? It wasn't as if this was the first time. They were always persecuting her; hardly a day passed—well, anyway, never a week. It wasn't her fault if she was pretty. She never even so much as looked at them; but they kept on staring and nudging. She didn't believe there was a decent fellow living—except one whom she remembered.

He was different. He had come between her and a gang of tormentors, had knocked one down and thrown the rest into confusion with a lively play of fists, and then, whisking her into a convenient taxicab, had taken her to the corner nearest her home. She had expected him to ask what her name was, and if he might call, as happened in books; but he didn't, nor had he—likewise contrary to her expectations—at any time thereafter been known to haunt her neighborhood.

It had been like a dream of chivalry. She remembered him as very handsome—probably far more handsome than he really was. He had grand clothes and fine manners—he had gracefully helped her out of the cab and lifted his hat in parting—vastly unlike any of the fellows whose rude attentions she somewhat loftily permitted after supper at the home of some other girl.

He remained her unforgotten dream-lord of romance. In her heart of hearts she knew that some day their paths would cross again; but it had all happened so long ago that she was a little faint with waiting for his reappearance.

So, smothering her indignation with roseate fancies, she plodded her weary way to Seventy-Seventh Street. Here she turned to the east, and presently, ascending a squat brownstone "stoop," entered the dingy vestibule of a dingier tenement, pressed the button below a mail-box labeled "Thursby," waited till the latch clicked its spasmodic welcome, and then began her weary climb to the topmost floor.

II

THE five long, steep flights of steps were covered with a compound of fabric, grease, and dirt, which had once been bright linoleum, but which now resembled a thin layer of rotten rubber. There was no light other than a dejected dusk which filtered down the wall from a grimy skylight in the roof—a twilight lacking little of the gloom of night.

On each landing Joan passed five doors, three toward the back, two toward the front of the building; most of them open for purposes of ventilation and publicity. It was a question which was the louder—the clatter of tongues, or the conflict of odors from things cooking, and from things that would doubtless have been the better for purification by fire.

At the top, conditions were a little more endurable. When Joan had shut behind her the door giving access to her home, the clatter and squalling came from below, a familiar and not unpleasant blend of dissonances. Within, the smells were individual, chiefly of boiled cabbage and fried pork, with a feebly contending flavor of the smoke of cheap tobacco.

She was in the dining-room of the Thursby flat. Behind it lay the kitchen; forward, three small cubicles successively denominated on the architect's plans as "bed-chamber," "alcove," and "parlor." They were all, however, used as sleeping-rooms. The nearest was occupied by Joan's brother. The next, the alcove, contained a double bed dedicated to Joan and her young sister. The parlor held a curiosity called a folding bed, which had long since ceased to fold; on this slept Anthony Thursby and his wife.

Mrs. Thursby was in the kitchen, preparing dinner with the assistance of her fifteen-year-old daughter, Edna. "Butch," the son of the house, was not at home.

Anthony Thursby sat at the dining-table, his head bent over a ragged note-book and a well-thumbed collection of white and pink newspaper clippings.

It was the sight of him that checked Joan in her explicit intention; for she had not expected to find him at home. She had meant to go at once to her mother, to blurt out the news, with the cause of her misfortune, and to abandon herself to the luxury of self-pity soothed by sympathy. But she had also meant to have it understood that nobody was to tell the "old man"—at least not until she should have established herself in a new job.

Hesitating beside the table, she removed the long pins from her hat, while she stared with narrowed eyes at her father. She was wondering whether she hadn't better tell him now, and have done with the unpleasantness that was sure to follow. The only thing that gave her pause was her knowledge that there would be no end to that unpleasantness until she was once more profitably billeted behind a counter; and she did not intend to seek employment in a department-store again.

Regarding fixedly Thursby's bald head with its neglected fringe of gray hair, she asked herself if the bitterness in her heart were in truth hatred of her father, or merely premature resentment of the opposition he would unquestionably set against her plans for the future.

He was a man of nearly fifty, who looked more than his age, in spite of a tendency to genial corpulence. At thirty he had been a fair and handsome man. To-day his round, red face was mottled, disfigured by a ragged gray mustache, discolored by several days' scrubby growth of beard, and lined and seamed with the imprint of that consuming passion whose sign was set in his passionate, haunted eyes.

He was shabbily dressed in a soiled madras shirt and shoddy trousers. He wore neither tie nor collar; his unkempt chin hung in folds upon his chest. Fat and grimy forearms protruded from his rolled-up sleeves; fat and mottled hands trembled slightly but perceptibly as they assorted the pink and white clippings or with a stubby pencil scrawled mysterious hieroglyphics in the battered note-book.

Thursby was intent upon what he—and indeed all his family—knew as his "dope." He was checking and rechecking his selections for to-morrow's races. This was his passion, at once the solace and the curse of his declining years.

Now and again he muttered unintelligibly. There rose a sound of voices in the kitchen. Annoyed by the interruption, he started, looked up, and saw Joan.

She met his irritated gaze calmly, with unsmiling features.

"Hello!" he exclaimed gruffly. "How the—how long have you been in?"

"Only a few minutes, pa," the girl returned quietly.

"Well, what are you standing there—staring—for, anyhow?"

"I didn't mean anything. I was just taking off my hat."

"Well!" His face was purple with senseless anger. "Cut along! Don't bother me—I'm busy!"

"I see."

There was an annoying superciliousness in the tone of the girl as she turned away. Thursby meditated an explosion, but refrained at discretion. Joan had taught him that, unlike her browbeaten mother, her timid sister, and her sleek, loaferish brother, she could, on occasion, give him as good as he could send.

He bent again, growling, over his "dope." Instantly it gripped him, obliterating all else in his cosmos. He frowned, moistened the pencil at his mouth, and scrawled another note in the greasy little book.

Joan slipped quietly away to her bedroom. She found it stifling. Ventilated solely from the parlor and from the open door to Butch's kennel, it reeked with the smell of human flesh and cheap perfume. She noted with irritation the fact that her sister had neglected to make up the bed. Its rumpled sheets, and the pillows still retaining the impression of overnights, lent to the cubicle the final effect of sordid poverty.

Hanging up her hat and coat, she sat for a time on the edge of the bed, thinking profoundly.

Such an existence, she felt, passed human endurance. And a gate of escape stood ajar to her, if she only had the courage!

In any event, conditions as they were now with the Thursbys could not continue much longer. If the "old man" continued to follow the races through the poolrooms,

he would soon be forced out of his small business, and his family dispossessed from their mean lodgings; and there was no hope that he would shake off the bondage of his infatuation.

As it was, he gave little enough toward the support of his family, and grudged that little. Almost all his meager profits went straight to the poolrooms. It was only when he won that he would spare his wife a few dollars.

Furthermore, his business was heavily involved in an intricate meshing of debts. Thursby, at least, persisted in calling it a business; though Joan's lips shaped scornfully at mention of the mean and insignificant news-stand crowded between a saloon and a paint-shop in the shadow of the Third Avenue elevated railway. In her understanding, it was conspicuous chiefly as the one place where she could be certain of not finding Thursby during the afternoon, or Butch at night. It was as if father and son could not breathe the same atmosphere for long at a time.

Nominally, Butch was his father's assistant; actually, he alone kept the business alive. Had it not been for his attention to the morning and evening newspaper deliveries, it would long since have passed inconspicuously away. By way of compensation for these services, Butch, shrewdly alive to signs of a winning day, would now and again wheedle a dollar or two from the "old man." Wages he neither received nor expected. He was well content with a nominal employment which served to cover many an hour of unlicensed liberty, and seemed to have access to some mysterious fund, for he was never without a little money in his pocket.

After dinner, if he elected to eat the evening meal at home, he invariably disappeared; and his return was merely a matter of his personal convenience. He had been known not to sleep at home at all. His usual bedtime was between one and two o'clock in the morning—after the saloons had closed. Yet no one had ever seen him drunk.

He was older than Joan by a year. Born to the name of Edgar, he had been labeled "Butch" in the public schools. The sobriquet had stuck; even his mother and father employed it. And yet it could not be said to suit him; rather he suggested a jockey.

He was short, slender, and wiry, with a strong, emaciated nose flanked by small eyes

sunk deep in sallow cheeks, and a mouth set in a perpetually sardonic curve. He dressed neatly, whatever the necessities of the family—to the mitigation of which he contributed nothing—and had a failing for narrow red neckties and brilliant waistcoats.

His hard, thin lips were generally tight upon a cigarette. They were forever tight upon his personal affairs. If he opened them at home, it was to "kid" the girls, which he did with a slangy, mordant wit, or to drop some casually affectionate word to his mother. His conversation with his father, whom he seemed always to be watching with a narrow, grim, secret suspicion, was ordinarily confined to monosyllables of affirmation or negation.

He went his occult ways, self-sufficient, wary, reserved; a perpetual subject of secret speculation to the women of his family.

Joan had heard it whispered that he was a member of the "car-barn gang"; but she never dared question Butch, though she trembled every time she discovered newspaper head-lines announcing some fresh hooliganism on the part of the gang—a policeman "beaten up," a sober citizen held up and "frisked" in the small hours, or a member of a rival organization found stabbed and weltering on the sawdust floor of some dive.

Between this girl and her brother there existed a strange harmony of understanding, quite tacit, and almost unrecognized by either. Joan's nearest approach to an acknowledgment of it was in her infrequent admissions to friends outside the family that she could "get on with Butch," whereas, to use her phrase, "the rest of the bunch made her weary."

Almost all the vigor and vitality of the mother seemed to have been surrendered to Butch and Joan; there had been little left for Edna. The girl was frail, anemic, flat-chested, pretty in an appealing way; fit only for one of two things—tuberculosis, or reconstruction in the country. In the busy seasons she found underpaid employment in the workrooms of a Sixth Avenue dress-making establishment; between whiles she drudged at housework to the limit of her small strength.

As for Mrs. Thursby, it was singularly difficult for Joan to realize her mother. There was about the woman something formless and intangible. She seemed to fail to make a definite impression even

upon the retina of the physical eye. She had the faculty of effacing herself, and seemed more a woman who had been than a woman who was.

The four boundary-walls of the flat comprehended her existence; she seldom left the house, and never changed her dress save for bed. It might have been thought that she would thus dominate her world. To the contrary, she haunted it, more a wraith than a body, a creature of functions rather than of sensations. She had a way of being in a room without attracting a glance, of passing through and from it without leaving an impression of her transit.

When Joan made herself look directly at her mother, she could detect traces of a ravaged beauty. A living shell from which its tenant had flown, a subjective will to live, alone kept her going her sempiternal rounds of monotony. Capacity for affection she apparently had none. She regarded her children with as little interest as her husband. Nor had she the ability to rouse or sustain affection.

Joan believed she loved her mother. She did not; she accepted her as a convention in which affection inhered, through tradition alone.

Seated on the edge of the bed, flushed with the heat of the smoldering evening, her somber eyes staring steadfastly at the threadbare carpet beneath her crossed feet, the girl shook her head silently in dreary wonder.

She stood at the crossroads. She could, of course, go on as she had gone—bartering youth and strength for a few dollars a week; but every fiber of her being, every instinct of her forlorn soul, was in vibrant mutiny against the existing order. In fact, doubt no longer existed in Joan's mind as to which way she should turn. Merely her dread of the inevitable rupture with her family deterred her.

From the rear of the flat Edna called to her fretfully:

"Joan! Jo-an! Ain't you coming to eat?"

Joan rose. She answered affirmatively in a strong voice. Her mind was finally made up; she would tell them after supper—after the "old man" had gone back to the news-stand.

She posed before the mirror, touching her hair with deft fingers, while she stared curiously at the face falsified in the depths of the uneven sheet of glass.

Then, placing her hands on her hips, at the belt-line, with thumbs to the back, she lifted her shoulders, at one and the same time smoothing out the wrinkles in her waist and settling her belt into place.

"Oh," she said, as casually as if there had been any one to hear, "I guess I'll *do*, all right, all right!"

III

WITH a careless nod to her mother and sister, Joan slipped into her chair, and helped herself mechanically to the remains of a dish of pork and cabbage. Her mother tilted a graniteware pot over a cup, and filled the latter with the brownish decoction which, on the Thursby menu, masqueraded as coffee.

Joan acknowledged the service with an outspoken—

"Thanks."

At this Edna plucked up courage to say, with animation:

"Joan—"

The mother interrupted with a sibilant, warning—

"Hush!"

Thursby lifted his head and raked the three faces with an angry glance.

"In Heaven's name," he cried, "can't you women hold your tongues?"

The girls made their resentment variously visible—Joan with a scowl and a toss of her head, Edna with a timid pout. The mother's face betrayed no emotion whatsoever. Thereafter, so far as they were concerned, the meal progressed in silence.

Thursby bent low over his plate, intently studying the file of "dope" at his elbow in the intervals devoted to mastication. Now and again he would drop his knife and fork to take up his pencil and check the name of a horse, or to jot additional memoranda in his note-book. Infrequently he spoke to indicate a desire for some dish beyond his reach. Curiously enough, as Joan remarked for the thousandth time, he was punctilious to say "please" and "thank you." The idiosyncrasy was all of a piece, she thought, with the ease with which he employed knife, fork, and spoon—a careless grace which the girl considered "elegant" and did him the honor to imitate.

Furtively, throughout the meal, she studied her father. Those little peculiarities of his, those refinements of speech and manner which sat so strangely on his gross,

neglected person and were so exotic to his circumstances, exerted a compelling fascination upon the nimble curiosity of the girl. She both feared and despised him, but at the same time she cherished a sneaking admiration for the man.

Beyond the fact that their estate had not always been so mean, she knew nothing of the history of her parents; but she liked to think of her father, that he had at some time been, in some unknown way, superior—that he was a man ruined by a marriage beneath his station. To think this flattered her own secret dreams of rising out of her environment. Girls, she had heard, took after their fathers, and boys after their mothers. Perhaps she had inherited some of his keener intelligence, adaptability, and sensitiveness—those qualities with which she chose to endow the man who had been Thursby before he became her father.

Other circumstances lent color to the theory. Butch, for instance, had unquestionably inherited his mother's physique and her secretiveness, while Joan had her father's vigorous constitution and a body like his for sturdiness and proportion.

Suddenly thrusting back his chair, Thursby arose, buttoned a soiled collar round his neck, shrugged a shabby coat upon his shoulders, and, pocketing his "dope," departed with neither a word nor a glance for his womenfolk.

His heavy footsteps were pounding the second flight of steps before a voice broke the hush in the stuffy little room—a voice faint and toneless, dim and passionless. It was Mrs. Thursby's.

"He's had a bad day, I guess."

Edna placed a tender hand over the scalded, listless one that rested on the oil-cloth. Joan, abandoning her determination to air her personal grievances at the first available instant, said suddenly:

"Never mind, ma. It ain't as if he was a drinking man."

The forlorn eyes in the faded face of the mother were fathoming distances far beyond the four walls of the slatternly room. Her thin and colorless lips trembled slightly; little more than a whisper escaped them.

"Sometimes I wish he was—wish he had been. It 'd 'ave been easier to stand—all this." Her free hand indicated vaguely the misery of their condition.

Edna continued to pet the unresponsive hand.

"Don't mother!" she pleaded.

The woman stirred, withdrew her hand, and slowly got up.

"Come on, Edna. Let's get through with them dishes!"

With eyes hard and calculating, Joan watched them drift into the kitchen. Their wretched state touched her less than the fact that she must either continue forever to share it, or else try to better it in open defiance of her father's prejudices.

"Something's got to be done for this family," she muttered; "and I don't see anybody thinking of doing anything but me!"

She rose and strode angrily back to the cubbyhole she shared with Edna. A fit of unreasoning rage possessed her. Snatching her hat from its hook, she impaled it upon her hair with hat-pins that stabbed viciously. It was too dark to see more than a vague white shape moving on the surface of the mirror; but she did not stop to light the gas in order to make sure that she was properly armored against the public eye. In another moment, bag in hand, coat over her arm, she was letting herself out into the hallway.

Time enough to fret her mother and sister with the news of her misfortune in the morning. Meanwhile, she was in a humor to take a bold step toward escape.

But at the door she held back, a trifle dashed by realization of the impending storm, which she had quite forgotten. She could hardly afford to subject her only decent waist and skirt to danger of a wetting.

An atmosphere more dense than that of the day, if anything, pressed heavily upon the city. Even the children of the gutters seemed to feel its influence. Instead of making the evening hideous with screams and rioting they moved with an uncommon lethargy, or stood or squatted apart in little groups, their voices hushed and querulous. Even the roar of the trains on the near-by elevated railway seemed muted, the clangor of the Third Avenue surface cars blunted. Wayfarers moved slowly, if near home, otherwise briskly, with a spirit as unwilling as unwonted, and with frequent glances toward the skies.

Overhead, a low-hung bosom of dusky vapor blushed red with the fires of life that blazed beneath. In the west, beyond the silhouetted structure of the elevated and the less distinct profile of buildings on the far side of Central Park, the clouds blazed

luridly with their own dreadful fires—a fitful, sheeted play athwart gigantic curtains, to an accompaniment of dull and intermittent grumbling.

A soft, warm breath sighed down the breathless street, and, sighing, died. Another, more cool and brusk, swept sharp upon the heels of the first, played with the littered rubbish of the pavements, caressed with a grateful touch flesh still stinging with the heat of day, and drove on, preceded by a cloud of acrid dust. A few drops of lukewarm water maculated the sidewalks with spots as big as dollars.

There followed a sharper play of fire, and one more near. Children fled shrieking to shelter. Men and women dodged into convenient doorways, or ran off clumsily. The wind freshened, grew more chill.

Then, so suddenly that there might as well have been no warning, on the wings of the howling blast, laced continually with empyrean fires, timed by the rolling detonations of heavy artillery now near, now far, a shining deluge sluiced the streets and made the gutters brawling rivulets.

A lonely, huddled figure, standing back in the entry, well out of the spray from the spattering drops, Joan waited the passing of the storm with neither fascination nor fear. She weighed her desperate plans, her mood almost altogether introspective. The crisis bellowed overhead in a series of tremendous, shattering explosions, bathing the empty street in wave after wave of blinding violet light, without seriously disturbing the slow, steady processes of the girl's mentality.

Then she became aware of one who stood beside her—a young man who had emerged from the darkness of the tenement so quietly that she had no notion how long he might have been standing there, regarding her with interest and amusement in his gray eyes and on his broad, good-humored countenance.

He had a long, strong body poised solidly on sturdy legs, and short arms with large, efficient hands. He bore himself with a careless confidence that did much to dissemble the negligence of his mode of dress—the ill-fitting coat and trousers, the ordinary striped outing shirt, the rusty derby that was poised aslant on his round, close-cropped head.

Joan recognized one of the few admirers whose attentions she was wont to suffer. She knew him as Ben Austin; by occupation a stage-hand at the Hippodrome; a

"steady" young man who lived with his mother in one of the rear flats.

He greeted her with a broadening grin and a—

"Hello, Joan!"

She said with indifference:

"Hello, Ben!"

"Waiting for the rain to let up?"

"No, foolish; I'm posing for a statue of 'Patience' by a sculptor who's going to be born to-morrow."

The answer was in accord with the humor of the day. Austin chuckled appreciatively.

"I thought maybe you was waiting for Jeems to bring round your limousine, Miss Thursby."

"I was, but he won't be here till day before yesterday."

The strain of such repartee proved too much for Austin. He felt himself outclassed, and, shuffling to cover his discomfiture, sought to change the subject.

"What you doing to-night, Joan? Anything special?"

"I've got an engagement to pass remarks on the weather with the Dook de Bonehead," the girl returned with asperity. "He ain't late, either."

"I guess that was one off the griddle, all right!" said Austin pensively. "Excuse me for living!"

There fell a pause, Joan contemptuously staring away through the glimmering rain-drops, Austin desperately casting about for a conversational opening less calculated to elude rebuffs than its predecessors.

"Say, Joan, lis'en—"

"Move on!" the girl interrupted.

"You're blocking the traffic."

"Nah—serious; how'd you like to go to a show to-night?"

She turned incredulous eyes to him.

"What show?" she drawled.

"I got a pass for Ziegfeld's Follies—N'Yawk roof. Want to go?"

"Quit your kidding!" she replied, after a brief pause devoted to analysis of his sincerity. "You know you've got to work."

"Nothing like that," he insisted. "The Hip closed last Sat'd'y, and I got a couple o' weeks lay-off while they're getting ready to rehearse the new show. On the level, now—will you go with me?"

"Will I!" The girl drew a long, ecstatic breath. Then her face darkened as she glanced again at the street. "But we'll get all wet!"

"No, we won't; I'll get an umbrella. Besides, it's letting up."

With this Austin vanished, to return in a few minutes with a fairly presentable umbrella. The shower was, in fact, fast passing on over Long Island, leaving in its wake a slackening drizzle amid deep-throated growls at constantly lengthening intervals.

Half-clothed children were seeping in swelling streams from the tenements as the two—Austin holding the umbrella, Joan with a hand on her escort's arm, her skirts gathered high about her trim ankles—splashed through the lukewarm puddles toward Third Avenue. A faint and odorous vapor steamed up from wet and darkly lustrous asphalt.

They hurried on in silence—Austin dumbly content with his conquest of the aloof tolerance to which the girl had theretofore treated him, and planning bolder and more masterful steps; Joan all ecstatic with the prospect of seeing for the first time a "Broadway show."

They left the cross-town car at Broadway and Forty-Second Street, a few minutes before nine.

Though she had lived all her young years within the boundaries of New York, never before had Joan experienced the sensation of being a unit in the roaring flood of life which nightly scours Longacre Square, with scarcely a perceptible change of volume, winter or summer. Yet she accepted it with an apparently unruffled outward calm. She felt as if she had been born to this, as if she were coming but tardily into her birth-right—something each least detail of which would in time become most intimate and congenial to her.

They were already late, and Austin hurried her, leaving scant time to garner impressions, even had she been eager for them. A brief, hasty walk brought them to the theater, where Austin left her in a corner of the lobby, with a promise that he would be gone only a few minutes. He had to see a friend "round back," he explained in an undertone. But she remained a target for boldly inquiring glances for a full ten minutes before he reappeared.

Even then, with a motion to her to wait, he went to the box-office window. She was alive to the general tenor of his fortunes there—saw him place a card on the ledge, confer inaudibly with the ticket-seller, and then reluctantly remove the card and sub-

stitute for it two one-dollar bills, for which he received two slips of pasteboard.

"House almost sold out," he muttered in her ear as the elevator carried them to the roof. "Best I could get was table seats."

"They're just as good as any," she whispered, with a look of gratitude that temporarily turned his head.

The elevator delivered them into a vast hall with walls and a roof of glass. Artificial wistaria festooned its beams and pillars of steel. Palms and potted plants lined the walls. A myriad electric bulbs glimmered dimly throughout the auditorium, brilliantly upon the small stage. Deep banks of chairs radiated back from the footlights, each with its tenant staring greedily at the stage.

An usher waved the newcomers to the left; ultimately they found seats at a small table in a far corner of the enclosure.

Austin was disappointed, and made his disappointment known in an audible grumble. The table was too far away; they couldn't see nothing—might's well not have come. Joan smiled his ill-humor away, insisting that the seats were fine. Mollified, he summoned a waiter, ordering beer for himself, for Joan a glass of lemonade—a weirdly decorated and insipid concoction to which she barely touched her lips throughout the evening.

As a matter of fact, the distance that removed them from the stage offered little obstacle to her complete enjoyment. Her senses were all youthful and unimpaired; she saw and heard what was missed by many of those in their neighborhood. Furthermore, she brought to an entertainment of this character a point of view fresh and virginal, innocent of the very meaning of ennui.

She sat forward on the edge of her chair, imperceptibly aquiver with excitement, avid of every sight and sound. All that was tawdry, vulgar, and contemptible escaped her; she was sensitive only to the illusion of splendor and magnificence. She was enraptured by dreamlike music, exquisite wit, and the poetic beauty of femininity but half clothed, or less, and viewed through a kaleidoscopic play of colored light.

During the intermission she bent her elbow on the sloppy table-top and chattered at Austin with a vivacity and sparkle new in his experience of her, and for which he had no match.

In the second half of the performance the auditorium was suddenly darkened, while attention was held to the stage by the antics of a pair of German comedians. But in the half-light that obtained about her—quite unconscious that Austin had seized this chance to capture her warm young hand—Joan was aware of a number of figures issuing from a side door of the stage. She saw them marshaled in a long double file, vaguely glittering in the obscurity. And then suddenly the comedians darted into the wings, the lights blazed out at full strength all over the enclosure, and a roll of drums roused the audience to the fact that a procession of chorus-girls in hip-tights and hussar tunics, each with a snare-drum at her waist, had stolen down the aisle, into the heart of the auditorium.

For a long moment they marked time, drumming skilfully, their leader with her polished baton standing beside Joan. Then the orchestra blared out an accompaniment, they strode away, turned left, and marched up the center aisle to the stage itself.

Joan marked, with pulses that seemed to beat in tune to the drumming, the wistful beauty of many of the painted faces, with their aloof eyes and their fixed smiles of conscious self-possession, the richness of their uniforms, their bare, powdered arms, their shapely legs in silken casings. Oblivious to the glances of the goggling men they passed, she envied them one and all—the meanest and homeliest of them, even as the most proud and beautiful. She coveted this chance of theirs *to act*, to be admired, to win the homage of the herd.

She awoke as from idyllic dreams to find herself again in a Third Avenue car, homeward bound. But still her brain was drowsy with memories of the splendor and the glory. Fragments of haunting melody ran through her thoughts—visions of herself commanding a similar meed of adoration.

Austin's arm lay along the top of the seat behind her; his fingers rested lightly against the sleeve of her shirt-waist. She did not notice them. To his clumsily playful advances she returned vague, indefinite, monosyllabic answers, accompanied by the charming smile of a grateful child.

On the third landing of their tenement, she paused to bid him good night. They could see each other only by a faint glimmer reflected up from a gas-jet turned low in the hall below. The smell of humanity and its food hung in the clammy air they

breathed. A hum of voices from the many cells of the hive buzzed in their ears.

But Joan forgot all these things. She hesitated, embarrassed with the difficulty of finding words adequate to express her thanks.

He tried awkwardly to help her out.

"Well, I guess it's good night—"

She said, exclamatorily:

"Oh, Ben! I've had *such* a good time!"

"Did you? Glad to hear it. Will you go again—next week? I guess I can work some other show, all right."

Compunction smote as memory reminded her.

"But, Ben—didn't you have to pay for those tickets?"

"Oh, that's all right! I couldn't find the feller I was looking for, round back."

"I'm so sorry—"

"G'wan! It wasn't nothing. Cheap at the price, if you liked it."

"I liked it *awfully*! But I won't go again unless you show me the pass first."

"Well, we'll see about that."

He edged a pace nearer. Suddenly self-conscious, she drew back and offered him her hand.

"Good night, and—thank you *so* much, Ben!"

He took the hand, but retained it.

"Ah, say! is this all I get? I thought you kind o' liked me."

"I do, Ben, I do; but—"

"Well, a kiss won't cost you nothing. It's your turn now!"

"But, Ben—but, Ben—"

"Oh, well, if that's the way you feel about it!"

He made as if to relinquish her hand; but to be thought lacking in generosity had stung her beyond endurance. Without stopping to think—blindly and quickly, so that she might not think—she gave herself into his arms.

"Well," she breathed in a soft voice, "just one—"

"Just one, eh?" He pressed his lips to hers. "Oh, I don't know about that!"

He tightened his embrace. Her heart was hammering madly. His mouth hurt her lips, his beard rasped the tender skin of her cheek. She wanted frantically to get away, to regain possession of herself; and wanted it the more because, dimly through the tumult of thought and emotion, she was conscious of the fact that she rather liked the experience.

"Joan!" Austin murmured in a tone which, soft with the note of wooing, was yet vibrant with the elation of the conqueror. "Joan!"

His arm shifted up from her waist, and his big hand closed gently over her breast.

For a breath she seemed numb and helpless, suffocating with the tempest of her senses. Then, like lightning, there pierced her confusion the memory of the knee that had driven her from the car, only that afternoon, symbolic of the bedrock bestiality of man.

With a quick twist and wrench she freed herself from Austin's arms and reeled a pace or two away.

"Ben!" she cried in a voice hoarse with anger. "You—you beast!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"What right had you to—to touch me like that?" she panted, retreating as he advanced.

He paused, realizing that he had made a false move, which bade fair to lose him his prey entirely. Only by elaborate diplomacy would he ever be able to reestablish himself upon a footing of friendship. Weeks must elapse before he would gain the advantage of another kiss from her lips. He swore beneath his breath.

"I didn't mean nothing," he said in a surly voice. "I don't see as you got any call to make such a fuss!"

"Oh, don't you? *Don't* you!" She felt that she must choke if she continued to parley with him. "Well, I do!" she flashed; and, turning, ran up the fourth flight of steps.

He swung on his heel, growling, and she heard him slam the door of his flat.

She continued more slowly, panting and struggling to subdue the signs of her emotion. She was poisoned to the deeps of her being with her reawakened loathing of man.

On the top landing she paused, blinking back her tears, digging her nails into her palms, while she fought down a tendency to sob. But before long she drew herself up, took a deep breath, and, advancing to the dining-room, turned the knob with stealth, to avoid disturbing her family.

To her surprise and dismay, as the first crack widened between the door and jamb, she saw that the room was lighted. Wondering, she threw the door boldly open and walked in.

Her father was seated at the dining-table, a cheap pipe gripped between his

teeth. Contrary to his custom when he sat up late, he was not thumbing his "dope." His fat, hairy arms were folded upon the oilcloth; his face turned squarely to the door. Instinctively Joan understood that he had waited up for her; that inexplicably a crisis was about to occur in her relations with him and her family.

In a chair tilted back against the wall, near the window that opened upon the well, sat Butch, his feet drawn up on the lower rung, his purple lisle socks vividly displayed, his hands in his trousers pockets, a cigarette drooping from his cynical mouth, a straw hat with a brilliant ribbon slanted forward over his eyes.

Closing the door, Joan put her back to it, her eyes questioning her parent. Butch did not move. Thursby sagged his chin lower on his chest.

"Where've you been?" he demanded in the deep accents, with the incisive and precise enunciation, which his daughter had learned to associate only with his phases of ill temper.

"Where've I been?" she repeated, stammering. "Why—out walking—"

"Street-walking?" he suggested with an ugly snarl.

She sank, a limp, frightened figure, into a chair near the door.

"Why, pa, what do you mean?"

"I mean I'm going to find out the why and wherefore of the way you're behaving yourself. You're my daughter, and you aren't of age yet, and I have a right to know what you do and where you go. Keep still!" he snapped, as she started to interrupt. "Speak when you're spoken to! I'm going to have a serious talk with you, young woman. What's all this I hear about your losing your job and going on the stage?"

IV

For an instant Joan sat agape, staring incredulously into the keen, contemptuous eyes of her father. Then, with an effort, she pulled herself together, determined not to be browbeaten or overborne.

"Where'd you hear that about me?" she asked quietly.

Thursby shook his ponderous head.

"It makes no difference—"

"It makes a difference to me," she cut in, sharply contentious. "You might as well tell me where you heard that, because I won't talk to you if you don't."

Butch brushed the brim of his hat an inch above his eyes, and threw her a glance of approbation. Thursby hesitated, his large, mottled face sullen and dark in the bluish illumination provided by a single gas-jet wheezing above the table. Then, reluctantly, he gave in.

"Old Inness was in the store this evening. He said—"

"Never mind what he said! I guess I know. Gussie's been shooting off her face about me at home, and of course old Inness hadn't nothing better to do than to run off and tell you everything he knew!"

"Then you don't deny it?" Thursby blustered.

"I don't have to. It's true. No, I don't deny it," Joan returned, aping his manner to exasperation.

"How'd you come to lose your job?"

"Mr. Winter insulted me—one of the floor-walkers—if you've got to know."

Thursby's head wagged heavily as he weighed this information. He regarded his daughter with a baleful, morose glare, his fat hands trembling.

"What did you say to this man Winter?" he asked presently.

"Told him I'd slap his face if he tried anything like that with me again. So he reported me to the management—lied about me—and I got fired."

There was a long silence, through which Thursby pondered the matter, his thick lips moving inaudibly, while Joan sat upright, maintaining her attitude of independence and defiance. Butch, grinning lazily, manufactured smoke-rings in the still, close air.

Before her father spoke again, Joan became aware of Edna and her mother, like twin ghosts in their nightdresses, stealing silently, barefooted, to listen just within the door of the adjoining bedroom.

"And what do you propose to do now?" asked Thursby at length, lifting his weary, haunted gaze to his daughter's face. "What's this about your going on the stage?"

Joan set her jaw firmly.

"That's what I'm going to do."

Thursby shook his head with decision.

"I won't have it!" he said.

"Oh, you won't? Well, I'd like to know how you're going to stop me! I'm tired slaving behind a counter for a dog's wages—and that eaten up by fines because I won't go to dinners with the floor-walkers.

I'm going to do the best I can for myself after this. I'm going to be an actress, so as I can make a decent living for Edna and ma and myself."

"A decent living!" Thursby mocked mirthlessly. "You're old enough to know better than that."

"I'm old enough to know which side my bread's buttered on," she flashed back angrily. "I'm through with living in this dirty flat and giving up every dollar I make to keep us all from starving. Goodness knows what we'd do if it wasn't for me with a steady job, and Edna working during the season! You don't do anything to help us out; all you get goes on the ponies. I don't see any reason why I've got to consult you if I choose to better myself!"

She rose, the better to end her tirade with a stamp of her foot. Thursby likewise got up, if more sluggishly, and moved round the table to confront her.

"You don't go on the stage—no!" he said. "That's settled. You don't go—understand?"

"Oh, I get you," she replied with a flirt of her head, "but I don't agree with you. I'm going down-town first thing to-morrow to try for a job with—with—" she hesitated—"Ziegfeld's Follies!"

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" he insisted fiercely, looming hugely over her, the congested veins starting out upon his forehead. "You're my daughter, and those are my orders to you; and you'll obey 'em, or I'll know the reason why! You—" He faltered momentarily, as if choking. Then he flung out an arm, with a violent gesture indicating the shrinking woman in the doorway. "Your mother was an actress when I married her and took her off the stage. She—she—"

"Don't you dare say a word against my mother!" Joan screamed passionately into his lowering face. "Don't you dare! You hear me—don't you dare!"

Her infuriated accents were echoed by a smothered gasp and a spasm of sobbing from the other room.

Thursby, temporarily abashed by the sheer force of her defiance, fell back a pace, with an expression of almost ludicrous discomfiture shadowing his discolored features. Then, slowly, as if thoughtfully, he lifted one hand, deliberately tore his collar from its fastening, and cast it from him.

At the same moment Butch hastily jerked his cigarette into the air-shaft and got up,

removing his hat and carefully placing it out of harm's way on the mantel.

"You," said Thursby with apparent difficulty, breathing heavily between his words, "you sha'n't use that tone to me, young woman, and live in this house. More than that, you'll leave it this very night—now—unless you promise to give up this fool's idea about going on the stage!"

"To-night!"

Joan paled; her lips tightened; but the glint in her eyes wasn't one of fright.

"To-night," reiterated her father, with malicious pleasure in what he thought to be evidences of consternation; "and more than that, you're going to apologize to me."

"Apologize to you!" Joan caught her breath sharply. The next words burst from her lips without premeditation. She was barely conscious, in her rage, that she employed them. "I'll be damned if I do!"

With an inarticulate cry, maddened beyond reason, Thursby raised a heavy hand and stepped toward her.

Simultaneously Butch sprang forward, seized the menacing fist, and dragged it down and back with a movement so assured and certain, so swift and deft, that its purpose was accomplished, and Thursby's hand was pinned to the small of his back, before he realized what was happening.

Even Joan seemed slow to comprehend this amazing intervention. Butch was nodding emphatically to her.

"Beat it, kid," he counseled, in a pleasant, unrestrained tone. "Beat it while the going's good! Easy there, guv'ner!"

Speechless, Joan slipped out into the hall and slammed the door behind her. Blindly stumbling in the murk, she nevertheless was quick to find the head of the stairway.

On the ground floor, panting and sobbing, she paused to listen. There came from above no sound of pursuit to speed her on; yet on she went, out of the house, to scurry away through the midnight hush of the squalid street like a hunted thing.

There was no sort of coherence in her thoughts—nothing but shreds and tatters of rage, fear, and despair, all clouded with a faint and vain regret. She gave no heed to the course she pursued; impulse controlled and blind instinct guided her.

She gained the corner of Park Avenue before she was obliged to pause for breath. She took advantage of that pause to review her plight and plan her future.

Her first concern must be to find a lodging for the night. To-morrow could shape itself.

With a low, frightened cry the girl caught up the hand-bag that had been swinging by its strap from her wrist. Its latch was broken, its wide jaws yawned. In a breath she had grasped the empty substance of her most dire apprehensions. The meager roll of bills which had been handed her as she left the store for the last time that evening, was gone.

Possibly some sneak-thief had robbed her on a street-car, or in the Broadway rabble. Possibly the lock had been broken, releasing its poor treasure, during her struggle with Austin on the stairs. She could not guess. But she was swift to recognize to its bitter fullness the heart-breaking futility of retracing her steps to search for the vanished money—even though it was all that had stood between her and the world, between a common room, with food for a week or two, and starvation and—the streets.

It was a fact established and irrefutable in her understanding that she could never go back.

By dint of search in the bag, she brought to light a scanty store of small change—three quarters, a nickel, seven coppers—eighty-seven cents wherewith to face the world!

Further rummaging brought forth a handful of odds and ends, from which, by the light of a corner lamp, she presently succeeded in sorting out a folded scrap of paper bearing a penciled memorandum, faint almost to illegibility. With some difficulty Joan deciphered its legend:

Mazie Dean (Lizzie Fogarty), 289 West Forty-Fifth Street.

Slowly conning the address with mute, moving lips until she had it by heart, the girl trudged on to Madison Avenue, where she signaled and boarded a south-bound street-car. It carried few passengers. Joan had a long seat all to herself, and about fifteen minutes wherein to debate ways and means.

She reckoned it a long year now since Lizzie Fogarty—predecessor of the faithless Gussie Inness both at the stocking-counter and in Joan's confidence—had suddenly and with neither warning nor explanation left the department-store. For fully eight months thereafter her whereabouts had remained a mystery to her erstwhile asso-

ciates—though rumors were not lacking in support of a shrewd suspicion that she had “gone on the stage.”

The mystery was only dissipated when, one day, she drifted languidly up to the counter behind which she had once served; haughtily inspected and selected from goods offered her by a stupefied and indignant Gussie; and promptly broke down, confessing the truth amid giggles not guiltless of a suspicion of tears. Lizzie was in “vodeveal,” partner in a “sister act.” Witness her card:

The Dancing Deans, Mazie and May.

Beyond question or doubt she had prospered. Not only was she amazingly and awfully arrayed, but there was in evidence an accomplishment believed to be singular to people of riches—an English accent, or what Joan and Gussie ingenuously accepted as such. As practised by Miss Mazie Dean, this embellishment consisted merely in broadening every “a” in the language—when she didn’t forget—and speaking rapidly in a high, strained voice. Its effect upon her former associates was to render the wake she plowed through their ranks phosphorescent with envy.

Departing in good time to spare Joan and Gussie the censure of the floor-walker, she had left with Joan the penciled address and this counsel:

“If ever you *dream* of going into the profession, my deah, don’t do anything before you see *me*. That address will always make me, no mattah wheah I’m working; and I’d do *anything* for you. I know you’d make good *anywheres*—with that *shape*—and them *eyes*!”

Of such stuff as this had Joan fashioned her dreams. Confident in the generosity of Lizzie Fogarty, she relied implicitly upon the willingness of Miss Mazie Dean to help her into the magic circle of “the profession.” She had no more doubt that Mazie would make it her business, even at cost of personal inconvenience, to secure her an engagement, than she had that to-morrow’s sun would rise upon a world tenanted by one Joan Thursby. Or if such doubt entered her mind by stealth, she fought it down and cast it forth with all the power of her will.

Eventually alighting at Forty-Fifth Street, Joan hastened westward, past Fifth Avenue and Sixth to Longacre Square. There, on the corner, she paused a moment

to don her coat; for the low-swinging draperies of the painted skies had begun to distil upon the city a gentle drizzle, soft and warm.

Only two hours ago a vortex of vivid animation, the square presented now a singular aspect of sleepy emptiness. With its high, glittering walls of steel and glass, its polished black paving like moiré silk, its blushing canopy of cloud, its air filled with an infinity of swirling, globular atoms of moisture, weltering in shimmering incandescence, it was like a pool of limpid light, deep and still. Few moving things were visible—now and again a taxicab, infrequently a surface-car, here and there, singly a few prowling women, a scattering of predaceous men.

One of these latter, who had been skulking beneath the shelter of the theater’s fire-escape, strolled idly out toward Joan and addressed her in a whisper of loathly intimacy. Fortunately she did not hear what he said. Even as he spoke, she slipped away from the curb and darted like a haunted shadow across the open space and into the kindly obscurity of the side street.

No. 289 reared its five-story brownstone front on the northern side of the street, close upon Eighth Avenue. Joan inspected it doubtfully. Its three lower tiers of windows were dark. On the fourth floor, a single oblong shone with gas-light; on the fifth, three were dimly aglow. The outer doors, at the top of the high, old-style stoop, were closed. Even the most hopeful vision could detect no definite illumination within the fanlight.

Into the heart of Joan a wretched apprehension stole, and there abode, cold and implacable. From something in the sedate aspect of the house she garnered grim and terrible forebodings.

Nevertheless, she dared not lose her grasp on hope. Mounting the stoop, she found the bell-pull. Above it a small strip of paper, frayed and weather-beaten, had been glued to the stone. In letters scrawled in faded ink by an infirm hand, it published the information:

Rooms to let, furnished.

For some reason which she did not stop to analyze, this announcement spelled momentary encouragement to Joan. She pulled lustily at the bell.

It evoked from within no sound that she could hear. Trembling with expectancy,

she waited several minutes, then pulled again, and once more waited.

A cold fear spread from her heart to chill and benumb her hands and feet. She heard never a sound. It was no use, she knew it; yet she rang again and again, frantically, with determination, in despair. And once she vainly tried the door.

The drizzle had developed into a fine, driving rain that swept aslant upon the wings of a new-sprung breeze.

A great weight seemed to be crushing her, a vast, invisible hand to be relentlessly bearing her down to the earth. Only vaguely did she realize the symptoms of utter physical fatigue added to those of the intense emotional strain to which she had been subjected. She knew but this, that she was all aware for her bed.

Tears started to her eyes; she was so lonely and forlorn, so helpless and so friendless. Huddled in the shallow embrace of the doorway, she fought her emotions silently for a time, then broke down altogether, and sobbed without restraint into her handkerchief.

Moments passed uncounted; despair possessed her utterly.

The street was all but empty. For some time none remarked the disconsolate girl. Then a man, with a hand-bag, but without an umbrella, appeared from the direction of Longacre Square, walking with a deliberation which suggested that he was either indifferent to the rain or unconscious of it. Turning up the steps of No. 289, he absently jingled a bunch of keys. Not until he had reached the platform of the stoop did he notice the obstruction in the doorway.

Promptly he halted, lifting his brows and pursing his lips with a noiseless whistle, his head cocked critically to one side. Then, through the waning tempest of her grief, Joan heard his voice:

"I say! What's the matter?"

Gulping down a sob, and dabbing hastily at her eyes with the sodden wisp of handkerchief, Joan caught through a veil of tears a blurred impression of her interrogator. A man! She instantly ceased to cry and hastily shrank out of his way, into the full swing of wind and rain. She said nothing, but eyed him with furtive distrust. He made no offer to move.

"See here!" he expostulated. "You're in trouble of some sort. Anything I can do for you?"

Joan felt that she was regaining control of herself. She dared to linger and hope, rather than yield to her primitive instinct toward flight.

"Nothing," she said, with a catch in her voice. "I wanted to see Miss Dean, but nobody answered the bell."

"Oh!" he said thoughtfully. "You wanted to see Miss Dean—yes"—as if he considered this a thoroughly satisfactory explanation. "But Mme. Duprat never does answer the door after twelve o'clock, you know. She says people have no right to call on us after midnight. There's a lot in that, too, you know."

He wagged his head earnestly. His voice was pleasant, his manner sympathetic, if somewhat unusual. Joan found courage to inquire:

"Do you think that—possibly—she might be in?"

"Oh, she never leaves the house. At least, I've never seen her leave it. I fancy she thinks one of us might move it away if she got out of sight for a minute or so."

Puzzled, Joan persisted:

"You really think Miss Dean is in?"

"Miss Dean? Oh, beg pardon! I was thinking of Mme. Duprat. Ah—Miss Dean! I infer you have urgent business with her—what?"

"Yes, very urgent indeed," the girl insisted eagerly. "If I could only see her! I must see her!"

"I'm sure she's in, then!" exclaimed the other, in accents of profound conviction. "Possibly asleep—but at home. Oh, positively!" He inserted a key in the lock and pushed the door open. "If you don't mind stepping in—out of the weather—I'll see."

The girl eyed him doubtfully. The light was indifferent—a mere glimmer from the corner lamp at Eighth Avenue; but it enabled her to see that he was passably tall and very slender. He wore a Panama hat and dark clothing which somehow conveyed an impression of being very intimately his own. His attitude was more explicitly impersonal than that of any man with whom she had as yet come into contact; she could detect it in no least trace either of condescension or of a spirit of ingratiation. He seemed at once quite self-possessed and infinitely preoccupied, disinterested and willing to be made use of. In short, he interested her tremendously.

(To be continued)

THE STORM

BY FRED JACKSON

AUTHOR OF "ONE WOMAN'S BATTLE," "THE MASKED BRIDE," ETC.

WITH A DRAWING BY W. B. KING

SHEFFIELD SLOAN put down his pen and raised his head in some astonishment. The unspeakable din continued. Through the near-by open window there drifted in the sound of a gay young girlish voice valiantly shouting:

"Ho, the house!"

The cry was repeated at short intervals, accompanied and preceded and followed by the barking of a dog. The barking noise Sloan recognized. His particular pet, Fame, was making it; but the girlish voice was unknown to him and—he told himself—unwelcome. Under the circumstances, it was likewise inexplicable.

Accordingly, Sheffield Sloan sauntered across the wide living-room and out upon the side piazza. The girlish voice came from the gate-post, upon which its owner was entrenched. Mounted upon the masonry column, she was a vision all rosy and gold and blue and white. Below, at the foot of a short flight of steps, sat Fame upon his haunches, his big, heathenish, hideous mouth wide open, his pink tongue hanging hungrily out, his teeth showing, his cold-blooded, watery eyes fixed upon the girl.

"Fame!" called Mr. Sloan severely. "Come here!"

He spoke with as much severity as if he had not carefully trained the beast to keep off intruders. The dog obeyed, and slowly ascended the steps. The vision turned toward her deliverer, her blue eyes aglow with gratitude.

"Tie him up!" she cried. "Chain him! I've met *monsters* in my day! And I've seen *beasts*! And I've come face to face with *hunger*, but never, *never* have I—my goodness gracious, talk about hospitality!"

She ended with a wondering sigh and a shake of her head, her blue eyes regarding Sheffield Sloan. Mr. Sloan looked contrite.

"I'm sorry," he said. "You see, you've quite misunderstood my dog's intentions. He probably wanted to welcome you. He's a friendly creature—not at all what he appears to be—that's why I call him Fame. As a matter of fact, he's absurdly well-fed, and he never bites. We—we don't often have visitors. *Aren't* you going to come down from the gate-post?"

"*Aren't* you going to tie up the dog?"

"If you wish," said Mr. Sloan with some dignity; "but I give you my word he is entirely harmless."

"You look honest," she said reflectively.

"Well, I'll risk it!"

She slid down cautiously, smoothed her white skirts, straightened her mannish white felt hat, adjusted her blue coat, and advanced hesitatingly. Fame was still watching her, but he made no attempt to leap. She came quite close to him, her face alight with bravado, extended a small, tanned hand, patted the dog upon his ugly head, and breathed a heartfelt sigh of relief.

"Take courage!" she said. "The dreadful moment is past, oh, fearful one!"

She seated herself, with an air of mock weariness, upon the arm of the nearest wicker chair. Sheffield Sloan smiled pleasantly, and gave no thought to the unfinished manuscript indoors, crying aloud for him.

She was undeniably fashioned to win admiration—at least from the eyes of appreciative man. She had fair hair that shone with the gleam of gold in the sun; and very blue eyes; and perfectly unbelievable lashes; and remarkable dimples; and a



"YOU SEE, YOU'VE QUITE MISUNDERSTOOD MY DOG'S INTENTIONS"

mouth that—that—that you didn't dare to regard too closely. Her skin was fine and smooth and clear and soft and very white, where it was not tanned; and the color of wild roses was in her cheeks.

In short, she was the sort of girl you don't often find upon your gate-post, a thousand miles from nowhere. The air of aloofness, the absent-minded stare, the frown of dismissal, and the conventional "Come some other time"—all of which Mr. Sloan had prepared at the first indication that an intrusion was pending—were hastily abandoned.

"You are wondering," said the girl suddenly, "where I came from, and why, and what I want; and I'm wondering if you have any iced tea or lemonade or ginger ale. If you tell me what I want to know, I'll tell you what *you* want to know!"

Sheffield Sloan nodded.

"Done!" he said. "What shall it be? You can have anything you like. We have 'em all."

"Some iced tea, then," said the lady, "with lemon and *plenty* of sugar!"

"Mint?" asked Sloan, crossing to the piazza bell.

"In iced tea? Is it nice? I've never tried it."

"It's bully," he said. "I recommend it heartily."

Presently, when a Japanese servant appeared in the doorway, he ordered:

"Iced tea, please, Ki-Yo, with *plenty* of sugar and lemon and mint!"

Ki-Yo disappeared, and Mr. Sloan came back to sit down near her.

"Won't you take the seat of the chair?" he suggested.

"No, I think I'll try the swing."

She moved over leisurely, seated herself among the fresh green cushions, and started the big porch-swing with a touch of her trim tan boots.

"I came in an automobile," she said, in a low-toned singsongy voice, like a child reciting a lesson. "The automobile broke down. I could not fix it. I was hungry. It was very hot in the road. I did not know what to do. I knew I could not walk back the way I came. It was much too far. I reconnoitered. I discovered this house. It seemed to be the only one about here. So I had to brave the dog. It ran at me—the brute!" she added in a vindictive aside, and then went on as before. "I climbed the gate-post. Then I *called*. And I

called. And I *called*. And I *called*. And—"

"I heard you," said Mr. Sloan.

Her blue eyes met his mournfully.

"You didn't come very quickly," she said. "I guess you are not very fond of visitors; or perhaps you were asleep."

"No," he said, "I was not asleep."

"Then you dislike visitors?"

"Usually," he said; "but all rules have exceptions."

"I'm an exception," said the girl, nodding. "How clever of you to have found it out so soon! I'm an exception to *all* rules."

II

THIS brought the conversation to a temporary halt. Mr. Sloan detested saying: "Is that so?" or "Really," or "You don't say?" So he reached back for a new start.

"Is the car very badly broken?" he asked.

She returned from an imaginary trip into the surrounding wooded hills.

"I don't know," she said. "I don't know a great deal about motor-cars. I usually take the chauffeur to look out for breakdowns and emergencies, but to-day—"

Her voice trailed off into thoughtful silence. Mr. Sloan waited until the pause threatened to become awkward. Then he tried again.

"You didn't bring the chauffeur with you to-day?"

"No," she said, with a flashing smile.

She had really exquisite teeth. So many pretty girls haven't nice teeth, and Mr. Sloan particularly admired them and noticed them. I mean nice teeth, not pretty girls.

"Have you a telephone?" she asked presently. "I'm afraid I shall have to trouble you to phone—"

"I haven't a telephone," he said regretfully.

"No? Oh, bother!" cried the girl. She pulled her felt hat down violently upon her bright hair, and gazed into the hills. "Verily, to-day has been a day of misadventures," she sighed. "I'm *so* far from home—and *so* tired! Kind man," she added piteously, "*don't* you own a conveyance of some sort? Or isn't there some place near at hand where I can get one? I *won't* walk back. I *can't* walk back!"

"I keep nothing here but a donkey-cart," he said with a troubled frown. "I work

most of the time, you see; and when I do get out in the air, I need the exercise, so I usually walk or ride horseback. The donkey-cart is a rickety old rig that Ki-Yo uses. You are welcome to that, or to a saddle-horse. I'm afraid I can't offer you much else."

"Oh, dear me!" she cried. "But you have neighbors?"

"Not one nearer than Amity," he told her. "But I think there is a garage there. I'll tell you—I'll send Ki-Yo over to Amity in the cart. He can get you something there, and bring it back for you."

"Oh," she cried, "that would be *too* much! That would be an imposition. You are a very obliging man, and I thank you a million times. How far is Amity?"

"About two miles through the woods. He shall start as soon as you've had your tea, and he can be back within an hour, I think—if the donkey goes well."

"Doesn't it always?"

"Well, no."

"Then we will count upon two hours for the trip," said the girl. "To-day is a day of misadventures."

"That isn't very kind of you," said Mr. Sloan.

"No," she said gravely, "that wasn't nice, was it? But to-day has been rather a bad day, you know. Still, there have been some pleasing intervals."

"Meaning—" Sloan suggested.

"Iced tea," said the girl, as Ki-Yo came toward her. Her quick eye had caught sight of him the moment before, as he crossed the hall. "I like to drink iced tea," she explained, helping herself generously to sugar and lemon and mint.

"Ki-Yo," said Sloan, "take the donkey-cart and drive to Amity. See if you can get a motor-car there—hire one, you know. If you can, bring it back with you. If you can't, get a carriage, or a buggy, or something—with a driver, of course. Come back as soon as you can."

"And the honorable dinner?" asked Ki-Yo.

"Let the honorable dinner await your return," replied Sloan, smiling.

Ki-Yo bowed with some dignity, and withdrew. Sloan turned back to the girl.

"Ki-Yo," he said, "is my entire domestic staff."

"How dreadful it would be," she suggested, "if anything should happen to him!"

"I should get on," said Sloan, smiling. "I am not entirely helpless, you know. Time was when I went into camp by myself, with only a typewriter for company. And I could work in those days, I tell you! I liked my own cooking better than Ki-Yo's, too; though he's not so bad."

"What sort of work do you do?" asked the girl interestedly. "Why a typewriter?"

"I write," said Sloan, a wrinkle creeping in between his dark brows, and his eyes looking vaguely uneasy.

"Write? What?"

"Plays," he answered with a faint sigh.

He feared that he was in for it now. He was almost sorry he had called the dog off. Then he looked at her eager eyes, and was *not* sorry he had called the dog off.

"You write *plays*?" she cried. "Really and truly plays that get played on a really and truly stage by—actors? *Do* you?"

"I do," he said. "Honest Injun!"

"Cross your heart?"

"Even cross my heart." He complied, quite seriously.

"I wonder," she said, regarding him, "if I've ever seen any of them! I wonder if you've written something I've liked! Should I be very rude to ask—your name?"

"Sheffield Sloan," said he indifferently.

The days of his youthful pride were over. His fame was an old acquisition, now. But the girl caught her breath with a sort of gasp.

"Sheffield Sloan!" she repeated. "My goodness gracious! And I've been talking to you as if you were just an ordinary person!"

He sighed regretfully, the flavor of the adventure swiftly vanishing.

"But I'm not always foolish," she said, "and unimportant and nonsensical and—all that. I've read Shakespeare—truly I have. I belonged to a literary society at school, and sometimes I'm awfully serious."

"Are you?" he said as cordially as he could. "Of course you are! I—"

She sighed gustily, her eyes upon his, and shook her head.

"No, I'm not," she said. "I'd like to impress you, but I'm afraid I couldn't keep up appearances. I'm not serious—not *very* serious. I'm afraid I like your plays better than Shakespeare's—*much* better. I went to the literary society only once, to find out what it was like. And I *always* read a novel during debates. Now turn me out if you like. At least, I've been truthful."

The glow returned to Mr. Sloan's eyes. "I will not turn you out," he said. "Nothing bores me so much as listening to the stuff people talk to me. That's why I come off here by myself while I'm working. I almost hate people. I used to like them—before I became known—before every one began talking books and plays and souls to me, and missions in life, and higher morality. Sometimes I feel like tossing up my hat right in the middle of Broadway, and kicking up my heels, and whooping like a wild Indian."

"Honestly?" she cried.

"Honestly. And I ache to write a wildly improper musical comedy—only I can't," he finished whimsically.

"But you are surely interested in your work?"

"Of course! I love it. I'd rather write plays than—than do anything else I know. But I don't write them with purposes. I don't fill any mission in life. I just write because I can't help it. Oh, Lord, I'm raving!"

"Rave some more, please," she said. "I like it."

"I suppose it interests you to hear the lion roar. You think my attitude is a pose?"

"No, I don't."

He straightened his tie and looked off across the hills.

"For a truthful person," he said, "it annoys me—really—to find you so manifestly unfair."

"Unfair?" she repeated, looking at him.

"Yes. I gave you my name. You—"

"But I'm not famous," she said. "Your name means something; mine might just as well be Jones or Brown or Smith. It doesn't stand for anything. What difference does it make what it is?"

"But I should like to know."

"I'll tell you before we—before I go. Are you writing a play now?"

"Yes."

He frowned slightly. She set down her empty glass, crossed her trim boots, one over the other, and tugged at her white felt hat.

"Is it a nice play?"

"I like it," he said with a faint smile; "but then I like everything I write."

"Is it as good as 'Little Grub'?"

"Better—a great deal better."

"Is Miss Conway going to play it?"

A grim, determined look crept into his

eyes and drew down the corners of his mouth.

"She is," he said, "or nobody will!"

"Oh!" cried the girl swiftly. "Oh!" Her eyes fell upon his with an understanding light in them. "I—see!"

"No, I don't think you do," he remarked calmly. "You are jumping to conclusions—absurd conclusions. Miss Conway is merely a friend of mine—not even an intimate friend, but I planned this part to suit her. I built the play to fit her. I believe that nobody else could play it so well; and so I am determined that she shall use it, or—nobody will."

"I'm sure she'll be glad to, then," said the girl simply.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "she wants to go on another season in 'Little Grub.'"

As he spoke, there came a sudden flash of lightning and a clap of thunder. Looking up, he observed that the sky had darkened, and that they were in for a storm. He had been so absorbed in his thoughts that he had not noticed it coming up.

"It's going to rain," he said slowly. "Perhaps we'd better go inside."

"Please not!" she begged. "I love storms. It must be wonderful to watch them from here. And we're quite sheltered."

"Stay, by all means, if you like it," he said. "I'm fond of watching them myself." He advanced to the piazza rail and looked about him.

"Do you think Ki-Yo has reached Amity yet?" she asked.

"I hope so."

"If the storm is very severe, he may have trouble," she said thoughtfully. "I hope you've dinner enough for me, too."

"Dinner?" he said. "Bless you, yes! We've provisions enough here for a hundred dinners. We're rather far from supplies, you know."

"Then," she said, "I may have occasion to prove your boast about being able to do without Ki-Yo."

"I hardly think it will last long," he said, as the first drops fell. "Is your car protected? Had I better go out and see to it?"

"No, I left everything shipshape."

She was watching the rolling clouds, as if fascinated. The rain was increasing in volume. A cool wind swept upon them suddenly, carrying the drops about. The flashes of lightning became very frequent,

the thunder loud, and hard upon the lightning's trail.

Sloan had drawn their chairs back into the shelter of the inner wall, and they sat there close together, watching.

"I should think," said the girl slowly, "that you would get frightfully lonely off here by yourself."

"I do, sometimes," he said.

"I don't suppose Ki-Yo is a very interesting companion."

"He's not."

"But of course you've Fame," she said.

There came a flash of light, a clap of thunder, and then—sudden silence.

"To-morrow," he said, "will seem unbearably long and lonely."

"Why?"

"It is so seldom a visitor comes here—some one, I mean, able to bring me discontent—discontent with my dog and my Jap and my garden and my solitude and my work!"

"Have I done that?" she cried regretfully. "It is a poor return for hospitality, isn't it? I'm sorry!"

A little silence fell between them. The fury of the storm was abating somewhat. The lightning came only at long intervals; the thunder was muffled and seemed far off. But the rain continued—a steady, even fall.

"I think you had better come in now," said Sloan. "It's growing damp out here. And wouldn't you like to see my house?"

"Yes," she said slowly. "I should, only—"

She left the sentence unfinished. She had evidently changed her mind, and no longer cared to put the thought into words. So he led the way into the wide living-room, and lighted the lamps, because it was so gray outside, and started a log fire in the big fireplace.

The girl tossed aside her felt hat and her blue coat, and stood before the fire in her simple white suit.

"It's wonderful here!" she said. "What a lovely room!"

It was all old English—tapestries, chairs, stands, chests. Her blue eyes wandered about contentedly, to rest upon his typewriter near the west window.

"You work here?" she asked.

"Here—anywhere—wherever there is sunshine. I don't like to work out of doors, but I like to be in the sun."

She sank into the big chair that he had

drawn up for her, and her eyes met his wistfully.

"Tell me about the play," she urged.

For an instant he hesitated; then, suddenly crossing the room in great strides, he picked up the manuscript from his desk and moved toward her.

"Would you like to hear it?"

Her face was radiant.

"May I?"

He nodded, smiled, and rearranged the sheets. Then, without further preamble, he began to read.

III

It was two hours later. Sheffield Sloan dropped the last sheet with a faint smile, and looked up, his eyes wide with inquiry and wonder. For she stood over him, transfigured, light in her very blue eyes, her face a little pale, tears upon her lashes.

"You like it?" he asked.

"Like it?" she cried. "It's great! It's—you will never do another like it. There's only one play like that in a man. It's—oh, if I could *play* it! If I could play it!"

"You?" cried Sheffield Sloan. Slowly into his eyes crept a great conviction. "I believe you could!" he said.

"You believe?" she whispered happily. "I *know*!"

She took the manuscript out of his hand and turned the pages—picked out the big speech in the third act, the climax speech—and, with the book in her hand, read it as he himself had not read it, as Miss Conway could not have read it. He listened with the eyes of a grateful child. At the end, he bent over her as she sank back into the depths of her chair, and put his hand upon her shoulder.

"Who are you?" he asked simply.

"Eileen Grantley. I'm the girl who has been understudying Miss Conway. It was I whom Burroughs wanted to put into this part when she refused to leave 'Little Grub' for another year. It would have meant success to me—my chance! It would have meant fame—everything! But you wouldn't have any one but Conway; so"—she looked up suddenly into his eyes—"so I found out that you were here, and I came to find you, to make your acquaintance, to convince you in spite of yourself. You would not even let Burroughs try me out in the part, you know. I *wanted* it; but not as I want it now! Have I acted unpardonably?"

"No!" he said slowly. "I hardly think I should say that." He turned away from her, moved irresolutely toward the fireplace, and came slowly back. "It was only natural," he said, "that you should want the part, and that you should try to get it—to win me from my absurd point of view. And yet my point of view was natural, too. I'd never seen you, and actresses sometimes ill-treat the author's conception of a part—horribly! And I was sure Miss Conway would do my heroine as I want it done; but even she could not have it, now. No one could, but you. You are so like her, you see. You—well, you almost *are* my heroine. If Burroughs isn't satisfied to give you the part, we'll find another manager, but—"

"He's satisfied," she said. She hugged the blue-covered manuscript to her heart. "If you could understand what this means to me! If you could know what I've gone through—what I've suffered—how I've struggled and worked and—and—" Her voice died away, failed, and broke, and she began very softly to cry.

"I say!" cried Sloan uncomfortably. "None of that, now—*please!* You make me feel wretched."

She dried her eyes hastily and looked up at him.

"I'll be good," she said, with an attempt to smile.

"Now," said he, "we'll just put business aside and see about getting supper. No

dinner to-night! And afterward, if Ki-Yo doesn't come back—"

"Why, that doesn't matter," she said. "My car isn't broken at all, you know. That was—another lie. If you'll pardon them all, sir, I'll never, never, *never* tell you another!"

"Promise?" he asked.

"Promise."

He stood looking down at her reflectively.

"Do you know," he said, "I feel as if I had known you and liked you for a long time? Perhaps it's because you are like the little girl in my play, or perhaps—"

"Yes?" she prompted curiously, her very blue eyes fixed on his.

"Perhaps we're drawn to each other a little. Perhaps your coming here to-day wasn't entirely *your* doing. If one believed in destiny—oh, probably there's nothing in it, you know; but I feel as if I've never seen any one like you; as if—"

For a long time they gazed into each other's eyes.

"Don't!" she whispered. "Don't say it! We've so much time! We're going to know each other better, to prove each other out. Don't spoil it all for me! Wait!"

"Yes," he said slowly, "I'll wait!"

His eyes fell upon the windows, and he pointed. The sky was bright after the storm—almost unnaturally bright, and rosy with the rays of the dying sun.

"Look!" he said. "A good omen!"

And together they faced the light.

THE MEMORY

ON, the old sea-wall on the coast of Clare,
Against a sunlit sky,
The hush of the keen, salt-scented air,
And the white clouds sailing high.

A bird-note soaring in reckless joy,
And clear, from a tossing boat,
The call of a gray-eyed sailor-boy
From a brave young Irish throat.

Out from the past it comes back to me,
Soft through a mist of tears;
I hear the croon of the treacherous sea
Across the lonely years.

Never again were skies so blue
Above the water's gleam,
For an Irish heart is ever true,
And only once comes the dream!

Faith Baldwin

SUSAN'S BIRTHDAY

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

AUTHOR OF "THE DOMINANT O'MALLY," "A MAN'S TREASURE," ETC.

THE high, ungenerous fields of New Cardigan lay deep with snow. They gleamed white and empty on every side of Bill Danver's gray farmhouse and cluster of gray barns. The pale February sky arched over them; a pale sun, colorless as glass, burned white above them.

All their gray fences were hidden beneath the smoothly drifted snow. A bitter, fitful wind, leaping out of the black woods to the north, harrowed their aching levels and glistening slopes. Bill's grandfather had been possessed by an absolute passion for annihilating timber.

Only in the immediate vicinity of the farmstead were any signs of life to be found. A short path led from the door of the woodshed to the hooded well. A longer path led to the barns, branching here and there to several red doors, all held shut by stout wooden pins polished by much use. A deep, hoof-marked trail led from the door of the cattle-stable back to the well.

The four occupants of the gray house sat in the kitchen. They were Bill's old parents, his wife, and his daughter Susan. Bill and the two boys were in the woods, at Nixon's Camp on the Windwhistle.

The two old people sat close to the stove, in splint-bottomed chairs, the man huddled forward with his sharp elbows on his sharp knees, the old woman leaning back with her hands folded in her lap. Mrs. Bill and Susan sat at the table by the window, the mother knitting busily, the daughter gazing idly out at the desolate fields. Dinner had been eaten, and the dishes washed and put away, several hours before. Old John Danver sucked at his pipe, which had gone cold without his noticing it, and stared into the bright draft of the stove.

"It's amazin' how dull an' slow this country has grown of late years," he said. "Why, bless you, I can mind when every farm in this settlement was lived on and

worked, an' new land chopped out and cropped every spring. An' now look at it! Every farm run to seedlin's but this farm! Every house stark empty but this house! Folks ain't got the energy nor the hardihood nowadays they had when I was young. They all want to get into the towns an' keep store, or over to the States an' work at trades."

"And why?" asked his son's wife. "I can tell you why, Pa Danver! This here land you old people settled on, when you had the whole county to pick from, ain't no good and never was. What little good *was* in it you folks cropped out in two generations—cropped it out with oats, oats, oats, and put all the money in banks instead of cattle. Banks bust and cattle don't! Oats starve the land and cattle feed it! That's why every house in New Cardigan stands empty but this house."

Pa Danver wagged his head and sucked at his cold pipe.

"Maybe so," he replied. "Maybe so. But it do seem to me, Jenny, the folks in this country ain't got the git-up-an'-git about them now they had when I was young."

Ma Danver nodded at this, though she was half asleep. Mrs. Bill sniffed, and went on with her knitting. Susan turned from her reflective gazing out at the empty fields of snow, and looked at her grandfather with bright eyes and flushed cheeks. Susan was a large and pretty girl, plump, rosy, and just turned twenty. She had had a good deal of schooling, by the standards of New Cardigan.

"Get-up-and-get!" she exclaimed. "You don't know what you are talking about, grandpa! I guess you never worked harder than pa and the boys work."

"I must hev bin smarter, then," retorted the old man. "I raised bigger crops."

"Bigger crops!" exclaimed Susan. "What about Archie Stickles?"

Pa Danver chuckled.

"Well, what about Archie Stickles?" he asked. "Choppin' lumber over to Nixon's Camp, ain't he? Lumber's a big crop, Sue, but Archie didn't hev no hand in the raisin' of it. 'Twas the Lord Almighty raised all the lumber I ever see in this country."

Susan tossed her head defiantly. Mrs. Bill looked up from her knitting and frowned at the old man.

"You do talk so, Pa Danver!" she expostulated. "To hear you, you'd think the Lord was a farmer, livin' over to Nash's Creek!"

"The greatest farmer that ever was," said the old man.

"You study over your Bible too much. Familiarity breeds contempt," returned Mrs. Bill.

"Why don't you stick to the subject?" cried Susan. "You were talking about Archie Stickles. I'll have you know he is a scientific farmer! This is the last winter he means to work in the woods. Didn't he take hold of the two old Dodd farms last spring, that had been let go to commons for five years, and raise a big crop of potatoes with superphosphates? Next spring he means to put all the land into grain and seed, and buy twenty head of cattle. I guess it takes some get-up-and-get to do all that!"

"Archie is comin' out of the woods tomorrow to spend Sue's birthday with us," said Mrs. Bill.

"He's a smart young feller," said Pa Danver, "an' I hope he can feed his twenty head of cattle when he gits 'em. This here scientific farmin' don't alwus work out the same way on the land as it do on paper. He's a smart young feller, howsumever; but I doubt if he has the hardihood his pa had or his gran'pa. I mind well what a fine young woman his gran'ma was. D'ye mind the time she shot the b'ar that was killin' her pa's sheep, Marindy?"

Ma Danver opened her drowsy eyes for a moment.

"It was me shot the b'ar," she said.

"So it was. I knew it was one of you girls," returned the old man.

"There ain't no bears round these parts now," said Mrs. Bill. "If there was, I guess we could shoot 'em."

"Maybe so. Maybe so," replied the old man; "but shootin' b'ars ain't everythin'. It was that girl—Archie Stickles's gran'ma—who went clear from this settlement to

Stanley, on snow-shoes, in the dead of winter, to git a bottle of physic for the baby. Sixteen miles it was, mind you, an' all the way jist a track through the woods, with moose an' b'ar an' wildc. glarin' out at her from behind every tree. The men was all haulin' lumber out to the stream, an' the baby wanted the physic bad."

"I'd hev done the same ten year ago, an' not give it a thought," said his daughter-in-law. "You mustn't think the young folks ain't as smart an' hardy as young folks was in your own day, just because you don't feel as spry yourself as you did fifty or sixty year ago. Sue here has as much pluck an' muscle as ever I had—an' she's not scart to use them, either!"

Old Ma Danver opened her eyes and nodded her heavy head. She was a queer old woman. She always seemed to hear better when she was supposed to be asleep than when she was supposed to be awake.

"I cal'late folks is about the same now as what they used to be," she said, slowly and ponderously. "You hadn't ought to talk so much, pa. The trouble is all in your own eye, like as not."

Having settled Pa Danver for an hour or two, she lowered her lids again, refolded her hands, and snored softly. The old man, grinning and wagging his gray whiskers, cut tobacco, filled his pipe, and lit it. Then he pulled his Bible down from the chimney-shelf behind the stove, and opened it on his knee.

Mrs. Bill and Susan, with lowered voices, talked of the expected visit from Archie Stickles. Both women had looked forward to it for weeks. They had not seen a man since Christmas, with the exception of old Pa Danver. A home-cured ham was already boiled, and two fat chickens hung in the storeroom, ready plucked and drawn. There would also be pies of apple, pumpkin, and custard; cranberry sauce, cake, jellies, and preserves.

"It ain't every young feller would be so polite as to tramp all the way out from Nixon's Camp to visit his girl on her birthday," said the mother. "If he expects to git here much before noon, he must hev left the camp by this time. He'll lose two full days of wages, anyhow."

Susan turned her face toward the window. The sun was well down the slope of the western sky by now, and touched the frozen spaces with a tinge of red. Red tinged the girl's smooth cheeks.

"A whole day of hard tramping, out and back—and he'll be here only one day!" she said.

"He sets a store by you, for certain," returned her mother. "Your father never took so much trouble to visit me on my birthday, for all Pa Danver's braggin' about the old days. When d'you figger the weddin' will be?"

"Not till after cropping, I guess," replied the girl. "The roof of the old house has to be shingled before we can move in. It'll be July before we can get married, I guess."

"Well, you're in luck, that's certain," said the other. "I only wish your pa an' the boys would put a big bunch of stock onto this place, an' quit spendin' all their winters in the woods!"

II

AN hour later, Susan donned a heavy "jumper" belonging to one of her absent brothers, cowhide moccasins, and a fur cap. Armed with a lantern and a tin pail, she left the house and followed the path to the door of the cattle-stable.

The wind had fallen with the setting of the sun. The still air was bitterly cold. A tinge of red still warmed the west, above the black and ragged outline of wooded hills.

She fed the stock, and scattered buckwheat for the dozen fowls already gone to roost along the edge of the mow. Then she balanced herself on a one-legged stool against one of the cows, fixed the pail between her knees, and commenced to milk. She sang softly to the tune of the warm milk swishing into the pail, her heart full of thoughts of her lover's visit on the morrow.

Her task finished, with the lantern in one hand and the full pail in the other, she returned to the house, still singing. She entered by way of the wood-shed. As she pushed open the kitchen door, the wordless song of girlish joy sank to a quick gasp of bashful confusion on her lips. A bulky pack lay in a corner of the kitchen, and a stranger sat weakly hunched in a chair by the stove.

The stranger was small, old, and of a jaded and humble appearance. He turned his head for a second and glanced up at Susan with weary eyes.

"Now, here's a pretty kittle of fish!" exclaimed Susan's mother.

"What is the matter?" whispered the girl, fearfully.

"This man—he's a pedler—has come through from Saunders's Camp," said the other. "He's a furriner—sells mouth-organs an' tin watches. He says they want a doctor there—want him bad!"

"Saunders's Camp!" said the girl, with an unmistakable note of relief in her voice.

She set the pail of milk on a bench and extinguished the lantern. Now that she knew the stranger to be nothing but a pedler—and a foreign one, at that—she was perfectly composed.

"Did they send you out for a doctor?" she asked.

The pedler looked at her pathetically.

"I feels too bad," he said. "I talks again presently."

"He's all tuckered out, poor feller," said Mrs. Bill. "One of the men at Saunders's has got hurt. The boss sent one man hoofin' it for Stanley, to try for a doctor there, an' this feller to git word through to Dr. Johnson at Nash's Creek; but the poor old man is all tuckered out. Guess he won't be able to stir a step farther till to-morrow, by the looks of him."

"Then what is he going to do?" asked Susan.

"Nothin'," replied her mother. "He simply can't, that's all. We've got to finish the trip for him."

"We?"

"I guess that means *you*. I'd go myself, Sue, but for my lame knee. You know I wouldn't be able to make a mile of it—an' it's twelve mile to Nash's Creek."

"And Archie coming to-morrow! I can't go! I won't go!" cried the girl.

The pedler sighed wearily. Old Pa Danver wagged his head. Ma Danver opened her round eyes slowly, and slowly closed them again.

"You got to—simply got to," said Mrs. Bill. "Would you leave a man to die for want of a doctor just for fear of missin' a day's sweetheartin'? Not you, girl, if I know you! If you start now, you can rest up at the doctor's an' be back by noon or thereabouts."

"Start now? To-night? Snow-shoe over to Nash's Creek to-night?"

"Yes—an' why not? The moon'll be up inside half an hour, an' it'll be bright as day. You know the road—an' there ain't nothin' in this country now to hurt a baby."

"A fine big lump of a girl like you

wouldn't hev give two thoughts to a little ja'nt like that, in *my* day," remarked Pa Danver.

Susan wiped the blinding tears from her eyes and faced her grandfather defiantly.

"I'm not afraid!" she cried. "But—but perhaps I'll not be able to get back to-morrow! It's twelve miles each way, and no roads broken; and I've scarcely snow-shoed at all this winter."

Her mother patted her shoulder and kissed one damp, flaming cheek.

"There, there! Now, don't take on that way, there's a good girl," she said soothingly. "The snow's well packed—an' if you don't hustle too much at first, an' git the cramp, you'll be home by noon, easy."

"Rub some ile onto the backs of your legs before you start," said Pa Danver. "That'll keep off the snow-shoe cramp. B'ar's grease is best—but if you ain't got that handy, 'most any kind of good, strong grease'll do."

Susan stamped her foot.

"I won't!" she cried. "It's easy for you to sit there and talk. I *ou* haven't been counting up the days till to-morrow. But I won't rub grease on my legs—not for anybody!"

"Folks is gittin' mighty finickety," murmured the old man.

Susan's disappointment got the better of her anger, and she gave way to a flood of tears. Her mother comforted her and led her from the kitchen.

"There's a brave girl!" she whispered. "Archie'll think all the more of you for it—for bein' so plucky an' unselfish. I'll bring your supper right in here, an' you can eat it while you're dressin'. I'll soften up your moose-hide moccasins an' bring 'em in to you. An' I'll git the snow-shoes all ready for you."

Susan dried her tears and set bravely to work at dressing for the journey.

III

TWENTY minutes later Susan left the warmth and shelter of the gray farmhouse. The moon was not yet up, but the frosty stars, glinting from a clear sky, shed an elfish illumination over the shrouded world. The girl was warmly clothed and hooded. She carried a light rifle under her arm, and in the pockets of her short fur coat were a few sandwiches and a small flask of brandy.

She scrambled up the bank of drifted snow to the right of the door, and advanced

due west across the palely glimmering fields. The seasoned frames and springing nets of her snow-shoes struck a crisp, continuous whisper from the wind-packed snow. She walked strongly, with a free swing of vigorous limbs and trunk. Tears, which at first she could not keep back, froze on her cheeks and lashes. She crossed buried fences; and soon, by landmarks of leafless maples and black spruces, she knew that the public road to Nash's Creek lay beneath her feet.

The moon came up over the horizon of ragged spruces just as the white trail which she followed entered a stretch of forest. This familiar piece of woodland seemed strange and fearful to her now. She hesitated for a moment before entering its domain of eery and disquieting shadows. Some of the shadows were humped and tense, others were sprawled and furtive. She stared along the glimmering path, and to the right and left; and then, with a low gasp of dread and determination, she followed the white, drifted road into the forest.

Susan kept her eyes straight to the front, away from the daunting shades and glimmers of the woods. She nerved her heart, not with thoughts of the unfortunate man waiting for a doctor, but with dreams and memories of her lover. There was no other man in the country like Archie—so capable, so gay, so strong, so tender!

Unmindful of her mother's warning, she traveled fast. She was strong, deep-chested, and all aglow with her dreams and with physical exertion. The sprawling and crouching shadows were forgotten, and the sense of bitter disappointment dulled. Her young blood pulsed vigorously. The journey to Nash's Creek and back did not bulk so appallingly now.

At last the forest on either hand dwindled to thickets of leafless alders and birch saplings. The silver moon sailed in a cloudless sky, flooding the wilderness with light, so that the girl could see distinctly the tracks of hare, of grouse, even the tiny trails of the wood-mice, across her white path. The shadows of the birch-tops were etched upon the snow in palest blue. The shadows of the spruces were daubed in deepest indigo.

The thickets gave back, exposing silent vasts of swamp and barren. Then, for a time, the big woods crowded close again. Here were more sloping fields and a low cabin, half buried in drifts, with a yellow eye of lamplight under the edge of the snow-

laden roof. More woods, more wastes, more silent farms and empty clearings. At last, on a slope beyond a narrow valley, Susan saw the few and scattered home-lights of the little village of Nash's Creek.

She slid down the drifted bank of the creek, through frozen alder and willow-tops. As she scrambled up the farther bank, pulling on twigs and branches with her mittened hands, the muscles of her left leg twinged a warning. Then, for the first time, she recalled her mother's caution, and her grandfather's advice as to the use of bear's grease.

She paused for a moment, then continued her ascent of the drifted bank. Now the pains stabbed and twitched in the calves of both legs; but she scrambled onward heroically. She stifled a scream as she reached the doctor's gate. She ascended the steps and crossed the narrow veranda on her hands and knees. She was not tired; she was not cold; but the agony in the calves of her legs was as if the long cords and muscles had been tied into knots.

The doctor set out for Saunders's Camp twenty minutes after Susan's arrival, leaving the girl in the care of his sister. He commenced the journey in his little red pung, behind his big gray mare, with an ax, two professional grips, and a pair of snow-shoes under the seat.

He had seen Jim Evans in the village that day with a load of hay, and so was sure of at least nine miles of broken road. Perhaps he would have to stable the mare at Evans's and do the rest of the distance on foot; but the prospect did not daunt him, for such possibilities were a part of his daily task in winter. Drive or snow-shoe, ride or slide, he meant to beat the Stanley doctor to Saunders's Camp.

Susan was early astir next morning. Hot oil and vigorous rubbing had done much for her cramped muscles; but not quite so much as she gave credit for to Miss Johnson. She was afraid that she might be forced to spend the whole day—her birthday—at Nash's Creek, if the doctor's sister knew that twinges of the cramps still lingered.

After an early breakfast, she set out on the homeward journey. For as long as she was in sight of the doctor's windows she moved briskly and freely, but with a set face and twitching lips. She limped as she crossed the valley of the creek. She halted twice in her ascent of the opposite bank.

She followed her tracks of the night before slowly, pausing often, sometimes groaning aloud. The air was cold, and a little breath of wind crept out of the west. The untinted sun flooded the white world with a tide of azure and gold. In the shelter of a thick clump of spruces Susan lay flat in the snow for a few minutes, and wriggled her feet this way and that to ease the cramps that gripped and jerked her cruelly from heel to knee. Common sense told her to go back to the village; but her heart urged her on to the gray farmhouse in New Cardigan.

In the woods, where the snow was not so deeply drifted as in the open places, she removed her show-shoes and made fifty yards or so in a series of dragging plunges. This was hard work and slow, but it relieved the cramped muscles.

Now shuffling forward on her snow-shoes, now plunging forward with the dry snow to her hips at every plunge, Susan struggled homeward, to keep her birthday with her lover. By noon, four hours after starting, she had covered eight of the twelve miles. She halted, made a fire of dry brush, ate her lunch, and rested for an hour. She was tired, but otherwise she felt no worse than she had within fifteen minutes of leaving the doctor's. Four miles more!

Archie would surely set out along her trail, to meet her, the moment he learned about her journey; so, in spite of her pain, she continued on her way in good spirits. She kept a sharp lookout for her lover; but no turn of the forest-hemmed road, no high vantage-point of the glistening trail, disclosed him to her eager eyes. More than once, while she rested in some sheltered spot, she cried his name aloud to the white, unresponsive wilderness.

IV

It was past three in the afternoon when Susan pushed open the kitchen door and sank in a breathless heap. She laughed joyously, twinging muscles and weary limbs unheeded, brushed the sudden film of warmth from her eyes, and gazed eagerly around the room. The light dulled suddenly in her eyes.

"Where is Archie?" she cried.

Her mother ran to her, knelt on the floor, and put her arms around her.

"You are back! Thank God for that!" she exclaimed.

"But Archie? Where is Archie?" cried Susan again.

"Archie Stickles? Oh, he ain't come yet," replied her mother. "I've clean forgot about him since you left. Like enough he didn't leave the camp till this mornin'. Come an' lay down on the couch, dear, an' let me pull off your coat an' moccasins."

Susan gave way to tears. She felt dizzy and faint and all atingle with pain.

"I was sure he'd be here!" she sobbed. "I got the snow-shoe cramps—and I sent the doctor—and I've been ever since eight o'clock getting home!"

Ma Danver opened her round eyes, smiled, and unfolded and refolded her fat hands in her lap. The little old pedler turned his head and stared at the girl with an expression of humble astonishment and admiration on his dark face. Pa Danver closed his Bible and removed his pipe from between his bearded lips.

"You done well, Sue," he said. "Archie Stickles's grandma couldn't hev done much better herself when she was a girl. But I bet a dollar you wished you'd took my advice an' rubbed some ile onto you!"

Susan was put to bed, resisting dully. She was dosed with hot brandy and water; and soon, in spite of worrying about her lover, she sank to uneasy slumber.

It was about supper-time when she awoke, dressed, and descended to the kitchen. The pedler and her grandparents still sat by the stove. Her mother was setting the table with blue and white crockery, but there was no sign of Archie Stickles.

They were half-way through the dreary meal—Susan's anxiety and dejection affected them all—when the frosty floor of the wood-shed creaked suddenly under the pressure of feet. Susan sprang from her chair. The door opened; a large man stepped into the kitchen, halted, and gazed around him inquiringly. He held a pair of frosted snow-shoes in one mittened hand. His black eyes met Susan's wide blue ones, and rested there.

"Are you Archie Stickles's girl?" he asked.

Susan's face went as white as the bread on the table.

"Yes," she said. "What is the matter with him?"

"Nothin' much. He's doin' fine," replied the stranger, leaning his snow-shoes in a corner. "Doc Johnson got there jist in time, an' put five stitches into his leg."

The girl swayed a little, staring, her hands gripping the edge of the table and dragging the cloth all askew.

"Archie? Dr. Johnson? What do you mean?" she whispered. "Archie is at Nixon's Camp—and I sent the doctor to Saunders's! You can't mean Archie Stickles!"

The big stranger drew off his mittens and began pulling the lumps of ice from his mustache.

"Sure I mean Archie Stickles," he said. "He was on his way out to see you yesterday. He struck our camp jist about noon, an' stopped to dinner. He was feelin' that gay about somethin' that he begun cuttin' up monkey-shines with some of the boys. They got to pitchin' axes at a stump, an' pretty soon an ax glanced off the stump an' went into Archie's leg. The boss sent Tom Hicks hoofin' it for Stanley, an' old Pat Salvoney, the pedler, to Nash's Creek. We tied Archie up as well as we knew how; but the blood *would* run! We got good an' scared. Half our crew was sent hikin' to try to find a doctor somewheres. About midnight a bunch of them blew in with Doc Johnson. They'd found him pluggin' away at the snow-drifts about four miles from camp. He was jist in time! He sewed Archie up 'most as good as new, an' then he says, says he:

"You ain't no use in the woods for a couple of weeks. Where d'you want us to tote you to?"

"Then Archie says:

"I ain't kickin', doc,' says he. 'Take me out to Danver's place, in New Cardigan. That's where I was bound for, anyhow. Susan's saved my life, an' now I guess she'll hev to nurse me a bit,' says he."

The color of love, of youth, of health, flooded back into Susan's cheeks. She sank limply into her chair, leaned forward on the table, and hid her face against her folded arms.

"They're bringin' him out on a hand-sled," continued the lumberman. "Guess he'll be here inside a couple of hours." He dragged off his outer coat. "Well, folks, I guess I'll make so bold as to set in to a bit of supper with you," he added.

The spell was broken. Pa Danver closed his mouth for the first time since the stranger's arrival. Susan and her mother sprang to their feet, laid eager hands upon the man from Saunders's, and jounced him into a chair beside the table.

THE HOLE IN THE HORN OF PLENTY

BY DAMON RUNYON

AUTHOR OF "THE NOSE OF NEMESIS," "THE BREED AND THE BALL," ETC.

VAN CLIEF was an institution. All cities have institutions, just as people have customs and habits.

If a man, or an object, does one thing long enough, he, or it, becomes an institution.

For instance, a statue of George Washington stands in a fixed spot for quite a spell; it is an institution, and is pointed out to strangers.

Similarly, for twenty years, Van Clief was rarely seen away from a particular chair at a particular table in the famous old Café des Arts for more than a few moments during the night hours that the place was open. He brought a profound intellect to bear upon the subject of dining to such effect that he built himself an epicurean reputation which took him into the institutional class. To the patrons and attachés of the café he became, not a carefully groomed old gentleman peacefully eating food, but an institution.

Van Clief made dining an art. He made it a thing of beauty. He breathed elegance and grace into the business of handling a knife and fork. He went about it as a great painter would set himself to the production of a masterpiece. Viands which upon the plate of an ordinary diner would be simply something to eat became delicate and rare works when placed before Van Clief. The items of food which he selected from the menu card immediately took on strange dignity.

In short, Van Clief made dining not a duty, not a necessity, but a function.

The waiters were indeed proud to whisper a few words of his history to the guest from Sacramento, as they figured nine and seven into eighteen. The *chef* knew him by sight. On one memorable occasion, Van

Clief had sent for Jacques in person, to compliment him upon a gastronomical triumph; they had even shaken hands, silently and understandingly. Thereafter the name of Jacques was graven high upon the scroll of culinary achievement.

Van Clief had permanent means; wherefore he parlayed a seven-course meal into a twenty-year banquet. A Colorado goldmine, with four million dollars' worth of ore blocked out in it, was said to be the base of his assets.

So, for twenty years, Van Clief dined each evening at the Café des Arts. He had apartments hard by, and promptly at eight o'clock he would stroll into the café. Quiet and unostentatious as was his entry, it was always an event. There would be a genteel bustling about by the head waiter and his minions; a subdued, hissing volley of "Good evening's," and a noticeably sudden tightening of decorum in the atmosphere. The orchestra would slip into a gentle, dreamy lullaby that was his favorite.

Henri, Van Clief's particular waiter, would incase him in his particular chair, at his particular table, making sure that the light fell at the proper angle, and would hand him his particular newspaper, which was the ultraconservative *Evening Republican*. And then, having settled himself comfortably, Van Clief would proceed, in his capacity of institution, to the momentous matter of selecting his dinner, while Henri took attentive note, and the other waiters hovered admiringly in the background.

Sitting there, Van Clief became infallibility in the premise of dining. He became the supreme judge of the court of last resort on all questions pertaining to food. Did a

querulous guest make plaint that the consommé was too cold, that the wine was not at a proper temperature, that a dish was thus and so, the head waiter, later, would glide softly over to Van Clief and make respectful inquiry.

Did that final word adjudicate the matter in favor of the consommé, the wine, or the dish, then the petulant guest became, in the eyes of the Café des Arts, a fool or a knave, and perhaps both.

The proprietors of the café were convinced that Lucullus was simply a previous incarnation of Van Clief, with none of Van Clief's judgment as to a place to dine. They honored Van Clief as an institution; they pointed him out to deserving strangers; they discussed with him their troubles concerning the excise laws.

And, from eight o'clock in the evening until past midnight, Van Clief dined, carefully, abstemiously, but elegantly—aye, graciously. During those hours, dining at the Café des Arts was indeed one of the superior enjoyments.

Van Clief was a gourmet, but never a gourmand. In twenty years, naturally, he took on contour—gracefully, elegantly, as he dined. Wisdom and ineffable content shone from his countenance. He rode the years easily, pleasantly, growing old with the wine and with the songs that the singers sang, conscious of his position as an institution, perhaps, but never arrogant or unduly proud.

He observed, without comment, whole generations of young gentlemen roll so high that they became lost in space; but he proceeded quietly through the years, adding each day something to his reputation, respected and protected as an institution—protected, because no man was permitted to go into the Café des Arts and filch a single ray of reflected epicurean glory by asking a waiter to bring him "what Mr. Van Clief ordered."

This was attempted once—only once. The sensation lingered for weeks. You see, Van Clief had never *ordered* anything in his life. He *selected*—he *suggested*.

This rash request was in sacrilegious line with a proposition made to the proprietors that they should name certain dishes "*à la Van Clief*."

Van Clief lived in an atmosphere of attention. The waiters anticipated his every desire. They appreciated the fact that his reputation was founded upon broad knowl-

edge, and he commanded their respect. Greatness can receive no finer tribute.

II

EVEN the greatest man cannot live forever. It was generally predicted that Van Clief, when his time came, would pass away some night as he sat at his favorite table; that his going would be gracious, pleasant, as his life had been. But fate decreed otherwise. Early one morning, after he had gone to bed, fire broke out in the Café des Arts, and gutted it from cigar-case to kitchen. Van Clief knew nothing, heard nothing, of the upsetting of his whole order of things.

His valet failed to mention the matter when he brought him his chocolate and toast—the only sustenance Van Clief allowed himself during the day prior to dining.

Shortly before eight o'clock he strolled over toward the Café des Arts, a carefully drawn study of prosperity, done in evening attire; a pleasant old gentleman, who nodded frequently to passers-by; who cheerily hailed a diminutive newsboy, and spoke without animus to a member of the traffic squad; an elegant old gentleman, at peace with himself and the world—an institution, no less.

He had traversed this same route every evening for twenty years.

When he reached the Café des Arts, he found the two proprietors poking aimlessly about the débris, trying to uncover the safe. Van Clief's world lay a smoldering, smelly heap, over which the arc-lights threw an eery glare. The proprietors explained to Van Clief while he stood gaping at the blackened rafters.

"But where am I going to dine?" he finally inquired helplessly, after they had talked and gesticulated in dismal fashion for half an hour. "It's my dinner-time!"

"Dine, man?" one of the owners shrieked. "Dine? Why, dine where you blame please!"

Then the other, sensing Van Clief's complete bewilderment, said kindly:

"There's a nice place over on Thirty-Eighth Street. I'll call a taxicab and send you there. This old place is off the beaten trail, you know, and all the other good restaurants are quite a distance from here."

They bundled—aye, bundled—Van Clief into a taxi, and gave the driver proper directions. Van Clief had undergone a com-

plete transformation. His self-possession, his *savoir-faire*, had suddenly abandoned him at this upsetting of his routine. He was a bewildered old gentleman in a taxicab, wondering where he should dine.

Through the windows of the taxicab he saw the gaily lighted streets, and the ebb and flow of the enormous tide of humanity. For twenty years he had confined himself, in the evening, very closely to the Café des Arts, which, as the electric waves washed their brilliancy in a new direction, came to be somewhat removed from the real center of turbulence, and all this was new to Van Clief.

His confusion was greater when the taxi pulled up in front of a wonderfully lighted restaurant. The arrangement of the place was different from his dear old Café des Arts; the crowds were greater, and there were no familiar faces. No obsequious waiters hummed attention as he entered the doors; the check-boys snatched his coat and hat without a smile or word of greeting, and he was hurried to a table which stood in a draft by a head waiter who never gave him a second glance.

Van Clief was brought to an instant realization of the fact that he was an institution without a job.

If you took the statue of Washington and set it down in a bull-ring in Spain, it would probably feel the same way.

The waiters seemed insolent—not in words, of course; but it appeared to Van Clief that they attended him with scant respect, and certainly without veneration. Habit, the old copy-books tell us, is a cable. We weave a thread of it each day, and at last we cannot break it. Van Clief had woven to such effect that haste in dining was no part of his method, and he knew instinctively that the waiter was in a hurry.

Van Clief felt the ease which had distinguished him in the selection of his viands at the Café des Arts oozing from his fingertips. He became indignantly conscious that his personal suggestions were simply following the line of the waiter's forefinger as it moved hastily down the card. He realized that his art was being debased by a rapid-fire linguist who was coldly calculating his probable value as a tipster.

His soul revolted—but he must dine.

"May I have the evening paper?" he asked, when he had finished with the card.

"What paper?" inquired the waiter casually. "*Call, Inquirer, Chronicle—*"

Van Clief was vaguely surprised. He had long ago forgotten the existence of any newspaper but the *Evening Republican*.

"The *Republican*," he said; but the waiter shook his head.

"Don't have it around here; I can send out, sir."

"I'll try the—er—*Call*," said Van Clief.

The waiter placed before him an inflamed newspaper which tried his eyes and his nerves with large head-lines and wholly unconservative statements.

He gazed at his surroundings. Obviously, it was a first-class place. The guests were in correct attire; but there was great confusion, a great clatter of dishes and voices. These people were eating, not dining. Van Clief's artistic sensibilities were sorely wounded.

Eventually the waiter brought him a large number of dishes, upon which food seemed to be heaped in masses. The man unloaded his burden before Van Clief noisily. There were great silver tureens, and dishes covered with pewterlike bowls. Van Clief was horrified.

"My Heavens!" he groaned. "I cannot dine in this fashion, my man!"

"It's what you ordered," replied the waiter stonily.

"But this isn't the way to do it!" expostulated Van Clief, every artistic nerve in revolt.

"You ordered it," persisted the waiter.

Rather than further abase himself by argument, Van Clief plucked gingerly at one of the dishes, and tasted the food contained therein. Then he fled incontinently, expostulating:

"Oh, my Heavens! I simply could not dine upon such a mess!"

He got a taxicab, and instructed the driver to take him to the old Café des Arts. The place was tightly boarded up, but he discovered an opening at one of the windows, and there he entered. He found a whole chair, somewhat charred, and located the site of his old table.

There a special officer who was guarding the place came upon him some hours later, sitting among the ruins. The officer escorted him to his apartments and the care of his valet.

III

EACH subsequent night was like the first for Van Clief—a terrible nightmare. By calling taxicabs, he could reach the differ-

ent restaurants recommended to him, but he found no place where he could dine after his custom. He found no place where he was appreciated, or recognized as an institution.

Rather welcoming the fire as an opportunity for making a long-planned move, the proprietors of the old Café des Arts were fitting up a new place up-town. To Van Clief's horror, a drug-store opened in the former location. To him this was a sacrilege. He thought of the expedient of buying the building, and preserving it as a delicate memory; but he never carried out the idea, because he was busied in trying to get himself settled somewhere else.

Night after night he sallied forth, immaculate, impeccable, sternly resolved that he would impress himself in his true capacity; only to slink back to his apartments, disappointed and hurt at the complete loneliness of the big town; at the utter obscurity into which he had suddenly fallen.

In the cloister of the Café des Arts he had been a carefully nurtured institution, an epicurean votary at his devoirs. With the crash of the rafters in the old place he became simply a man looking for a place to eat, and such men are not institutions—they are, more often, nuisances.

Van Clief's epicurean art never left him, but an artist without a studio is handicapped. His reputation became a mere echo along the halls of culinary fame.

As the days rolled into weeks, he lost flesh. His clothing, constructed along the lines of that graceful contour, flapped dolefully about his wasting frame. His face grew haggard, and his eyes carried an expression of woe. He could find no restaurant to which he could become accustomed; all the money in his Colorado gold-mine could not restore him to his institutional pedestal.

Sometimes he would see a face that looked familiar, and would place it as belonging to a patron of the old café; but when he sought recognition, murmuring his name, the owner of the face would receive

him with a blank astonishment which caused Van Clief to reflect bitterly how evanescent is glory.

Once he saw, on the street, one of the waiters of the old Café des Arts. In his loneliness, Van Clief followed the man for hours, in the hope that he might give him a clue to a café of worth, only to find that the waiter lived in the suburbs, having retired on his savings.

IV

EVENTUALLY the new Café des Arts was completed, and the proprietors, who had laid plans for a big opening, suddenly recalled Van Clief.

"We must have the old boy as a guest of honor," said one.

"Van Clief? By all means, and we'll fix up his table just as we used to have it," agreed the other.

"And Henri can attend him—"

"Aye, and see that Jacques does his very best for the good old fellow!"

Together they repaired to the Van Clief apartments. The door was opened by a man in funereal black—a gaunt man, who held a toothpick in his teeth, and eyed them fishily.

"Where's Mr. Van Clief?" inquired the proprietors of the Café des Arts. "Where is our good old friend?"

"That old guy is deader than a last year's play," replied the man. "I'm the undertaker. You come good-old-friending around here a day too late!" He glared at them like an infuriated black bass. "Was the old party a miser?" he inquired. "These rooms are fixed right handsome for a gent who died like he did."

"A miser!" the proprietors exclaimed simultaneously. "Why, he was a rich man—a millionaire!"

"You know what the doctors say he died of?" demanded the undertaker, and they shook their heads like a brace of automata.

"It was starvation!" said the fishy man solemnly.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP

He is my friend who, when mankind would flatter,
Holds up life's mirror, truth, that I may see
My faults reflected there, self-love to shatter,
And craves no pardon for his cruelty.

Grace E. Mott

SCIENCE AS A KEY TO WEALTH

HOW IDEAS AND INVENTIONS WORKED OUT IN THE STUDY AND
THE LABORATORY HAVE BEEN CAPITALIZED
IN THE WORLD OF BUSINESS

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

ONE of the familiar and pathetic pictures of human-interest narrative is that of the unpractical inventor who sells his mechanical birthright for a song, or who sacrifices his years and his substance upon the ungrateful altar of scientific research. Unhappily enough, this touching spectacle has been seen in many actual cases, and it has helped to create a wide-spread impression that genius needs a guardian or a business manager.

As a matter of fact, the average scientist or inventor who has really benefited the human race has had, in the main, a fairly keen sense of commercial values. It has simply been part of his larger equipment. A man who is notably successful in one line of practical endeavor would usually have been successful in others. It is quite conceivable that Mr. Morgan might have been another Disraeli had he devoted himself to statesmanship, and that Mr. Harri-man might have gone down in history as a great general had he chosen the profession of arms. Mental power has a more or less universal application.

The scientist's ability to grasp the practical importance of his device or discovery has fed the enthusiasm that kept him close to the investigating trail. Some inventors, it is true, have reaped no adequate reward, but many have garnered fortunes. You can match every Ericsson with a Bessemer and every Whitney with a Kelvin.

Most successful inventors have been too busy to combat the theory that because a man happens to be gifted with the genius of creation he must of necessity forswear all pretense to practicality. The creative and the commercial faculties may go hand

in hand. You have only to look at the millions that stand in the name of Bell and Agassiz and even Edison to find significant modern instances.

Of course there was a time when the man of research was a sort of public charge. He was regarded as an aloof and distinctive figure and the State was supposed to owe him a living. Learning had little to do with the practical affairs of the world. Like the art of the painter or the poet, it lived largely on the patronage of the great and the rich.

The beginning of the end of this idea came with Francis Bacon. His splendid genius dispelled some of the unpractical gloom that had hung about the scholar. He sounded the thrilling key-note of scientific research—that the progress of man must come by his conquest of nature. He reared the first great outpost of original investigation. That he paid dearly for it most people know, because he caught a fatal cold while making a somewhat crude experiment with refrigeration—observing a dead fowl which he had out in the snow.

In Bacon's day, of course, practical science was in its feeble infancy; but every subsequent cycle of scientific and inventive enlightenment—each with its miracle of heat or power or light—has been marked by the material success of some of the illuminating minds that have made their age their own.

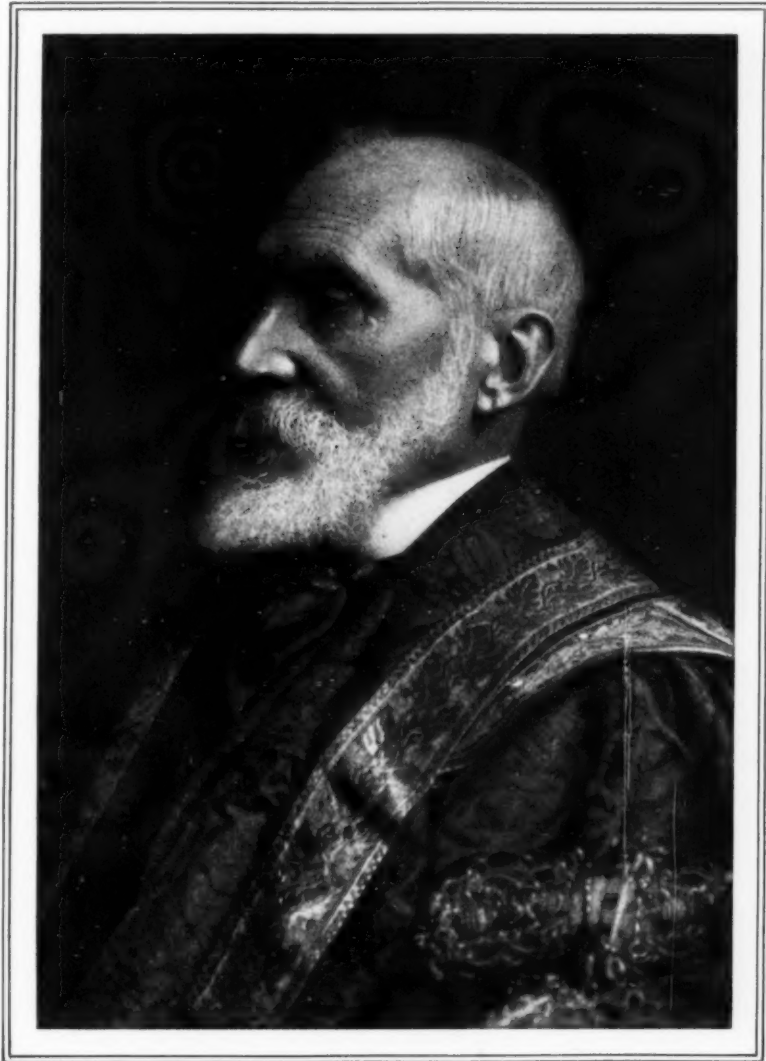
When you come to analyze the careers of the very successful men of science and invention—and especially the latter-day examples—you discover, as a rule, that their way to fortune was due to one of two things.

The first is a natural commercial bent, such as was evidenced by Lord Kelvin, one of the shrewdest and most practical of men. His feat in marketing his improved compass would in itself have singled him out for rare business distinction.

The second is an ability to learn from the teaching of experience—as happened, for instance, with Sir Henry Bessemer, who found that he had been too confiding and

altruistic with his first invention, and reaped the usual reward of excessive faith in the gratitude of governments. But like the wise man that he was, he never again allowed himself to be taken advantage of, and he became a millionaire.

I might add a third factor, of which Mr. Edison has perhaps given the most conspicuous example. It consists of choosing the right kind of associates, to form a



LORD KELVIN (SIR WILLIAM THOMSON), THE FAMOUS ENGLISH PHYSICIST WHO WAS EQUALLY SUCCESSFUL AS A SCIENTIST, AN INVENTOR, A TEACHER, AND A BUSINESS MAN

From a photograph by Lafayette, London

bulwark against the nightmare of the inventor—which is infringement—and to give the investigating mind immunity from the frets of finance. It is scarcely necessary to add that this method closely resembles Mr. Carnegie's favorite formula for success.

climes, new activities—a whole vast new civilization—have united to stimulate and to reward man's ingenuity. The originating mind has not been compelled to waste its time in hawking the fruits of genius. Capital lies in wait at the laboratory door, and



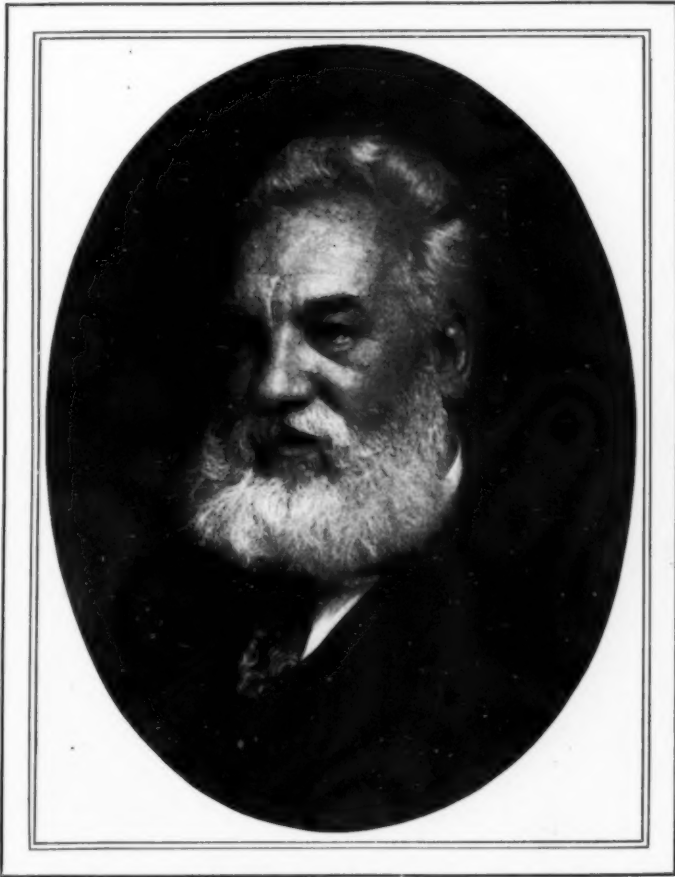
SIR HENRY BESSEMER, THE ENGLISH METALLURGIST AND INVENTOR, WHOSE EPOCH-MAKING PROCESS IN STEEL MANUFACTURE MADE HIM A MILLIONAIRE

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

One great aid to the success of the inventor has been the tremendous increase in the scope of business. The world, as it has expanded, has cried out for new devices and new conveniences. New lands, new

the ear of militant commercial expansion is attuned to the whirl of the pioneering lathe.

You find men like Westinghouse, Edison, Marconi, and Parsons entrenched be-



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, INVENTOR OF THE TELEPHONE, WHOSE ORIGINAL PATENT WAS THE MOST VALUABLE EVER ISSUED IN ANY COUNTRY

From a copyrighted photograph by Puch, New York

hind millions, secure in the knowledge that their inventions—conceived and devised to promote progress and facilitate human uplift—will not know the pinch of adverse and discouraging circumstance.

In addition to all this, a new conviction has come to the inventor and the scientist. He is no longer ashamed to be called a "man of business." Rather is he proud of the accomplishment. And to business itself there have come a fresh dignity, a glamour of science, a place among the so-called arts. It lies at the base of all activity.

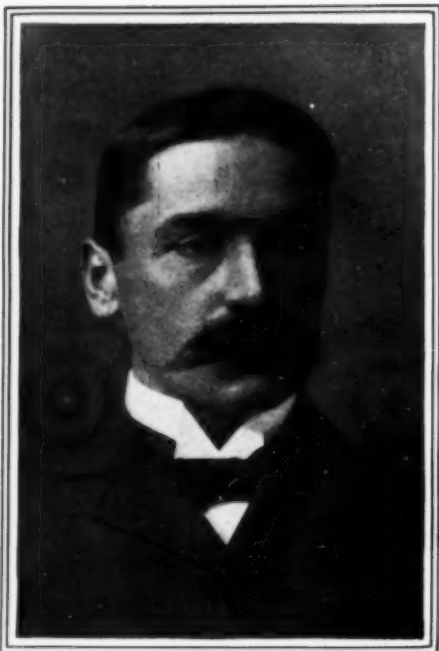
Now you can appreciate the pathos of that famous line by James Watt, the chief inventor of the steam-engine, written to the friend who rescued him from ruin:

Of all things in life, there is nothing so unprofitable as invention.

THE CASE OF SIR HENRY BESSEMER

Run the roster of scientific men who have become rich, and you discover an embarrassment of instances—so many, in fact, that only a few cases can be used here for the purpose of illustration. Take one particularly notable case—that of a man whose name is commemorated wherever a locomotive rushes along the ringing rails, wherever the hand of the builder swings a piece of steel skyward. Sir Henry Bessemer amassed a fortune of more than a million pounds.

The incident that lay at the root of his riches, and changed him from dreamer to



PROFESSOR MICHAEL I. PUPIN, OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, AN INVENTOR WHO HAS PROVED TO BE A MASTER OF BUSINESS

From a photograph by Pach, New York

hard man of affairs, happened shortly after he came to London, at the age of twenty, to make his way in the world. His first work was in die-making. He discovered that the government was losing large sums of money each year by the fraudulent use of stamps. Old stamps were used again and again. Bessemer thereupon perfected a die which made a stamp that could not be transferred from one document to another.

He had sweated out his idea through stress, toil, and privation. He was engaged to be married; and now he saw a competency and a home looming before him. Full of elation, he went to the stamp officials, who were so much impressed that they accepted his device, and offered him the post of superintendent of stamps, at a good salary.

A few days later, when he was telling his fiancée of his success, she remarked:

"If all the stamps had a date put on them, they could not be used again without detection."

It gave the young inventor a fresh idea. Despite the fact that it would undo part

of his arduous work, he reshaped his invention. When the government officials received it, they were more enthusiastic than before; so much so that they discarded his original device and abolished the office of superintendent of stamps. The ingenuous young man, who had placed his faith in the appreciation of his country, found himself out in the cold.

Bessemer had not taken the precaution to cover his invention by any patent; he had no redress. In speaking of the affair he once said:

"I could not go to law even if I wished to do so, for I was reminded, when pressing for mere money out of pocket, that I had done all the work voluntarily and of my own accord."

It is only fair to the British government to say that some years afterward, when Bessemer laid his case before Lord Beaconsfield, he was knighted as a tardy recognition of his service.

Not every one knows how to profit by costly experience. Bessemer did. When years of successful experimentation in velvet-stamping, glass-making, and sugar-re-



GUGLIELMO MARCONI, WHO LED BOTH IN THE INVENTION AND IN THE COMMERCIALIZATION OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

From a copyrighted photograph by Pach, New York

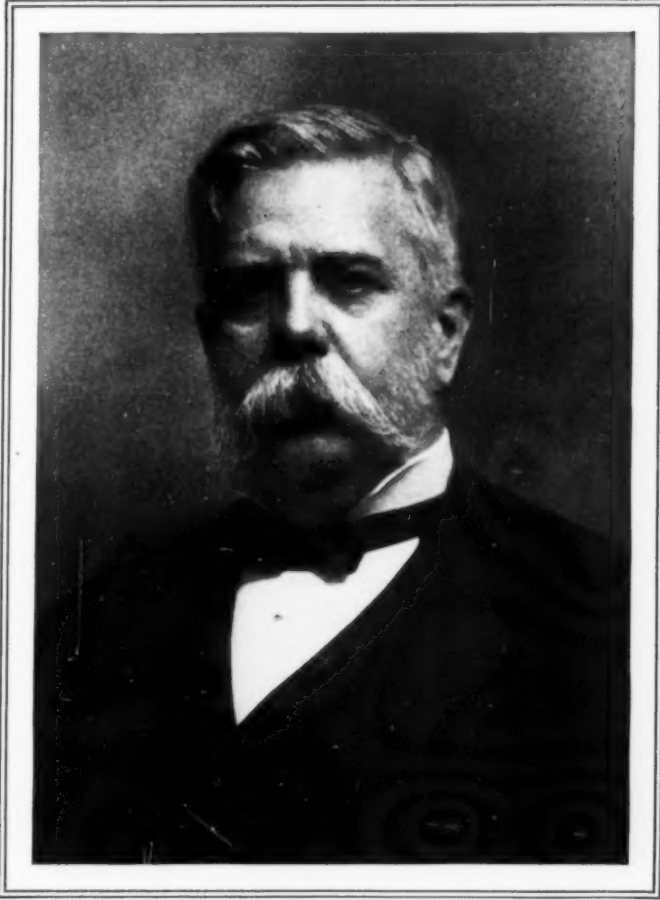
fining had put him in the line of big results, and he finally perfected the epoch-making process in steel manufacture which bears his name, he took no chances. He slapped enough international patents on it to cover every possible detail and emergency, and they were so secure that nothing could dislodge them. He took these precautions in

semer's business foresight. But he would almost invariably tell the story of the die fiasco, and say:

"That's the thing that put it in me!"

THE WEALTH OF EDISON

Now turn to Thomas A. Edison, and see an entirely different kind of practicality.



GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE, WHOSE AIR-BRAKE MADE HIM A MILLIONAIRE
WHEN HE WAS THIRTY YEARS OLD

From a copyrighted photograph by Gessford, New York

the face of jest, ridicule, and every other artifice known to the enemies of the advanced idea that upsets old traditions and makes a man a pathfinder in his vocation.

In the prime of his marvelous success, when his name was synonymous for the dawn and development of a whole new empire of industry, people would praise Bes-

Perhaps no American name is better known all over the world at the present time.

The average citizen who uses his incandescent light, hears his phonograph, sees his moving pictures, rides on his electric cars, or is affected in some way by the extraordinary activities which have emanated from his marvelous brain, concludes that

Mr. Edison's revenues must be nothing short of fabulous. As a matter of fact, while he is a rich man, he is not the multimillionaire that he might have been had he been a mere money-maker. He has made money in spite of himself, and by the aid of the brilliant and watchful coterie known as "the staff."

Edison did not begin by being a practical man. That was shown when he got his first stake, a check for forty thousand dollars paid him by General Lefferts for his stock-ticker. He had never received a check before, and when he shoved it through the teller's window at the bank it was handed back to him.

In dismay he rushed back to General Lefferts, and said he was afraid the check was no good. The general discovered that Edison had failed to indorse it. Of course,

the paying-teller might have told him this, but it seems he realized that he was dealing with a green hand, and wanted to have some fun with him.

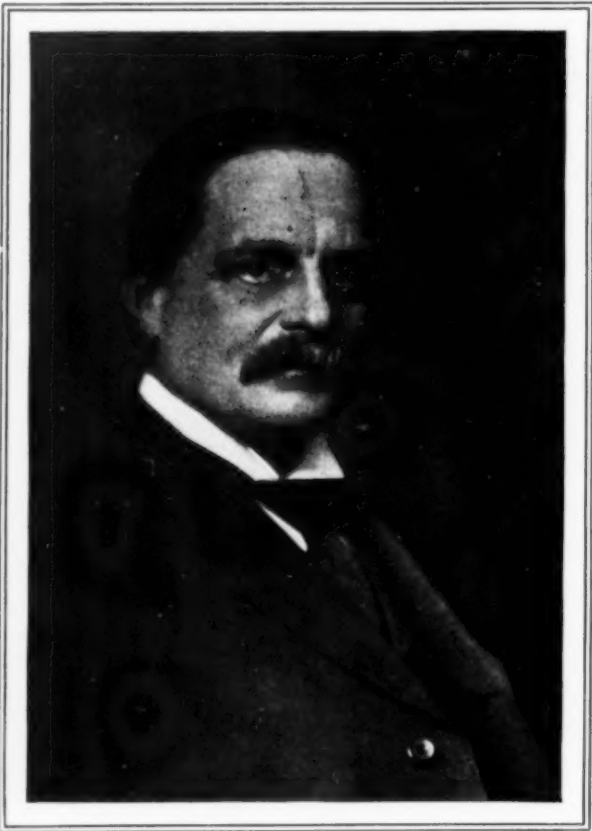
When Edison went into business for himself, he had an amusing experience. He kept no books. He had two hooks in the shop. On one he jabbed all the bills and accounts that he owed; on the other he kept his memoranda of items owing to him. When bills came due, he gave notes. When these in turn matured, he hustled around and got cash advances on orders.

One day he hired a bookkeeper, who reported that the shop was three thousand dollars ahead of the game. Edison was so much delighted that he gave a supper to some of his men to celebrate the event. But two days later, going over the accounts again, he found out that instead of being to the good, he was really five hundred dollars in debt.

Yet out of such absurdly amusing episodes grew the colossal business which bears the name of the wizard, and which represents, in all its world-wide branches and ramified activities, an investment of nearly seven billions of dollars and a gross annual income of more than one billion dollars.

Mr. Edison has not directed any of these enterprises financially. He has always been content to be free to pursue his investigations. He has said, too, that he never made a cent out of his patents in electric light and power — two branches, by the way, in which others have made many millions. But he has had the gift of picking the right men to handle his affairs; and this, according to the richest of all steelmasters, represents the instinct indispensable to successful business.

Nor must you get the impression that Edison is lacking in practical sense. His ability in this direction is best summed up by one of his closest associates:



ELIHU THOMSON, WHO MADE A FORTUNE OUT OF ELECTRIC WELDING, WHICH IS ONLY ONE OF HIS FIVE HUNDRED PATENTS

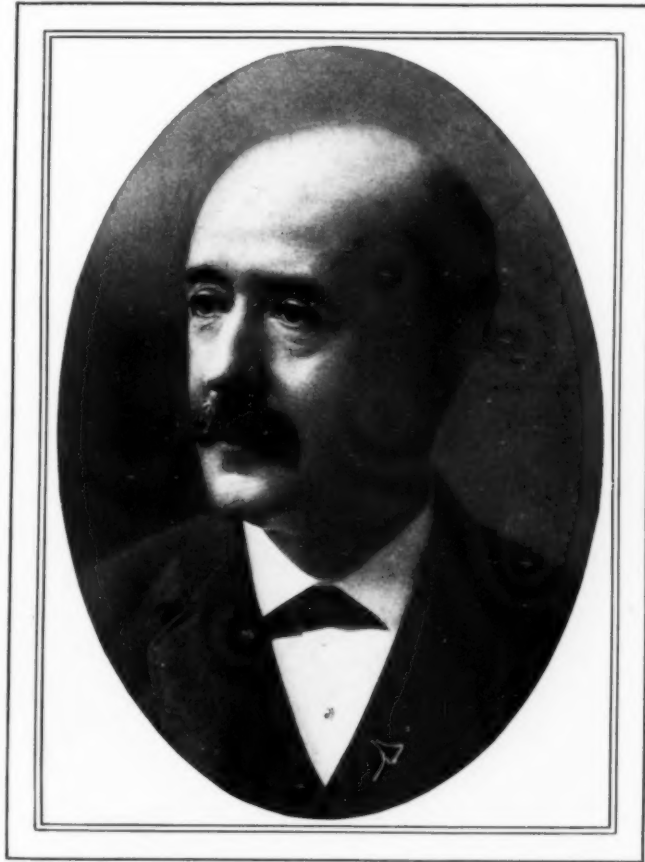
From a photograph by MacDonald, New York

"Mr. Edison's commercial strength manifests itself in the outlining of matters relating to organization and broad policy with a sagacity arising from a shrewd perception and from an appreciation of general business requirements and conditions;

are the things that make the formula of manufacturing success.

THE ACUMEN OF AGASSIZ

For downright business sense and native ability to capitalize scientific knowledge,



ALEXANDER AGASSIZ, NATURALIST AND ENGINEER, WHO MADE A GREAT FORTUNE BY DEVELOPING AND FINANCING THE CALUMET AND HECLA COPPER-MINE

From a photograph by Falk, New York

to which should be added his intensely comprehensive grasp of manufacturing possibilities and details, and an unceasing vigilance in devising means of improving the quality of products and increasing the economy of their manufacture."

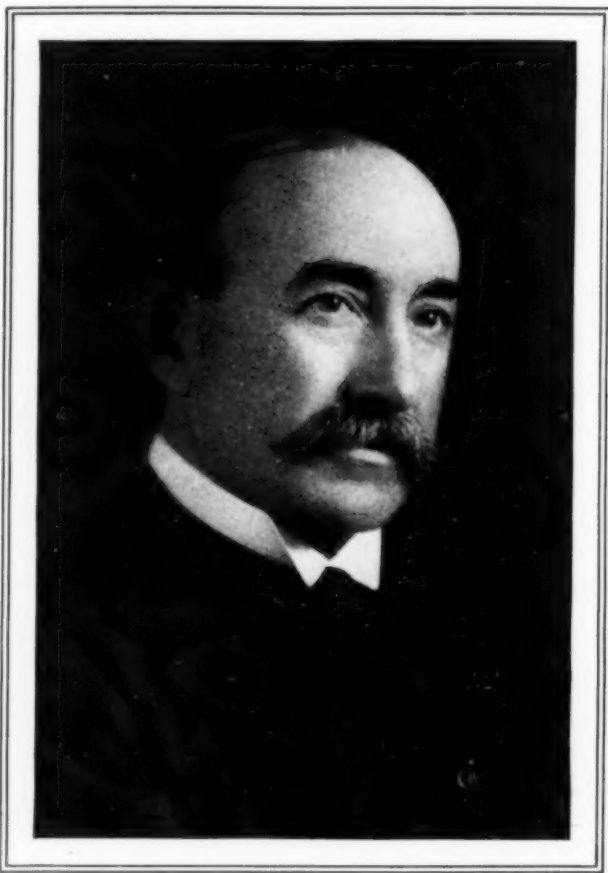
Thus he is possessed of those qualities on which the whole great science of modern business is reared, for we have come to the era of standardization and organization. These, combined with economy of output,

Professor Alexander Agassiz stands alone. He has given to science perhaps its most successful commercial tradition. Practically single-handed, he put through a vast market project, and he had the courage and the discretion to hold fast to what he had in the face of all those temporary depressions and vicissitudes to which even the best mining propositions are heir. The result is that to-day the name of Agassiz stands high on the roll of millions.

Though it is an oft-repeated tale, the story of Calumet and Hecla always remains fascinating, because it has the glamour of dramatic discovery about it. Its romance has been exploited at the cost of its purely business side.

Professor Agassiz was the son of a

the best rules of the business game. He did not herald his discovery with a brass band. Going back to Boston, he interested a few people who represented the aristocracy of the community, and whose names gave the enterprise solidity, integrity, and, best of all, confidence. He put his entire



JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, A FAMOUS MINERALOGIST AND MINING ENGINEER
WHO HAS CAPITALIZED HIS SKILL TO THE EXTENT OF MILLIONS

From a photograph by MacDonald, New York

famous scientist, and himself a geologist of note. While hunting specimens in the Michigan woods, he came across a prospector who had found a marvelous piece of copper ore. His knowledge of mineralogy told him that this piece of rock was the sign-board of a vast fortune, and he paid liberally for the specimen and the site from which it came.

To realize upon his find, he followed

family into the enterprise, and they have dominated it ever since. The most experienced mining promoter could not have done better; yet this was achieved by a man whose forebears and whose own life had been dedicated to pure science.

The case of Professor Alexander Graham Bell is akin to that of Edison. He is generally regarded as a wealthier man than the Wizard of Llewellyn Park. This is

possibly due to the fact that he has concentrated upon one great invention of universal service, which he has practically controlled.

In business matters, Professor Bell has been shrewder than Edison. At the age of twenty-nine, when he received that far-famed patent No. 174465, the most valuable single patent ever issued in any country, he followed the example of Sir Henry Bessemer by copper-riveting it with every possible buttress. This is why it stood such a terrific broadside of attacks, and proved invulnerable even to the assault of the powerful Western Union Telegraph Company.

Like Professor Agassiz, the inventor of the telephone kept his fortune in his family, and it was done in a very tender and sentimental way. While he was wrestling with those inarticulate sounds which were soon to burst forth as the voice of the telephone, he was wooing the beautiful Mabel Hubbard, daughter of Gardner Hubbard, his first and devoted patron. On the day of their marriage, he presented his bride with his share of the original Bell stock—a princely dowry that has reaped a harvest of millions.

While not blind to the practicalities of life, Professor Bell has always been frank enough to admit that the integrity of the Bell fortune has been largely conserved by the loyalty of his associates. That masterful group of men included Hubbard, who introduced the telephone; Thomas Watson, who constructed it; Thomas Sanders, who financed it; James Storrow and Chauncey Smith, who fought its legal battles; and, last but not least, the brilliant Theodore Vail, who unified it into a vast and worldwide commercial proposition that added fresh distinction to the achievement of American business.

There is much difference of opinion in the business world about the native financial ability of George Westinghouse. There are those who claim that the temporary setback which his interests received during the panic of 1907 was due to his belief that he was as great a financier as he is an inventor. Be that as it may, he is a millionaire who has enriched many men besides himself, and a brief résumé of the principal activity of his life reveals the fact that somewhere in his system is a pretty well-defined sense of practical proportion.

When Mr. Westinghouse invented the air-brake, he was a mere boy, and had neither

the money nor the influence to put it on the market. This was in 1867. Yet by 1874 the Westinghouse Air Brake Company had been established for five years, and was making such headway that the inventor was able to go to Europe to introduce his device there. Before Mr. Westinghouse was thirty years of age, it had made him a million dollars.

Perhaps the greatest proof of his business ability lies in the remarkable fact that his company, which has controlled the air-brake for forty years, is the one concern in its field that does not pay a dollar of royalty to any one. Here is another conspicuous example of an inventor who had the foresight to concentrate, and to keep to himself the product of his genius.

WHAT A RUNAWAY SERB BOY DID

For an admirable example of the scientist with a keen nose for business and a well-defined practical genius, you have only to go with me for a moment up to those imposing heights in New York where Columbia University rears its variegated structure. In the director's room of the research laboratory you will find a big, broad, swarthy, black-eyed man whose Oriental cast of feature seems more or less out of place amid the environment of Western civilization. He is Michael I. Pupin, head of the laboratory, and professor of electro-mechanics.

Such is his scholastic title, but the business world knows him as the shrewd and successful inventor of devices that have rescued sound transmission from irritating losses, and incidentally made him a rich man. His whole career is such an overwhelming vindication of the practicality of the scientist that it is well worth rehearsing here in brief.

Professor Pupin was born on a farm in southern Hungary. His people for many generations had been Serbs of the old order. At fifteen he ran away from home, stowed himself away in the steerage of a ship, and turned up at Castle Garden almost without a penny. He made his way southward to Delaware, worked on a farm there, and then came back to the great city, where he got a position in a factory.

The thirst for knowledge was strong in him, and he began to go to the night-school at Cooper Union. Mechanics had always fascinated him, so he specialized in mathematics. All day he toiled in a store; nearly

all night he studied. By 1879 he had saved three hundred dollars, and with this he entered Columbia University.

So keen and so thrifty was he that by the time he finished his four years, he had save three thousand dollars, made by tutoring at night and during the summer. His tuition had cost him nothing, because he had won scholarship after scholarship. With his savings he was able to study at Cambridge and at Berlin, and before many years he found himself in the faculty of his first *alma mater*.

You may imagine that a man who could push forward at this rate would not be content with the routine of a university professorship. His restless mind sought new fields of conquest.

He was naturally interested in the transmission of sound. From engineers he heard, day after day, that the crying necessity of long-distance telephony was some adequate medium for such communication. The old-time wires were all right when left in the air, but the moment they were placed under ground or water the electric energy was wasted, and service was impaired. We had come into the underground era in all kinds of transportation. The time was ripe for an invention that would relieve one of the greatest agencies of modern civilization from congestion and impairment.

Professor Pupin went quietly to work, and perfected a telephone cable for underground and submarine use. The telephone officials were so hot on the trail of a device that would aid them that on the very day after he had secured his patent their agents were running him down.

One engineer, assigned to locate him, followed him from New York to his country home at South Norwalk, thence to Cambridge, Massachusetts, and finally cornered him at Clark University, in Worcester, where he was spending the night with a friend. The result was that the professor, having proved his invention to be just what it was said to be, sold it out for a lump sum that made him immune from any further danger of financial distress. To-day, when you talk by long-distance telephone from New York to Boston, you use Professor Pupin's cable.

Once started on the road to prosperity, Professor Pupin kept his pace. Half a dozen inventions—all sold outright—have each netted him large returns. His device for wireless tuning—which puts the differ-

ent stations in perfect accord with each other—and his multiplex system of radio-telegraphy have both been sold to the Marconi interests.

Professor Pupin has demonstrated his practical ability in many ways. He is perhaps the most distinguished Serb in the United States, and his people over here look to him as a leader. Some years ago he found that the United Servian Benefit Societies, whose purpose is purely philanthropic, were in a bad way. They were more than sixty thousand dollars in debt; death claims by the score remained unpaid, and there was much hardship in consequence. Despite the fact that he was well-nigh absorbed in his scientific researches, he reorganized the societies on a business basis, introducing a new system of accounting and supervision. The result is that they are now on a stable footing, with a surplus of twenty-five thousand dollars, and a monthly magazine and a daily newspaper of their own.

Men of large affairs who have had negotiations with Professor Pupin all admit his unusual business sense; yet he has not exploited it at the cost of his scientific ideals. He has a theory that a man of inventive genius must be practical.

"Why?" I asked him.

"Simply because the successful inventor is the mouthpiece of practical experience," he replied.

His long-distance telephone cable was an admirable illustration of this. Engineers had been experimenting for years to find such a thing, and Pupin knew that there was dire need of it. He simply capitalized the necessity.

This reference to Professor Pupin naturally brings us to Guglielmo Marconi, the wizard of the wireless. Marconi has not been unmindful of the commercial possibilities of his great invention, and he is now securely entrenched behind the great corporations that exploit the device.

It must be remembered that Marconi never felt the stern pinch of necessity. Had he mounted the tortuous path of the self-made, he might have had a still keener appreciation of the value of pound and dollar.

Marconi has a peculiarly strong grip on the favorite child of his inventive brain. The corporations formed to develop it had to have both his name and his cooperation, because every successive improvement—which he was the man best qualified to

make—rendered their investments all the more valuable.

THE MILLIONAIRE ENGINEER

What might be called the practicality of science is not confined entirely to pure research work. Take, for example, the case of a great mining engineer like John Hays Hammond, whose fortune long ago began to be computed in seven figures.

His training was scientific, pure and simple, but to this equipment he has always brought a strong sense of business and an ability to realize on opportunity. His marvelous "nose for ore" has led him to wondrous finds. Instead of being content with record-breaking salaries—he was perhaps the first engineer to receive as much as fifty thousand dollars a year—he always made himself a partner in big enterprises.

One of the things that first impressed Cecil Rhodes with Hammond was his fine sense of business. They were both men of tremendous vision, and the father of Rhodesia—Kipling's "dreamer devout"—saw in him a constructive ally, a fit comrade for the large task of empire-building. That eventful chapter in his life ended with the South African war; and his later activities have centered in America.

A FORTUNE IN FLYING

With the possible exception of wireless telegraphy, we have thus far dealt with inventions and enterprises that were comparatively of the established order. Now let us take aviation, the first thrills of which have scarcely subsided. Its lamented pioneer, Wilbur Wright—who not many years ago was earning a mechanic's wage by repairing bicycles—lived long enough to realize some of the fruits of his genius, for he left an estate of almost three hundred thousand dollars.

While this fortune is very modest, as compared with some of the rich stakes of in-

vention, it is large when you consider the fact that aviation is not yet widely commercialized. The hazard of swift and terrible death is still about it.

But Wilbur Wright was a remarkable man in more ways than one. He got his first taste of business in a hard school, where every nickel looked big, and where every scrap of metal was capital. He believed in flying, and when his first machine lifted its wings from the earth it was protected by carefully devised patents. The Wrights fought every infringement that threatened to trespass upon their field.

When Wilbur Wright came back to his home country with the laurel of foreign approval upon his modest brow, his own people began to rally around him. His first big company was financed by prominent Wall Street men. I once heard one of these capitalists say that he was amazed at the shrewdness, foresight, and downright commercial sense displayed by the seemingly ingenuous inventor from Dayton.

The result is that the Wright interests are securely organized. Indeed, Wilbur Wright's ability in this direction gave stability and character to the whole art of aviation in the United States.

Imposing as it is, this array comprises only the great beacon-lights of successful inventive and scientific genius. There are scores of other men, many of them almost unknown, but nearly all keen, hard-headed captains of commerce who have translated their ideas into gold. Among them are Francis Blake, whose transmitter gave the telephone its finishing touch of utility; Elihu Thomson, who gave the world electric welding; Charles F. Brush, who created the arc-light; and Charles A. Parsons, who developed the marine turbine.

In the end you find that genius, in addition to being an infinite capacity for taking pains, may likewise include an equally well-developed ability to make money.

THE TEACHER

THE fame of Buonarroti ne'er shall fade
While men shall live and suns shall rise and set;
His figures noble from the marble made
Will live imperishably on; and yet—

Yon teacher hath a task more fine, more true,
Than Buonarroti's best hath ever been,
Who from some human block shall fitly hew
A strengthful soul to serve his fellow men!

John M. Woods

THE INTENTION OF THE TESTATOR

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

AUTHOR OF "EROS AND THE EAR-TRUMPET," ETC.

LETTERS came so rarely to Amiable Tidd that when the postmaster handed him an envelope with a promisingly official and important look about it, and with a lawyer's name and address printed at the upper left-hand corner, he was inclined to insist that somebody had made a mistake.

Its contents were short, concise, and clear. Amiable's Uncle Tom Quinlan, by last will and testament, had given, devised, and bequeathed unto his nephew a half interest in the vessel *City of Stockholm*—but on condition, the letter continued, that he, the aforesaid Amiable Tidd, carried out the directions to be found within the enclosed sealed envelope, and not otherwise.

Amiable had to think a moment before he could place his Uncle Tom Quinlan. He finally located the deceased as a younger brother of his mother, with whom that lady had maintained a feud until the day of her death, and whom Amiable had never seen. Rumors, vague enough, had floated to Tidd that a maiden daughter of the old man's first wife was keeping house for him, and was regarded by neighbors as the future owner of all the captain's property.

Amiable paused to tear open the envelope bearing the conditions.

"I wonder," he mused, "how the old coot come to leave anything to me!"

Receiving no enlightenment on the point, he drew forth a slip of paper and read:

If this here nephew, Amiable Tidd, expects to git the property I've left him, to wit, a half interest into the *City of Stockholm*, he's got to do what I tell him for once, and what he's got to do is as follers, namely, to meet the aforesaid vessel at *Tonawanda* the first time she touches there after my decease, and to go aboard of her and stay for one complete and continuous passage from the said *Tonawanda* to *Duluth* and back agin. Otherwise he don't git nothing.

Yours truly,

THOS. QUINLAN.

Amiable read it all through, to make sure there was no catch in it, such as might be suspected of lurking in so formal and legal a document. He became satisfied, however, of its good faith and openness.

"H-m!" he mused. "If that there vessel is wuth much of anything, I don't see no reason why I shouldn't git a ride onto her. It ain't what I'd regard as a difficult way of gittin' prop'ty!"

He investigated by letter, and in due course was able to boast that he had fallen heir to property valued at not a cent less than forty thousand dollars. Remaining at home only long enough to set the news in circulation, he packed his satchel and left for *Tonawanda*.

II

It was with some pride that Amiable clambered aboard the *City of Stockholm*. Ownership magnified her excellencies so that her defects were lost to view, and he thought her a very fine vessel indeed. As he dropped over the rail, he perceived a short, bushy old sailorman leaning against the after cabin, and regarding him with twinkling eyes. After a brief scrutiny, the old fellow approached leisurely and extended a calloused paw.

"I'm Cap'n Larsen," he said, "and I expect you're the heir."

"I'm Amiable Tidd, if that amounts to the same thing."

"That there was the name, all right. Been wonderin' if you'd come."

"Why shouldn't I?"

Cap'n Larsen coughed, strangled, shut his twinkling eyes a moment, and then looked at Amiable with perfect gravity.

"Sure enough," he agreed, "why shouldn't you?" Again the huge paw covered half of the captain's face, and his eyes closed into little vortices of wrinkles. "Why shouldn't you? No reason. None

whatever. You was as sure to come as rain in April!"

Amiable deposited his satchel in his stateroom and hurried out on deck. He did not wish to miss a particle of this new experience, for he had reached the age of forty-nine years without having set foot on a craft of greater beam, draft, and capacity than a rowboat.

While the vessel was completing her loading, and until she was well away from the shore, nosing out into Lake Erie, Cap'n Larsen kept his twinkling eyes on Amiable, except at those times when he retired behind the cabin to chuckle. Presently, in plain view of the heir, the captain suffered a very paroxysm of stifled mirth; and Amiable became aware that the merry little eyes were fastened, not on him, but on something visible over his shoulder.

He turned and beheld a small, slender woman, whose graying hair was primly tucked under a tiny bonnet; a middle-aged woman with a pert face and sharp eyes and a prim mouth, with a prim ribbon about her throat. As his eyes dropped before her snapping glance, he discovered that her feet were shod in the neatest and primmest of shoes.

The captain smoothed his face into an expression of preternatural gravity, but his eyes increased the brightness of their twinkle until they became little points of glistening light.

"Miss Mary Boyd—Mr. Amiable Tidd," he said, pointing with his thumb at each as the name was spoken, so that there could be no mistake as to identity.

Amiable sensed that it was an introduction, and to the maiden daughter of Uncle Tom Quinlan's first wife, whom neighbors had looked on as the old man's sole heir and beneficiary. He bowed awkwardly and felt his ears flame, but followed the wise course of saying not a word. Mary's eyes snapped so that Amiable would have given his word he heard the lids click.

"You here!" Her voice snapped like her eyes. Evidently she resented Amiable's coheirship. "How dast you come here when I was aboard? I don't see how you got up the face to do it."

"I didn't know you was here. I had to come. It—it was in the will."

Instantly Amiable recognized that any mention of that document was unlikely to soften the regard in which Miss Mary held him.

"Don't say 'will' to me—don't say it, you that cheated me out of half of what was mine! You got to git off this ship. I was here first and I'm a goin' to stay. You git right off!"

"How kin I?" Amiable expostulated, looking over the bulwarks at the stretch of lake between the vessel and the shore, while Cap'n Larsen beat a hasty retreat around the corner of the cabin. "Besides, this here is a legal matter, and must be performed as sich to the letter. If I git off, I lose half of this here vessel."

"You shouldn't never have had none of it. It was mine!"

"But it ain't yourn." Amiable was becoming stubborn. "I didn't do nothin' to git it. I never see Uncle Tom Quinlan in my life, and if he wanted to leave me some of his prop'ty I guess he could without askin' nobody's permission. And," he added acrimoniously, "there wasn't no need for you to come aboard this here trip. You done it to make trouble, 'cause you must ha' knowed I was comin'."

"I didn't know it." The lady shook her head belligerently. "But if I had, it wouldn't 'a' made a speck of difference. I got directions to come or lose what was left me in the will, and I come."

Her mouth shut into a straight line which said plainly that she would stay if coheirs sprang up out of the deck as thick as dandelions in an ill-kept lawn. She turned to Cap'n Larsen, who had recovered himself sufficiently to be presentable.

"Make this man git off'n this deck! I want to stay here and enjoy myself, and I can't with him hangin' around."

"Sorry, ma'am, but that's somethin' I can't do. You see he's owner of half of it himself."

"I'm owner of half, too!" she flared.

"Sure," beamed the captain. "Sure you be so."

Once again Mary Boyd addressed Amiable.

"If I'm owner of half of this ship, I want to know which half it is, and I want you to keep off'n it. You stay on your own part, and don't come nowheres near me!"

Amiable was roused to retort.

"I never was knowed to pick up a red-hot stove-lid with my naked hand, and I guess it wouldn't scorch much worse'n what I've seen of the disposition you're harborin'."

The situation was giving Cap'n Larsen

an amount of fun upon which he would not willingly have put a price. He had paid a dollar to sit in a plush seat near the orchestra and see a worse entertainment. Clearing his throat, he offered advice to Miss Boyd.

"Bein' as I'm a sailorman, and better acquainted with ships than you, I calc'late I'd better issue a few warnin's before you grab onto your share of the City of Stockholm. First, Miss Boyd, if you take the forrard half, Mr. Tidd will come into possession of the engines, which would be unhandy for you if he wanted to stop 'em some time when you wanted to go ahead. Likewise, if you pick the stern, he'll have the pilot-house and steerin'-gear, makin' it possible for him to go wherever he takes it into his head. Also the galley is on the port side, and the mess-room is to starboard. Whichever gets which has to do without t'other. Now, ma'am, with these here facts before you, you can choose intelligent."

"I don't want none of your advice! I pick this here side, whatever you call it."

"Port," prompted the captain. "Where'll you eat?"

"Never you mind where I'll eat! I guess I won't starve none." She turned to Amiable. "Now you understand, Amiable Tidd, I won't have you on this side of the ship. Not for a minute!"

"No," said Amiable, "you won't—not unless the elements dashes me there ag'in' my will!"

"And furthermore," she went on, "I don't know there's sich a man as you alive. I'm goin' to make b'lieve you ain't aboard at all."

Amiable turned to the captain with simulated surprise.

"Guess I must 'a' been dreamin'," he said, with a tremendous wink. "I thought there was a woman aboard. Honest I did, cap'n, and I thought I was talkin' to her. Ain't it funny how a fellow'll doze off while he's standin' up, and dream in broad daylight? Yes, sir, I thought there was a middle-aged maiden lady standin' right over there"—he pointed directly at Mary Boyd—"spittin' up, and scoldin' like Jim Ryerson's cat. I never seen nothin' so real in my life!"

Mary Boyd gasped. She had expected to hurl no such boomerang. Appropriate rejoinder failed to present itself, though, if she could have transferred the seething of

her brain into words, Amiable would have been seared to the bone.

When finally she did think of something to say, she never got a chance to utter it, for a little boy, still in kilts, came scampering forward and plunged into the mass of her skirts.

"Ahem!" coughed Amiable pointedly.

Mary Boyd glared at him, her cheeks ruddy with the fire of her pent-up wrath.

"Cap'n Larsen," she rasped, "if there was a man aboard this vessel that didn't have no sense of decency, and that I wouldn't speak direct to on no account whatever, I'd ask you to tell him that this here baby belongs to my oldest sister's daughter that's dead, and that I'm bringin' him up accordin' to Scripture in the way he ought to go!"

The little fellow peered out at Amiable from behind his great-aunt's skirts with big, round eyes, taking stock of him after the manner of childhood. Amiable winked at him and received an answering smile.

"Don't go winkin' at me!" flared Mary.

"Why, Cap'n Larsen, what was that?" Amiable became the personification of surprise. "I thought somebody spoke to me—and about winkin'. Well, I never!" He peered about, shading his eyes, as if vainly trying to discover where the voice came from. "You ain't one of them there ventriloquist fellers, be you, cap'n?"

Miss Boyd sought refuge in flight, but as she disappeared around the texas she called to Cap'n Larsen:

"You see to it that there ain't no trespassin' on this here side of the ship! Not so much as lookin', if you can stop it!"

III

LITTLE Jed escaped from his great-aunt's custody presently, and came forward to enlarge acquaintance with Amiable and the captain. He placed himself before the former with legs spread wide apart, and looked at him gravely.

"Hello!" he said.

Amiable returned the look, but shook his head dubiously.

"I ain't sure that I see no little boy at all. Seems like I ought to be able to see one, don't it, cap'n, 'specially bein's I'm so fond of them? I wonder if I could see this one if I was to try!"

"Here!" yelled Jed. "Look right here!" He waved his hand wildly. "Don't you see me now?"

"Come to think of it, I r'ally b'lieve I do see somethin' standin' there. Be you a little boy?"

"Yes," said Jed, and then added: "If I had a jack-knife, I could whittle out a ship."

"You could whittle off a finger," substituted Amiable. "But how'd it do if I was to take the jack-knife and whittle out a ship for you, sort of clandestine and surreptitious, doin' it in hidin' and on the sly, so to speak?"

"A big ship, wif sails and a man on it?"

"Two men — and a boy," promised Amiable.

"And a lady?"

"I guess there won't be no lady, sonny — not to put aboard the ship, anyhow. Ladies aboard ship with two men and a boy is like puttin' red pepper onto a stick of candy."

So Amiable set to work under the shelter of the texas to carve out a ship for Jed. It was not long before Mary Boyd missed her charge, and came bustling forward in search of him.

"Where's Jed?" she demanded of the captain.

The master jerked his thumb in the direction of the starboard side of the texas, where Mary could just see one pair of big feet projecting beside two very little ones.

"Jed!" she cried shrilly. "Come right over here on this side of the boat! You ain't got no business trespassin' over there. Come right back here!"

Amiable rose slowly to his feet, with a grim set to his lips.

"Cap'n Larsen," he said, "there ain't no kind of a person so mean as the one that interferes with a baby's pleasure. I wouldn't want to do it!"

Mary Boyd flushed.

"And, cap'n," continued Amiable, "if there was a little feller aboard, he'd be welcome on my side of the boat, and more'n welcome. I'd think shame to mix him up into growed folks' quarrels."

Without a word, Mary turned and marched down to her stateroom, but Jed remained unmolested with Amiable.

After that little Jed was with Amiable much of the time. The old fellow constituted himself guardian and overseer to the boy, and the pair achieved a friendship that made Mary Boyd bitterly jealous. She had never been able to win the love of her ward, though she had tried faithfully.

Amiable invented new games for Jed, and made him stacks of playthings with his skilful knife.

"I ain't never had no little boy of my own," Amiable told the lad many times; "but if I did have, he'd be a lot like you — don't you guess so?"

"Maybe he'd be me," suggested Jed, with the ready imagination of his years.

Amiable shook his head, and regarded the port side of the vessel gloomily.

"I'm afraid not, Jed — no more'n to the end of the trip, anyhow. I guess that'll be the last of it, all right!" He fell silent for a while, but soon his quaint smile brightened his face. "We'll play you're my boy, if you want to," he said. "You can be Jed Tidd till we git off the boat, eh?"

"Yes," Jed responded, and from that moment it was fact to him.

Mary Boyd watched them, jealous but ashamed to interfere. She sat lonely, envious, and with malice in heart toward Amiable. She believed that he had wronged her and deprived her of what was justly her own by some exercise of sharp practise; and the more she restrained herself, the more bitter became her thoughts.

One day she heard a conversation between Jed and Amiable which stabbed with a pain so sharp that it plunged through her self-restraint.

"What's your name?" asked Amiable, this being the first question of a sort of ritual that had sprung up between him and the boy.

"Jed Tidd," was the prompt reply.

"Whose boy be you?"

"I'm your boy."

"Why?"

"'Cause I like to be."

Mary Boyd choked back a sob. As usual, she addressed Amiable through Cap'n Larsen.

"Cap'n," she said in a trembling voice, "if I was a man aboard this ship, with a woman and a little boy that she wanted to get to love her, but somehow couldn't, I wouldn't up and try to steal away from her whatever affection the boy had for her, so I wouldn't! I'd never come between them."

Amiable heard the note of suffering in her voice, and understood its presence.

"Cap'n Larsen," he said gravely, "I'd be ashamed to come between any woman and the love of a little feller like Jed here, for instance. I wouldn't do it. But if I was a man that didn't never have no baby

of his own, which I be, I wouldn't think I was doin' any harm to git to care a heap for a little chap that was throwed across my way. It wouldn't be comin' between him and nobody to be good to him and play with him a little. I'd know it wasn't for long, and that in a day or two I was goin' to lose him agin for always, and I'd know how that was goin' to hurt. There wouldn't be no comin' between."

Once more Mary Boyd beat a retreat, but this time it was with tears in her eyes that were not altogether from the wells of anger.

IV

THAT night Amiable was awakened by a thunderous pounding on his door, and by the accompanying roar of Cap'n Larsen's voice.

"Git up!" the master was calling. "Git up, if you know anything about babies, 'cause little Jed's got somethin' the matter with him, and me and his aunt don't know what to do!"

Amiable found Mary Boyd holding Jed tightly in her arms, and staring down at him, her face white and drawn. The little fellow was coughing and wheezing and strangling—fighting bitterly for every breath. The woman looked dumbly, imploringly, at Amiable.

"Croup!" he snarled. "Gimme him!"

He snatched Jed and laid him on the berth. Then he deftly bandaged the child's throat with cold water, while he shouted to the captain to rush to the galley for melted butter. Almost before the bandage was in place, the master was back with a cup of steaming grease, which Amiable forced down the child's throat, to cut the phlegm.

It brought almost instant relief. Jed breathed more easily, finally began to cry weakly, and, after an anxious space, passed off to sleep in Amiable's arms.

With something of rare gentleness in his bearing, he arose and laid the child on Mary Boyd's lap.

"Hold him, ma'am," he whispered. "I'll stay with you and watch till there ain't no more danger."

When it began to grow light, Amiable got up and stretched himself wearily.

"I reckon it's about time I was gittin' over on my own side of the boat," he said, and went out.

Mary Boyd did not appear on deck until afternoon, when Jed, awakened from a long, restful sleep, and just as lively as if

he had not frightened his shipmates out of their wits, came trotting along with her. He saw Amiable leaning over the bulwarks, and ran to him with a cry of delight. Amiable lifted the child in his arms, and held him tightly for an instant. Then he perceived that Mary Boyd stood waiting.

"I got to thank you for what you did last night, Mr. Tidd," she said. "And—and I'm sorry I been actin' like I have."

"Glad you feel that way, Miss Boyd. It was gittin' a bit tryin' to the nerves, so to speak!"

Mary Boyd flushed. The reparation was hard to make.

"I hadn't ought to have b'lieved the folks that said you robbed me."

"Wa-al," Amiable drawled, "they was guilty of exaggeratin' a trifle. But what I got will git back into your fam'ly, all right. Little Jed here will be comin' in for it when I'm gone, and for as much as he needs before!"

"I wish"—Mary Boyd's voice was wistful—"that I could make him love me like he does you!"

"It ain't hard, ma'am, when you know how."

For a time there was silence; then Amiable cleared his throat uneasily.

"I been thinkin' about this here boy, ma'am, and that he'll be needin' a man to help with his bringin' up. I been thinkin', too, that it's a shame to have a good boat like this divided up the middle. I been thinkin', further, bein' as I don't b'lieve you got as bad a temper as you let on, that it would be a good idee if we combined on all them things; and likewise, so's not to confuse the boy, that we combine on names, makin' both of 'em Tidd, like mine!"

Mary brushed her hand across her eyes and turned away her head.

"Amiable Tidd," she said, "you're a good man—a good man!"

Amiable held out a big hand.

"Kin I come over on your side?" he asked.

She placed her hand in his to bind the bargain.

Cap'n Larsen came upon them thus, and his eyes twinkled even more than usual.

"A-hem!" he coughed.

"Don't bother to cough," said Amiable. "Her and me is goin' to git married."

The twinkle grew brighter.

"That there was the testamentary intention of Tom Quinlan!" the skipper said.

WHY ARE FRENCH PLAYS NO LONGER POPULAR IN AMERICA?

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

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EVERY one who has been familiar with the American stage for thirty or forty years must have noted a variety of changes, some for the better and some for the worse. One of the most marked of these changes is the disappearance of the producing stock companies of which there used to be several in New York and Boston and Chicago. Another is the disappearance of the French plays, which were formerly produced by a very large proportion of these stock companies.

When Augustin Daly managed Daly's Theater and A. M. Palmer the Union Square Theater, they competed with each other for the latest Parisian dramas. Lester Wallack, at the same time, was importing from London British adaptations of French plays; and even when he was bringing out Irish pieces by Dion Boucicault, these were often only French dramas in disguise. Daly liked to do his own adapting, and he was glad when he could announce a new piece not only as "a drama of contemporaneous human interest," but also as "the reigning Parisian sensation." Daly gave us "Froufrou" and "Fernande," "Alix," and "Article 47"; Palmer imported "The Two Orphans" and "A Celebrated Case"; and Wallack brought over from London, among other adaptations, "Diplomacy," which was a British perversion of Sardou's "Dora."

Nor was this anything new in the history of the American theater. Edwin Booth had played "Ruy Blas," "The Fool's Revenge," and "Don Cæsar de Bazan." Matilda Heron had made thousands weep as *Camille*. And even a hundred years ago,

William Dunlap, the father of the American drama, had made adaptations of pathetic French plays to alternate with his adaptations of pathetic German plays.

Boucicault's "Streets of New York," for all its local title, is only an adaptation of the same French original which served later as the suggestion for Charles Reade's "Hard Cash"; and Tom Taylor's "Ticket-of-Leave Man" was also an adaptation of a French play by the authors of the original of "The Streets of New York," Brissbarre and Nus. Even minor pieces, like Planché's charming "Morning Call" and Taylor's effective "Still Waters Run Deep" were transmogrified from French sources.

Nowadays all this is changed. The French play is no longer the staple of the American stage—or of the British stage either, for that matter. Our managers are no longer eager to snatch avidly at "the reigning Parisian sensation." Of course, a play of world-wide celebrity, like "Cyrano de Bergerac," is certain of performance over here. And now and again an ingenious melodrama like "Mme. X," or an innocuous farce like "The Million," wins a welcome for a season or two. But far fewer French plays are produced in America than was the case thirty years ago; and of those actually produced, only infrequently does one achieve a profitable series of performances. The successful French plays in America are to-day sporadic; and the odds are now always against the attempt to acclimatize the work of any French dramatist in the United States.

Now, if this is the case—and that it is the case can be denied by no one conversant

with the facts—is the altered condition due to a change of taste on the part of the American playgoers? Is it due to a change of method on the part of the French playwrights? Or is there some other cause?

To these three questions the answer is easy, for there have been in the past quarter of a century changes both in the tastes of American playgoers and in the methods of Parisian playwrights. And there is also another reason, which is perhaps more important and more significant than the other two, and which has aided greatly in bringing about the change of taste among American playgoers. This other reason is the establishment of international stage-right—that is to say, the recognition in every country of the absolute right of the original author to control the production of his play, and to say where and when and on what terms it shall be performed.

THE DAYS OF DRAMATIC PIRACY

The most obvious explanation for the frequency with which French plays used to be produced in this country during the first sixty or seventy years of the nineteenth century was that they could then be had for nothing, and without so much as asking leave. When the French play was once in print in Paris, it might be appropriated by anybody in any other country, and translated or adapted or altered or mutilated at will; and the French author had to sit silent and helpless.

Dunlap did not pay a dollar for any of the French plays he laid violent hands on, nor did John Howard Payne, also an industrious purloiner of French pieces. Boucicault never accounted to the original authors of the countless dramas that he borrowed; and Tom Taylor proffered no payment for the host that he conveyed. Probably Hugo never received any return from Booth's performance of "Ruy Blas," nor did Dennery get a cent from Booth's performance of "Don César de Bazan." And of a certainty the French authors of the originals of "The Streets of New York" and of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" received nothing whatever from the English alterations of their plays, because one of these authors, the late Eugène Nus, told me so himself nearly forty years ago.

So long as there was free stealing from the foreigner, there was a premium of cheapness in favor of the French adaptation. But about the end of the third quar-

ter of the nineteenth century, partly by reason of decisions of the courts, and partly by statutory changes in the laws of theatrical copyright, it became possible for the foreign playwright to protect his property, and to insist on proper payment for every performance of every one of his plays. A. M. Palmer paid full royalties to Dennery for all the performances of "The Two Orphans," and Fanny Davenport paid a heavy premium for the exclusive privilege of acting "Fédora" and other plays which Sardou had written specially for Sara Bernhardt.

The immediate result of these modifications of the law, whereby the foreign dramatist gained control of his work, was, of course, to diminish the number of French pieces which were produced in American theaters. When the foreign play had to be paid for, when the foreign playwright sometimes insisted on better terms than the native author was willing to accept, the American manager hesitated to take the French play. In fact, he refrained from taking it at all, unless it was really "the reigning Parisian sensation."

But it rarely happens that there are in any one winter more than one or two reigning sensations in Paris. Very naturally, an American manager did not want to pay out money for a French play unless he was reasonably assured that it was likely to please American audiences. From the comparatively few foreign pieces which did please American audiences, the original authors derived most satisfactory profits. It is probable that in the later years of Sardou's life a large share of his income came from the United States. But many another Parisian playwright who had seen his unprotected plays pillaged, was naturally disappointed when he derived no profit from his protected plays, which were severely let alone by American managers as soon as payment was demanded. Sardou and Dennery and Rostand wrote plays which won popularity in America; but Brieux and Donnay and Porto Riche have had very few American contributions to their incomes; and these last have not even had the bitter satisfaction of knowing that their plays were being acted in the United States without pay and without reward.

The granting of international stage-right had also another and unexpected effect. The privilege of free stealing from foreign playwrights had not only discouraged Eng-

lish-speaking authors from writing for the stage, by forcing them to compete with the stolen goods; it had also in another way discouraged the playgoers of the two English-speaking peoples.

THE WEAKNESS OF ADAPTED PLAYS

Comparatively few of the French plays dishonestly come by were honestly translated and credited to their real authors. It is true that "Ruy Blas" and "Don César de Bazan" and "Camille" were allowed to retain their foreign atmosphere, as they were sometimes allowed to retain their original authors' names. But the more general practise was not to translate, but to adapt; to transmogrify the French plot in a vain endeavor to wrench the story into an impossible conformity with the conditions of life in Great Britain or the United States. Characters essentially and fundamentally French were made to masquerade as English or American. Thus "Les Pauvres de Paris" became "The Streets of New York," "La Joie Fait Peur" became "Kerry," and "Niniche" became "Newport."

Now, a French play is and must be a French play, after all. Its French story is necessarily adjusted to French manners and to French customs. Its French characters are inexorably governed by French traditions and by French ideals. When a French play was transformed violently into an English play, and when its persons appeared disguised as Britons or as Americans, it lost whatever veracity it might have had. It had no longer any significance as a picture of life. It had died as a French play without being born again as an English play. It was a play without a country. It was neither flesh, fowl, nor fish. It was tainted with incurable falsity.

"Niniche," for example, was an amusing farce, containing a clever caricature of the manners which obtain at a French watering-place; but "Newport" was only a bastard hybrid of no value whatever. The "Dora" of Sardou had a certain sincerity as a study of Parisian feeling in the decade after the Franco-Prussian war; but the "Diplomacy," which two cockney writers transformed out of it, had as its heroes two brothers who were forced by the borrowed plot to behave, not as Englishmen would naturally behave in the situation, but as Frenchmen.

The result of this falsification was that the stage of the English-speaking nations

became the realm of unreality. The dramas which filled our theaters had little or no relation to life; and therefore theatergoers were trained not to apply to the plays they saw the standard of manners and of morals that they applied when they stayed at home and read novels. Very naturally, playgoers ceased to take the drama seriously, and the theater became to them merely a place of amusement, where, indeed, amusement could be had only by refraining from the use of their common sense.

It is not to be wondered at that the more serious and sober-minded part of the public came in time to turn from the acted drama in disgust, worn out by continual disappointment at not finding in the theater what they felt they had a right to expect. They still desired the specific pleasure that only the drama can give, but they no longer had any hope that the current plays could supply this. They flocked eagerly to the occasional revivals of Shakespeare and of Sheridan. They went now and again to certain performances which they had reason to believe worth while. But they kept out of the theater resolutely when they suspected that the play advertised was likely to be only a contorted and mangled perversion of a French piece.

In the past thirty or forty years, since international stage-right has been acknowledged, the habit of adaptation has died out. It is true that now and again a foreign play—even though paid for and produced here with the consent of the original author—is localized. "The Concert" was one of the latest examples of this attempt to readjust a foreign plot to the conditions of American life; and although the task was executed with discretion and skill, the result was not wholly satisfactory, since the relation of the composer and his devoted wife remained Teutonic rather than American—that is to say, an American wife would not be likely to accept the situation with the calm placidity that a German wife might. And there was in consequence of this a certain incongruity and unreality in the play as rearranged for our stage. Probably a large proportion of our playgoers would have preferred to see the story left in its original German setting, just as they accepted Mme. Simone in Donnay's "Return from Jerusalem," which is so completely Parisian in its atmosphere that any attempt to transfer the action to the United States would be foredoomed to failure.

Probably there is no playgoing public so cosmopolitan in its tastes as the American, because there is no other people compounded of so many diverse stocks. The spectators in our theaters are glad to see a good play, whether its scene is laid in New York or in London, in Paris or in Berlin, in Peking or in Timbaktu. Of course, and very naturally, American audiences prefer plays dealing with American themes; and they probably enjoy next after these native pieces plays dealing with British themes. And now that our theaters are no longer more or less monopolized by adaptations, a host of writers, British and American, are composing plays in English, dealing sincerely with the life of the Anglo-Saxon peoples.

THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PLAYWRIGHTS

In Great Britain, Mr. Barrie and Mr. Shaw, Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Galsworthy and many younger men are writing original plays. In the United States, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Gillette, Mr. Belasco, Mr. Broadhurst, Mr. De Mille, Mr. Langdon Mitchell, and Mr. Sheldon are finding in our own peculiarities the material for drama.

These playwrights, British and American, vary in importance, in technical dexterity, and in the sincerity with which they deal with their material. But the main result of their activity is that the plays of our language are again peopled with recognizable human beings, and the stage has ceased to be the realm of unreality. Audiences have now been educated to expect the natural, and to apply to the conduct of the characters of a play the standards of common sense. Our spectators have acquired a taste for reality, for seeing the life that they know themselves portrayed in the plays they witness.

No doubt there are always pieces aiming at mere amusement, and only remotely related to life, not to call them frankly fantastic. But these are getting to be fewer and fewer; and the majority of our American dramas, serious or comic, have meaning and purpose and significance. The authors have encouraged the audiences to look for this, and the audiences are now encouraging the authors to provide it. Other things being equal, an American play has now a better chance with the American people than an imported play, whether British or French; and there would be no

pertinence to-day in the gibe which was printed fifty years ago in one of our early comic papers, and which represents a dramatic critic at his dinner calling for a cup of coffee, and adding:

"Make it strong, as I'm going to see an American play to-night, and I must keep awake somehow!"

Two of the three questions which were put at the beginning of this paper have now been answered.

First, there is to-day international stage-right, which assures to the French dramatist proper pay for his work; and as a result of the inability to get French plays for nothing, fewer of these French plays are now imported.

Second, there has been a change in the taste of the American playgoer, who has acquired a relish for reality and a dislike for the unreality of the ordinary adaptations of French pieces.

But the third query remains unanswered. Has there been any change of method or of purpose on the part of the French dramatists themselves which has rendered their works less exportable, less likely to prove attractive to American audiences?

THE FRENCH DRAMA OF TO-DAY

And here again the answer must be in the affirmative. The aims and objects of the Parisian playwrights differ widely to-day from what they were forty and fifty and sixty years ago. The most popular French dramatist of the middle of the nineteenth century was Scribe; and what Scribe was seeking was solely a story which could be complicated into a telling plot. His characters were only puppets; they had little racial quality; and therefore they were as acceptable in one country as in another. Sardou followed in the footsteps of Scribe, although he had a deeper feeling for character and a keener insight into social conditions. The "*Adrienne Lecouvreur*" of Scribe and the "*Fédora*" and "*Tosca*" of Sardou were good stories, first of all—good stories articulated into good plots, and providing the actors with good parts; and there was no reason why they should not be as moving in New York or in London as in Paris.

Victor Hugo in "*Ruy Blas*" and the younger Dumas in "*La Dame aux Camélias*" were seeking for emotion, pure and simple; they were setting before the spectators the struggle and the suffering of

a human soul; and emotion is very much the same the wide world over. "Ruy Blas" was as exportable as "Adrienne Lecouvreur"; and "Camille" was as likely to draw tears as "Fédora." A good story and a pathetic predicament have universal currency; they are valid anywhere and everywhere.

But the more important Parisian dramatists to-day do not seek primarily for story or secondarily for emotion. They seem to be interested in the portrayal of special types of character, and in the study of special social conditions. And these characters and these conditions are always local; often they are not merely French, they are rather narrowly Parisian. Indeed, there are not a few recent French pieces which have met with a favorable reception in the capital and yet fallen flat in the provinces. What chance would there be for these plays outside of France if they fail to attract spectators outside of Paris?

Even when the later French dramas appeal to all Frenchmen, as do most of M. Paul Hervieu's firm and vigorous studies from life, they lack the universality of appeal which lies in mere story and in sheer emotion. The more acutely a Parisian playwright analyzes the social conditions of his own country, the better he achieves fidelity to the actual facts of French life, the more local his play becomes, and the less likely to interest spectators unfamiliar with the special laws and traditions and ideals dealt with in the play.

Perhaps the best of M. Brieux's social dramas is "La Robe Rouge," which is a searching and fearless inquisition into the organization of the French judiciary; but

for its enjoyment it demands a knowledge of the legal system of France which is possessed by not one man in ten thousand in any other country. "La Robe Rouge" is a most interesting play to those who are familiar with its atmosphere, but it would stand about as much chance of pleasing the American playgoing public as a whole as "Get - Rich - Quick Wallingford" would have of pleasing the Parisian spectators.

This change in the aims of the French dramatist has been brought about by various causes—partly by the pervasive influence of the realistic movement started by Balzac, and partly by reaction against the tricky cleverness of the Scribe-Sardou type of play. But whatever may be the reason for the change in the ambition of the Parisian playwrights, the change itself is beyond question; and, in consequence of it, fewer and fewer French dramas are likely to be written suited to the American theater even when presented frankly in translation as pictures of French life.

Now and again a piece like "Cyrano de Bergerac" or "The Blue Bird" will be performed all over the world. But hereafter we are likely to find British plays in London, American plays in New York, and French plays in Paris—perhaps also in the Latin countries, Italy, Spain, and Spanish-America. In English-speaking countries there is no longer any need to draw on the French drama, since the native supply is sufficient to meet the demand. And this is a condition of affairs which is likely to last until the American playgoing public again alters its preferences, or until the French playwrights make a most improbable return to their old methods.

IN THE SHADOW

Joy! Joy! Where art thou? Come again to me!
Why dost thou fly from sorrow?
Sad sorrow longs to lose itself in thee,
And thy quick laughter borrow.

Mirth, ruddy mirth, where art thou? Bring again
Thy wealth of tresses shaken!
Why fly so swiftly from the face of pain,
Not to be overtaken?

Love, love, dear love, come back with joy and mirth
Dancing again about thee!
Without the sun, the earth were not the earth;
I am not I without thee!

A. Hugh Fisher

THE PRINCE AND THE BLUE TURTLE

BY FRANK M. O'BRIEN

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST JESTER," "A SHORT-CIRCUITED STORY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD V. BROWN

PRINCE GEORGE stood at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Thirtieth Street. He had won his title because, when he was a tramp, he had held his head higher than other tramps; but now he was wistful almost to the point of woe. For the first time in all his life he felt that, if he ever had any nerve, he was losing it.

The summer day was drawing to a close. Half a block away, from the Tenderloin police-station, patrolmen were pouring out to begin their watches of the night. Two plain-clothes detectives lounged along beside the stream of blue uniforms until they came to Moran's old corner. There they stopped to light their beaon cigars, preen their mustaches, and lay out a program for their evening's toil.

From where he stood on the curb opposite the fly cops, Prince George watched them with some interest and considerable scorn; but the scorn was for himself.

"You coward!" he said, addressing himself. "You coward! To come and loaf in the shadow of a police-station, where no cop in the world ever thought of looking for a crook, when you ought to be hurrying along a side street in the Bronx, carrying an umbrella, trying to look respectable, and taking the longest chance in the world of not being spotted!"

"Next thing I know," he added, "I'll make formal application to the captain for the job of carrying chop-suey to wealthy prisoners!"

Prince George lighted a cigarette and took inventory. He had twenty-two dollars, a steady hand, one suit of clothes, and

no visible means of lawful support. Also, in his room, a few blocks away, he had a suit-case. All in all, it was not much to show for an active life of some thirty years.

At five, as nearly as he could gage the years, he had come to realize that he was the property and thrall of a fat old woman whose business was reprehensible, and whose favorite pleasure, besides owning him, was inordinate tippling. Yet he remembered that in her way she seemed to love him, and she kept him always near her when it was possible. She never let him out of the house.

At ten, when she lay dead in her narrow bedroom with a dozen neighbors of her own kind sniffing around her coffin, he slipped away into the street. Wandering about, he discovered that there were many other streets and, in fact, a whole city, and that the city was San Francisco, and that it—great and bewildering and wonderful as it seemed to him—was only a small part of a very wide world.

They—the eternal, incorporated somebodies who gather waifs to the loving arms of a set of printed rules and regulations, and point with pride to the achievements of one of their pupils who became mayor of Gangrene, Kansas—captured Prince George and took him in hand. He had evils in his speech, so they catalogued him as vicious; he was thoroughly ignorant, so he appeared on the card-index as "deficient"—a word regretfully removed when at the end of a year he could read, write, and do long division.

He had the spatulate fingers of an artist, so they put him to work in the bricklaying

school. He was graduated at fifteen, and became successively, if not successfully, plumber's helper, lineman, locksmith, race-track tout, tramp, and thief. As a tramp, his bearing always bespoke his royal title. He could walk away from an abusive householder as proudly as Richard Plantagenet.

Prince George traveled with yeggmen, gathering spoils from country post-offices and squandering them on coarse pleasures. Luck in playing the races brought him to the East, and, though luck left him, he stayed. He lacked the skill to pick pockets, but he was useful in a mob of bank-sneaks. Properly dressed, he could engage a bank policeman in conversation while a comrade did the trick.

He had never worked alone. After the appalling hours of his childhood—the long hours when he cried, motherless, in the dark—solitude chilled his soul. Never having committed crimes alone, he lacked bravery, or thought he lacked it, which totals the same.

He had assisted safe-blowers who knew less of their art than he knew. Connie Jeff, a scientist at the business, had taught him the orbits of the tumbler and the weaknesses of the hinge; the exact properties of nitroglycerin and the best place to plant it; the proper proportions of oxygen and acetylene gas for the blow-torch of the steel-melter; and the folly of making a noise when one can be silent.

Sifting it all to the bottom, Prince George had never been a first-class thief, because he did not care to work alone. Grandeur in crime is always solitary.

Standing there now, in the very heart of the Tenderloin, with all the little actors in the world of cheaper crime flitting past him, it made him sick at heart to feel that he was not advancing, and that he was therefore going back. The police in the West wanted him for various things in which he had been partner or assistant, and they had, he knew, asked the police of the East to take him.

It was galling to have policemen trudge past him, some with thoughts of the next examination for lieutenant, some with lazy anticipation of pension days soon to come, all with visions of everything except catching Prince George. It would have stirred life in his veins if one of the plain-clothes men, so calmly munching his cigar, had darted across the street at him.

He had never had enough money to make

him feel like the real thing. The post-office hauls were always small. His share in the most successful enterprise of all, the looting of a small bank in Iowa, had been only sixteen hundred dollars. That had lasted a week.

Prince George was cursed with an imagination. It kept asking him who he was, what he might have been, and what he was going to do about it. It painted the possession of money and the proper use of it, such as the ownership of race-horses or a gambling-house.

Eventually, of course, he came down to the cold realization that he was almost broke. He entered a saloon on the corner, took a drink of whisky, and looked himself over in the mirror behind the bar. He was a good-looking young man with regular features, black hair, and a slender, athletic figure. He noted that his collar was not what it might be, and that his hat needed a brush.

He put down the chaser glass and went out. His room was in Twenty-Eighth Street, only a few blocks away. He would do what he could with his rather shabby clothes, for he had a purpose to get action for the twenty-dollar bill that burned in his pocket.

As he reached the next corner, he saw a crowd gathering in Twenty-Ninth Street, not far from Sixth Avenue. An ambulance was at the curb, in front of a three-story brick house which time had changed from a residence to an office-building. Four ambulance men were carrying a litter down the steps, and in the litter was a very old man with the glaze of death on his eyes.

"Sunstroke!" said a man in the crowd.

Prince George sauntered back to Sixth Avenue, and was soon at his house. His room was in the basement, at the rear. As he carried a collar to the back window, to view it in the dying light, he glanced at the house opposite, which must face Twenty-Ninth Street, and it struck him that it must be the house from which the dying man had been taken.

"A neighbor of mine, as it were," said the prince, "and a well-dressed and respectable-looking old fellow!"

He dismissed the tragedy, and devoted himself to the clean collar, a better arrangement of the tie, a vigorous dusting of the shoes, and a brushing of the hair. When he had done his best, he took his cane and went out.

He felt lucky, or at least reconciled to fate. He would go to Cal Magnus's gambling-house, lay the twenty dollars on the high card, and, if it won, let it stay there for three more plays. If that play went through, he would begin a systematic butchery of Mr. Magnus's bank-roll, playing the double out.

Prince George had never been in Magnus's. It was a bit swell, and they did not care for "professional play." For them, by preference, the respectable business man or the alcohol-fed youth with generous parents.

II

PRINCE GEORGE went up the steps of the brownstone house in the Forties as nonchalantly as he could. Half-way up, he rather wished he had gone to Tip the Dandy's place, where he would have been welcome; but at Tip's there was no chance to run a shoe-lace into the Leather Trust.

The door did not open immediately at his ring, but the prince knew that from the blackness behind the glass plate an eye was watching him. When the door did open, it was only a little way. The doorkeeper made a second survey.

"No person is in," he said.

The verdict was final, and the prince knew it. Yet he could not go away without asking how it was arrived at.

"What's wrong with me?" he inquired.

"What's lacking in the make-up?" "Prosperity!" said the man, and closed the door.

The prince went down the steps. Darkness had come on, and as it was outer darkness, he fittingly gnashed his teeth.

"I'd like to get a roll somewhere," he thought, "and go back there again. Then I'd show them what'd make their mouths water. And then I'd walk away!"

Thus dreaming of the impossible triumphant vengeance for which all men yearn, he made his way with heavy feet to a house farther down-town, where Tip the Dandy was not too proud to roll the wheel or turn the cards for any one with more than half a dollar. Tip's best mechanic let the prince go almost through a deal, and then, sighing, whipsawed him even to the last check.

The prince went out, swinging his cane, and reserving until he reached the street his inalienable right to talk to himself. He was hungry, and the Smoke House was not

far away. There, if one knew the proprietor, one could obtain a delicious chop for himself, or a flagon of chloral hydrate for a guest.

The prince bought an evening newspaper and a chop. He had two dollars left, and decided to enjoy it to the utmost. Presently, as he sipped at his ale and read the paper, he came upon a news item that was interesting:

James Murdock, a lawyer, sixty-eight years old, was stricken with apoplexy late this afternoon in his office on West Twenty-Ninth Street, and died on the way to Roosevelt Hospital. Mr. Murdock, while not prominent in practise, was the administrator of several large estates, mostly those of Western people. His son, who was his law partner, has been in Europe, but is expected home on the Cedric to-morrow.

"My neighbor!" said the prince with a mock sigh. "Rather an unlucky day for both of us. I'm glad I read a paper only once in a dog's age; you always find something depressing!"

He crumpled the sheet, flung it into a corner, and resumed his slow attack on the glass of ale. His gaze into the brown depths of it became more and more concentrated, until at last it seemed to the waiter, watching him, that the prince must be asleep.

"To-morrow!" he mused. "To-morrow! They always wait until to-morrow. That's been the trouble with me—that and not wanting to take a chance alone."

The prince paid his check and started out. He picked up the newspaper he had discarded, and ran through it until he found what he sought. It was just a little line in agate type, telling at what hour the moon would rise.

The prince read it with a breath of relief. It was an old moon, and would not rise until two in the morning.

He walked slowly to his basement room, sat at the window, and thought. By and by the shouts and laughter of the playing children died out. He heard the man on the floor above him undress, shoe by shoe; go to bed, creak by creak; and sleep, snore by snore.

The neighbors, one by one, reluctantly drew their torsos from the balmy night, and modestly put out their lights. The sky was cloudy. Between the prince and the house from which the dying James Murdock had

been taken was a yard of absolute darkness, with a fence in the middle of it. So far as the little office-building itself was concerned, he was satisfied that it contained no life after the tenants left at six o'clock.

Prince George's room was dark, too, nor would he light it. He crept silently to the corner where his suit-case lay. He unlocked it, opened it, and felt for what he expected to need—a few tools, an electric lamp, a straight steel bar, a can of some-

He was going on the premise that a man who was an administrator must have a safe in his office, and that there might be something in the safe. He was going to rob a dead man if he could, and, most important of all, he was going to put himself to the test of doing a job alone and in the dark.

III

THE basement window yielded under the pressure of the jimmy, and Prince George



THE PRINCE CAME UPON A NEWS ITEM THAT WAS INTERESTING

thing, wrapped in cotton, a blanket, and a battery with wires.

There were other things in the suit-case, among them the acetylene and oxygen tanks for heavy torch-work, and blue glasses to wear while using them; but the prince discarded these.

"Too much glare," he decided. "The neighbors would be yelling 'Ghosts!'"

He put the tools in his pockets and the blanket under his coat, across his chest, where it might stop a bullet. So equipped, he crept out of the basement, scaled the fence, and dropped into the yard behind.

slipped in. Murdock's office, he knew, was on the ground floor. He crept up the stairs, listening at every step. His imagination began to work. If any dead men ever came back, surely an administrator would!

The prince was testing himself, and he went on. At the head of the stairs he stood stock-still for three minutes that seemed three years. Then, as if to end it all quickly—if it must end—he turned on his electric lamp and swept the room with it.

There *was* a safe! He put out the light and made for it. It was so dark that he came upon the safe suddenly, his out-



HE TURNED ON HIS ELECTRIC LAMP AND SWEEPED THE ROOM WITH IT



stretched hand touching the handle as he groped, stooping. He turned the handle mechanically, and heard the bolt withdraw.

As he swung the door, Prince George laughed with much bitterness and no noise. He had tried to be a game crook alone, and some one with a prior and legal right had beaten him to the safe. It wasn't fair! Yet curiosity must be fed; so he unfolded his blanket, flung it over the safe and the open door, and thrust his head under its folds, as a photographer uses his black cloth over his camera-box. Then he turned the electric blaze upon the inside of the safe.

Papers, papers, eternally papers! Papers in bundles, in envelopes, in red tape, in rubber bands. Yet all were in order and without the appearance of having been disturbed.

There was a locked compartment, and that, he figured, was the place for money. It was an old safe and a weak one. Prince George knew just how frail was the door of the compartment.

He listened. No noise came from the street except a steady clatter of passers-by that made his work easier. He slipped the thin edge of the jimmy into the crack of

the compartment door, and gave it a quick, ill-tempered wrench. The door snapped open.

There was nothing in the compartment but a little flat package of papers tied with a rubber band. Prince George riffled the papers, and put them in his pocket. Then he put out the light, crawled from beneath the blanket, closed the safe, and, with grim humor, locked it. He rubbed the front of it carefully over with a corner of the blanket, for he remembered that Connie Jeff had come to grief by leaving more thumb-prints on a certain safe than a waiter in Dolan's would leave on the edge of a plate of beans.

He took his tools and went away as he had come. Home again, he sat at his basement window for a while, listening and looking, but neither spook nor policeman came to the office of the late James Murdock.

When he could bear it no longer, he lighted a very dim light and counted the pieces of paper. There were seventy-eight of them, and each was a thousand-dollar bill.

An hour later, one of these was changed into smaller and less suspicious currency by Barney Mellinger, the fence. Barney charged fifty dollars for the service, but was certain not to squeal.

Prince George looked itchy at the shining city. He wanted action, but he must wait. New clothes must be had, and a new place to live. So he sat in the basement room with his treasure. The kind,

late moon smiled on him, and then dawn came. He dozed a little, and a tugboat in the North River woke him with an extra loud whistle—one which ordinarily he would not have heard, but which seemed to say:

"Here's the Cedric!"

Yes, it was to-morrow—the to-morrow for which he had not waited. He paid his landlady with the four grimest dollar bills that Barney had given him, took his suitcase with its guilty contents, and walked to a Turkish bath. He wanted to start things anew, and he knew the way to begin.

Messenger-boys brought new linen and footwear, and in two hours the prince, who could not sleep if he would, was on the street and actively in the market for new outer raiment to replace his old. He chose wisely—not what he fancied, but what quiet, regular people wore. It's doubtful whether Connie Jeff, if he had come along, would have known his pupil at first glance.

Early in the afternoon the prince had a breakfast at Martin's that cost him three dollars and eighty cents, including an absinth drip. Then, twirling his stick, he walked to Madison Square, where every man sometimes likes to sit, and, from a

bench, watched the tides of Broadway. He went into the Hoffman House for a brandy punch, and gleaned from a bulletin-board that the Cedric was then about to dock—a fact that gave him little concern. He felt that he had left his past, as well as his cuticle, in the Turkish bath. It even seemed as if he had left his name, and was no longer Prince George, but a clean, well-dressed young man who longed for action.

When five o'clock came and the office workers scampered out of their tall buildings, the prince turned his thoughts to the day before and to the doorman at Cal Magnus's. That proud house of chance would be receiving callers now. The prince had, in a way, vowed vengeance, and it was time to make good. Surely the doorman would know him; and when again rebuffed, the prince would carelessly display a thick roll



BARNEY CHARGED
FIFTY DOLLARS
FOR THE
SERVICE

of money, twirl his cane, and go away and talk kindly with Tip the Dandy, who had been more courteous.

So he sought the brownstone house in the Forties, and went up the steps, trying to feel as nervous as he had felt the day before, but not succeeding. Once more the eye watched him from the black hole, and once more the door opened; but this time it did not stop as it had stopped yesterday. It swung generously open.

The prince had something bitter all ready to say; but just at the instant, from the rosily lighted rooms up-stairs, came the sound of a little ball as it bounded from rosewood slope to nickel crag, and back and forth, and came at last to rest, with a determined click, in a little square hole.

"Howdy do?" said the prince, and went up the wide stairs.

IV

AT seven o'clock they told him that they would tell him when he arrived at the limit. He was playing two hundred dollars through the deal and one hundred dollars on case cards.

At eight o'clock he remarked that ten thousand dollars was enough for dinner money, and went out, politely deaf to the praises of their own *chef*. So they telephoned to Cal Magnus himself, who was at home telling fairy-stories to his grandchild. Cal left Jack at the extreme heights of the beanstalk long enough to say:

"He'll come back. Send for Harry Afton, and take off the limit for him as if you hated to. See that Harry is sober!"

Prince George did come back, but only after a long and wonderful dinner, and sat down at the faro layout.

"Ah, a stranger!" he said, addressing Harry Afton. "Where's my good friend of earlier in the day?"

"Called home," said Harry. "His wife, you know. The doctor's afraid it's double pneumonia. Don't scold me if I get nervous, friend," he whispered. "It might get me in bad with the boss. I'm not sure of a regular job here, but I'm trying."

So, all that night, Harry tried. From the metal box the sharp-cornered cards slipped out like the twinkling toes of the lady in the verse. Inside the box, unseen to Prince George, they marched and countermarched at Harry Afton's will.

At three o'clock in the morning, just as the moon, now older and thinner, was rising

above Long Island City, the prince went down the stairs. The doorman held his new spring overcoat for him, and handed him his cane.

"Is there anything you lack, sir?" he said politely.

"Prosperity!" said the prince, and went out, twirling his cane.

Cal Magnus, figuring up, found that, including Prince George and others, he was eighty-four thousand dollars to the good on the day.

The prince, in the street, turned toward the Turkish bath, where he had paid in advance for a week, even to the tips for his rubber. On the way he bought a morning newspaper, just off the press. It had an account, which he read under an arc-lamp, of the safe robbery in Twenty-Ninth Street:

Young Mr. Murdock, who arrived on the Cedric yesterday, and who discovered the crime when he went to the office, said that his father, who was very old-fashioned in his ways, had persisted in his habit of keeping in the safe undistributed moneys of estates of which he was the administrator.

"I do not know just how much was there at the time of his death," he said, "but I do know that father had in his custody one item of about seventy-eight thousand dollars due to the heir of the Altonerry family, who were great landholders in southern California. We had advertised this inheritance for nearly five years, though the death of every possible heir except one had been clearly established. This one heir was lost when a child of three while with a relative at a railroad-station in San Francisco. He is undoubtedly dead, for the Altonerrys were easy to identify. Every one of the family, soon after birth, was marked on the skin below the right shoulder-blade with a small blue turtle, delicately tattooed."

Prince George was very tired. At the steps of the Turkish bath he staggered a little, as if drunk, though he had been rather abstemious. He needed sleep. His rubber in the bath saw it, and promised that the massage should be quick, quiet, and soothing. He kept his word. Prince George was drowsing when the rubber rolled him over for the last time.

"I almost took the skin off you last night, sir," said the rubber apologetically. "In this bad light I thought it was a stain—that little blue turtle on your back."

"Yes?" said Prince George. "It wouldn't have mattered. I didn't need it!"

And he fell asleep.



LITTLE GRACIE SMITH HAD QUITE TURNED THE CORNER

SUCCESS

BY OWEN OLIVER

AUTHOR OF "THE OUTLAW," "THE CLOUD MEN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM VAN DRESSER

THERE was a deal of sickness in Littleham, and it was six o'clock when Dr. Jarvis Boyd returned from his afternoon round. His cases were not of a very paying kind. Some of them were such as tax the pocket of a soft-hearted practitioner, and Boyd jingled his small change disconsolately as he walked.

Money, he told himself, was an excellent medicine; and he wished that he had more to dispense. His reflections had passed on to certain unpaid bills, when he opened his front door and entered the sparsely furnished hall.

A letter was lying on the little table. He hung up his hat hastily and threw his um-

brella into a corner, instead of placing it in the stand, when he saw the name on the flap of the envelope—"Jones & Welch, solicitors, Overbury."

We have the pleasure of informing you that your maternal uncle, Joseph Steel, of whose recent demise you are doubtless aware, by his last will left the whole of his estate to yourself. After the payment of all charges and taxes, it should realize the sum of one thousand pounds very approximately.

He dropped into the hall chair, wiped his forehead, and repeated the amount over and over again.

"A thousand pounds! A thousand pounds!"

A thousand pounds would purchase a practise worth having; a practise where he might keep an assistant for the drudgery, perhaps, and devote himself to the important cases.

It would do better than that. It would enable him to complete the studies which had promised so well, when the untimely death of his father compelled him to rush the pass examinations, and take the first post which would enable him to support himself—a berth as a ship's doctor, so often the refuge of the failures.

He had always hoped to be something more than an ordinary general practitioner; and his teachers had indorsed his aspirations. He often thought of what Cooper, the senior lecturer, had said to him:

"You can be one of the first authorities on nervous diseases, if you will invest a few hundreds in yourself. You want a couple of years under Von Raun, and a year for independent researches and monographs. Then you'll make an income of two or three thousand a year. It would be money well invested, Boyd!"

It was not only his teachers who had seen the possibilities in him. His fellow students, his friends, the one big man whom he had met in consultation during his practise, had realized them.

"You ought to be something better than this," gruff Dr. Carpenter had growled. "Push yourself, man! Take a place at next to nothing as assistant to a big physician—Murgatroyd might like to have you. It will pay in the end."

He couldn't afford to wait for "the end"—that was the trouble. He had to keep himself and make an allowance to his invalid mother. None of the rest of the family could spare much to help her.

Old Barnby, who owned half the town—his only well-to-do client—had given him similar advice.

"You oughtn't to waste yourself here," he had said. "Go to a big place, and get known. You're the only local doctor I've ever met with a soul above rhubarb pills. You've made a whole woman of my girl!"

And Ethel Barnby had smiled at him with that sweet smile of hers, and said that she thanked him with her whole heart. He had often thought that, if he could raise himself to her sphere, Ethel would make a whole man of him. He doubted if he could ever be his whole best without her.

As a successful specialist, he might hope,

rich as she was. Her father was not one who looked solely at money. He would want merely sufficient success to prove the man; and if there was a prospect of that, perhaps Ethel would wait. He had not tested her feelings. He could not propose, even now, of course. But he could say—what should he say?

"I shall try with my whole heart to justify the confidence my teachers had in me, and to take a place in the world of medicine which—which will render a closer friendship between us more possible. The hope of that would be a great stimulus to me, Miss Barnby!"

He pictured her looking down at her feet, and then looking up at him with her sweet, shy smile.

"I shall hope for your success," he fancied her saying; "and if—if my friendship is a help, I am glad!"

What a lot money could do! Just a thousand pounds!

II

Boyd picked up the letter again; and then the clock struck the half-hour, and he crammed the letter in his pocket and hurried to the dispenser's room. There were so many medicines to be sent out, and he must hurry through his dinner to go out again. He did not like the look of old Mrs. Taggart. There was nothing malignant about the symptoms of her illness, but her heart was not strong, and at her age that had to be considered. He must see her again, to judge whether he should risk interference with the main treatment on account of the heart.

He must see little Gracie Smith again, too. She seemed to be going on all right, but her temperature was a trifle higher than he liked, at this stage of the fever. Another visit was not really necessary before to-morrow; but when she was well she always held up her face to be kissed when he went in; and he saved bright coins for Gracie. He must make quite sure about her.

There were several other urgent matters. He must telephone to the hospital about Ross's operation; and if it was to-morrow morning, there was a point that he wanted to look up in the books. He must call in at the dentist's at eight to give Annie Samuel gas.

"Gas is hardly necessary for that tooth," the dentist had protested.

It wasn't—for that tooth; but it was necessary for Annie. She was a nervous girl, and if she was hurt too much, she wouldn't go to the dentist in future. Boyd doctored people, not ailments. Possibly that was why he was meant for a great physician.

"There are three good medicines," he often said; "physic and money and kindness. Kindness is the best!"

Further, the nurse said that she might want him at Mrs. Read's at any time; and he ought to see the parson's wife, to ask what the Dorcas Society could do to help the little Reads. There were so many little Reads already, and the father had only odd jobs. And he would like to call and see how the baby Kings were getting on while their mother was in hospital.

"The father will touch me for a half a crown, I suppose," he warned himself. "Well, I can spare it now!"

He sent out his medicine and swallowed his dinner. He saw a patient who had cut a finger, and a mother whose baby had swallowed a cake of soap, "while my head was turned."

Then he went off to his cases. Most of them were satisfactory. Little Gracie Smith had quite turned the corner, and was playing with the doll that he had given her; but Mrs. Taggart was very bad.

He called there twice, gave her stimulants for the weak heart, and promised to go round again before he went to bed.

He was scarcely indoors before old Taggart fetched him.

"She's going, sir," he sobbed. "She's going. And to-morrow will be our wedding-day! Thirty-seven years! Thirty-seven years, sir!"



"I HAVE
SOME OF MY
REWARD
WHEN I SEE
YOU SMILING
AND HAPPY"

Boyd ran to their cottage, outstripping the old man, and fought with death for two hours. He won for the time being. It was past midnight, and he was walking home, when he remembered his legacy. He slapped his leg and laughed.

"Money is so much more than money," he told

himself. "It is success! Just think what it will do! It will make me master of my profession. Then I shall cure so many people, and cure them so quickly! I sha'n't just try what seems best. I shall know. Two or three thousand a year! Cooper doesn't exaggerate. Dozens of lives saved! Hundreds made easier and happier! A European reputation, and per-



"SIT DOWN AND TAKE YOUR MEDICINE!"

Withney & Co. Boston.

haps—Ethel! Oh, you dear, pretty little lady, that I haven't dared raise my eyes to! I'd be good to you as a man never was to a woman before!"

His eyes softened, and he took off his hat, as if he did reverence to her.

"It's wonderful what money can do," he murmured. "You're a great responsibility, my excellent thousand pounds! God judge me as I use you!"

As he used it! Had he not already determined the manner of its use? But was there no other manner? His face paled slowly, and he set his lips.

Long after he had reached his room he walked up and down, moving the previous question with himself. It was not the question how he could use the money best to perfect himself, but whether he had the right to use it for himself at all.

If he might keep the legacy for himself, the case was clear enough, and he saw no need to argue it. His talents, as Cooper had said, were worth the investment, and he did not fear failure. He knew his own strength, his quick cleverness, his unfailing industry. He would "make good." He would win his position, his fortune, and, please God, the woman he loved. He had no doubt that he was a good investment for a few hundred pounds; but he doubted his right to invest them.

He tried to judge the question fairly; but he put himself less in the position of a judge than of the counsel for the other side, as true men do when they try their honor.

The investment would do good to the world, would enable him to cure the curable and ease the incurable. That was entitled to count, surely? No! He had no

right to do present wrong to achieve future good; and that good probably overestimated by his vanity. The sole question was, had he a right to use the money as he thought best, or was he limited by the claim of others?

His Uncle Joseph had many other relatives. How about their claims? Uncle Joseph was the judge of those. But how about those who had claims on himself—the young doctor's own family?

First, there was his mother, for many years a patient invalid and a sufferer. He made her an allowance, it was true, and the allowance was the utmost he could afford; but it was inadequate to the needs of an ailing and delicately nurtured lady. He had always intended that, if he ever made money, his first step should be to repay her the three hundred pounds which she had contributed toward his medical education. He could not postpone that claim to futurity. In three years' time she might not be alive.

He set his strong mouth, and gave judgment in her case. The three hundred pounds was the first claim on his thousand. Perhaps, with economy, the remainder would be enough for his plans.

But there were other claims. There was Uncle William. He was very poor. It was his own fault. He squandered every penny that came to him. He would waste any share of the legacy that was given to him; he would spend it on doings better undone.

Boyd decided that he need not consider Uncle William. Uncle Joseph had presumably done so, and had decided against him. He was not concerned with the claims on Uncle Joseph, but with the claims on himself. Uncle William had none.

But his sister Mary was a claimant against *him*—dear, kind old Mary! She was such a cheerful, self-sacrificing soul, and she made so light of her struggles. Her husband was a worthy fellow, too—industrious and frugal and trustworthy. He had all the moral virtues, and none of the mental. He was just a competent routine worker, who could never be more. They were always in debt. Little Alice, Boyd's favorite niece, was to leave school that summer—two years too soon—to go into a shop.

If any one needed and deserved a legacy, it was Mary. It would take off some of that worn look that was robbing her of her attractiveness before her time. Money was

good medicine for Mary, and she must have it.

Then there was brother Tom—an excellent chap, and a man of parts. How bad luck had dogged him! Misfortune to his firms; illness just when he could have had a good post; a loan to a friend who died just when Tom had an opening for the money. He might have obtained it from the widow—she had just so much from the insurance—but he never mentioned the matter to her, and tore up the I. O. U.

"Tom, old fellow," the doctor said, "I needn't put the question about you. You've answered it for me. I must do as you have done!"

There was sister Milly—always his particular pal in the family. Milly never thought of herself at all. She'd much rather have him keep her share of the money; and that was exactly the reason why he couldn't do it.

"My darling old Milly! I won't rob you!"

His brother George was the next to be considered. George was a self-reliant, promising chap. He'd get on all right; and he'd say that he'd rather do for himself than succeed on other people's money. He was harder in manner than the rest of the family, and he scoffed at sentiment.

"People had best look out for themselves," he would say. "I've enough things of my own to look after."

But George's hardness was very superficial. He spoke of his lodging at home as a business transaction, but he paid more than enough. And he had been engaged for two years, but didn't marry. He didn't believe in early marriages, he said. Milly said that "he doesn't believe in leaving mother, while his money is such a help." There was no justification whatever for overlooking George.

Young Frank couldn't possibly be left out, either. He had such an absurd admiration for his brother the doctor, and he behaved so charmingly to his mother and sisters.

"Frank won't mind," they always said. Frank wouldn't mind if the doctor borrowed his share—that was how Boyd had come to look at the question. Well, he'd be hanged if he would do it!

Last there came Baby May; quite a big baby now—nearly fourteen. She was old for her age in some ways, Boyd had thought, when he was last home. She kept her feel-

ings to herself, usually; but he had gained her confidence—somehow people generally confided in him—and he had learned how acutely she felt their poverty.

"It isn't that I mind going without things, Jarvis," she had told him, with a sudden twist of her young mouth. "Of course I don't. It's that—that I did so want to be brought up a lady, like the others. If only I could stay at school till I was eighteen, I wouldn't care what I had to go without."

Well, Baby May should have her schooling. He would invest her share in making her an educated lady. He thought that she would be a lady anyhow. Ladyship is a matter of instinct, not of schooling.

"There are some things that money can't do," he reflected. "The money couldn't make me a gentleman. I shouldn't be one, if I took it from those to whom I owe a share. And there's a share that I owe to some one outside the family. If old Gray hadn't lent me the fifty pounds that I paid back, I couldn't have held on to pass my final; and I know that he's in a hole now, through his wife's illness. I shall offer him a loan of forty or fifty out of my own share. Well, I've settled it!"

He scarcely put the settlement into words. It was so obvious. His mother must have three hundred pounds. He and his brothers and sisters would share the remainder—a hundred pounds apiece. Of his own hundred he would lend half to Gray.

"I'll write and tell them to-night," he decided. "It isn't that I'm afraid of altering, but I shall be easier when it's off my mind!"

He sat down and wrote the letters, sealed them, and stamped them ready for posting. He looked at them as they lay in an orderly pile—he was always orderly—and sighed a deep sigh.

"God knows," he said. "I don't grudge them the money, but—oh, didn't I want you, Ethel!"

III

THREE o'clock struck as he got into bed. At half past five he was summoned to attend Mrs. Read. He did not get any more sleep that night. Perhaps that was why he looked so worn in the morning. Miss Barnby remarked upon it when she met him in the High Street.

"But when I see you so weary," she said, "I always think that some day, and some-

how, there will be a reward for your work. I wish that I—could do something!"

"I have some of my reward," he told her, "when I see you smiling and happy. You are such—such a good little patient, and so kind. Good-by."

"Good-by," she said. "Come in and see us soon."

She smiled her pretty little smile. It seemed to hurt him. If things had been different, he told himself, he *could* have won Ethel Barnby.

Well, he had left all that behind. He must not do things by halves. He would keep out of the way of temptation for the future—God bless her!

He went about his work very quietly for the next week. The doctor was "overdone," people said, and no wonder—he did the work of three.

The whole town rejoiced when it leaked out, through some local people who knew his family, that he had received a legacy. Ethel Barnby clapped her hands when the news came to her. She was radiant when she congratulated him.

"Now," she said, "you will be able to do all the great things that you wanted to do! I remember what you told me, if you have forgotten. Father has just the same idea. He spoke to me about it this morning. 'If you meet your wonderful doctor,' he said—he teases me for thinking you so clever, but he thinks so, too—'tell him to invest the money in himself, and become a great specialist.' You will, won't you? It would make such a difference—to you!"

Dr. Boyd moved his lips in and out several times before he answered.

"It would make a great difference," he owned; "but I have invested the money in—in my honor, Miss Barnby. There were those who—who had claims on it."

She gave a little cry, as if she were hurt.

"You were sure to consider their claims," she told him. "I am not so sure that you would consider your own."

"I tried to judge fairly," he said. "I did not forego my claims without disappointment."

She bowed silently. From their looks one might have thought that she was the disappointed one.

"I wonder," she said at last, "if they will gain as much as you will lose!"

"I lose the world," he cried, with sudden passion. "Don't talk about it! Thank you—good-by!"

"Good-by!" she said.

When he had stridden round the corner, she brushed her eyes.

Mr. Barnby sent for him that afternoon. The old gentleman had "a queer feeling inside," he declared. The doctor could find nothing the matter, he pronounced.

"Now frankly, sir," he said briskly, "it's difficult for a young man to lecture an old one, but—don't grow old by thinking that you are. You're letting yourself dwell on little feelings which five years ago you'd have ignored. Go on ignoring them, and you'll be all right. You're a young man for your age. Believe in your youth, and don't bother too much about symptoms. Excuse me!"

Old Barnby looked hard at him.

"Now look here, doctor," he said. "I know well enough that there's nothing much the matter with me. I didn't send for you to have you dose me, but to dose you. Sit down and take your medicine! Here! Give me your hat, and stop fidgeting. I suppose you accept me as a straight man? And not a fool, eh? Very well. Tell me about your legacy."

The doctor told him briefly that a thousand pounds had been left to him, and that he had divided it, in the way that he felt to be honorable, with his family. Old Barnby nodded.

"Did you realize what it would have done for yourself?" he asked.

"I think so," the doctor answered. "I'd often planned out what I would do if I had a little money. I'd have tried to become a great specialist. Nervous complaints—I was always interested in them."

"You would have made several thousand a year, in time."

"Possibly."

"Cured countless people."

"I hoped to."

"Made a big name."

"Well—I might have."

"You'd have raised yourself to a different sphere of life, and been able to marry whom you pleased."

"I do not intend to marry," the doctor told him.

"You mean that you have given up that idea with the rest?"

The doctor did not answer, and the old man paced the hearth-rug before he continued.

"Well, you gave up your career—and what went with the career—for 'honor,' I

think you told Ethel. It was she who spoke to me about it." He drummed the table with his fingers. "She doesn't forget what you did for her; neither do I. Now, if one looks at honorable claims—I paid you twenty pounds, when the service that you did was worth hundreds."

Dr. Boyd smiled faintly.

"It is the worth of my labor that has to be considered," he said, "not the worth of the result to you. One can't measure such things as your daughter's health and happiness by money."

"Exactly!" the old man cried triumphantly. "Exactly! Ethel and I can't measure what we owe you in money, and we sha'n't try to. I won't put it on that ground, but—I'm an old man, Boyd, and I haven't a son. If I had, it would make me a young fellow again to watch his career. Let me watch yours! I'll lend you a thousand pounds on condition that you do exactly what you would have done, if you had felt free to keep that legacy; *exactly*, mind!"

"Exactly!" Boyd repeated slowly. "Sir, there was a—a presumptuous intention that you do not realize."

"Don't I?" The old man gave a faint chuckle. "Well, if I don't that's my mistake, not yours. Now remember—you've got to do exactly as you intended, presumption and all!"

The doctor shook his head.

"The presumption," he said, "was that I intended to ask your daughter for a hope that, if I succeeded, I might win her."

"Go and ask her, then," the old man told him sharply. "She's in the drawing-room. If I know anything of my girl, she won't say, 'Succeed and win me'; but she *might* say, 'Win me and succeed.' There are things that you can't measure in money, Boyd, as you said; or in success! Tut, tut! God bless you! You've shown me what money *can't* do!"

Ethel Barnby proved that her father understood her. For when the doctor asked for his hope, she answered by giving him her hand.

"Not if you succeed," she corrected, with a smile that was sweeter than her usual sweet smile, "and not because I know that you will succeed; but for richer or poorer, for better or worse. Now we will succeed—together!"

"Oh, Ethel!" he cried. "This is success!"

LIGHT VERSE

BELIEVING IN SANTA CLAUS

YOU don't believe in Santa Claus? I'm
sorry, sir, for you,
For good old Santa seems to me a friend for-
ever true;
And one who can't believe in him, I really
must confess,
Will find it hard to put his faith in general
kindliness.

You don't believe in Santa Claus? Well, now,
that is too bad,
For from my very infancy that faith has made
me glad;
And one who can't believe in him, to me, is
like a boy
Who turns away from something rare along
the lines of joy.

You don't believe in Santa Claus? Alas, that
it should be
That any one should be bereft of that glad
memory
That brings to mind, year after year, the
cheer that ever lies
In tender recollections of a mother's laughing
eyes!

Do I believe in Santa Claus? Ah, yes, I do
indeed!
He holds a place among the saints most
honored in my creed;
Deep in my heart I cherish him, here in life's
afterwhile,
Who brings to me back through the years my
father's cheery smile!

John Kendrick Bangs

PRETTY MARY

WHEN Mary drives on market-day
Her little jaunting-car,
Why, all the gossoons 'long the way
Must stand and gaze afar;
And every lad would like to ask
The seat beside her perch,
Or take the little donkey's task
And drag her straight to church!

When Mary dances on the green
With dainty, tripping toes,
No fairy ever yet was seen
To boast the like of those;

For oh, like moonbeams soft they peep
From underneath her dress,
And sure they'd shame the flowers that leap
To woo the wind's caress!

When Mary trills a lilting song,
No wild bird of the brush
E'er piped so sweet a note and strong
To make a sad world hush;
For oh, 'tis like a heart set free
That hears its black chains fall,
And breaks in haunted melody
A blessing over all.

When Mary lays her arm on mine
And down the church aisle trips,
Then take you, lad, the sparkling wine
And leave me her red lips!
Then take your golden dreams of love
And all their raptures sweet,
For heaven won't be up above,
But underneath our feet!

Gordon Johnstone

HER POINT OF VIEW

I MARVELED at a white, white cloud;
She cried: "I wish I owned a hat
With plumes as exquisitely fine
And soft as that!"

"The sky is blue to-day," I said,
"As eyes of seraphs looking down."
"The very tint I want," she sighed,
"For my new gown!"

The grass was like a rippling sea
Of liquid emeralds, I thought;
A parasol the selfsame shade
Was what she sought!

And so we gave it up at last.
She says I have a stubborn mind,
And cannot get her point of view.
It is not kind!

Grace Stone Field

BALLADE OF THE OLD GRADUATES

ALL unignited still they glimmer,
The Thameses we should set afire;
And every year the hues grow dimmer
That glorified our young desire.

A mole-hill is that mighty pyre
Whereon—it was our fervent vow!—
Old wrongs should meet an ending dire,
Old, dull conventions should expire—
We're not incendiary now!

Where are Tom's portraits, planned to glimmer
With beauty born of truth entire?
Tom is a fashionable limner
Who chiefly strives to please his buyer;
And Jim, whose Martin-Luther ire
Should drive sin far with shamed brow—
Jim sometimes takes in stocks a flier,
Placates his vestry, soothes his choir—
We're not incendiary now!

Our class Apollo might keep slimmer
On plainer fare and thinking higher;
Our Edmund Burke they say's a trimmer;
Our Keats for ledgers dropped his lyre.
In each of us, it seems, the brier
Outshows the fruit upon the bough.
Our best a mere good spouse and sire!
Make no disclaimer, no denier—
We're not incendiary now.

ENVOY

Say not our torch was quenched in mire;
Grieve not for Pegasus at plow!
The well-tilled field, the calm hearth-fire—
Toward what more blest did we aspire?
We're not incendiary now!

Anne O'Hagan

CUPID'S BILL,

CAME Cupid, looking sweet and bland—
For this he has a talent fine!
He bore a missive in his hand;
I thought it was a valentine.
Alas, it was a bill, and he
Said I had been neglecting it,
But now he had, as I might see,
The duty of collecting it.

"To one heart, debtor"—so it read;
Good offers had been made for it,
That heart; I got it; then, he said,
I hadn't ever paid for it.
This lawful debt I must make good,
Or I should have to smart for it,
And added that he surely would
At once attach my heart for it.

I said I'd let him have my head;
But no, he couldn't carry that;
And straight he took love's silken thread,
And with it made a lariat.
He roped my heart—but, strange to say,
As soon as he had captured it,
I felt so happy and so gay
I had a most enraptured fit!

I first had thought that his design
For meanness was unmatchable;
Then, I was glad that heart of mine
By Cupid was attachable.
For—odd conditions go to fill
Dame Fortune's cornucopia—
Since thus I settled up my bill,
I've dwelt within Utopia!

Harriet Whitney Symonds

AFTER THE ELECTION—A SERENADE
TO THE WINNER

OH, lucky man! We sing your praise!
We've worked through weary nights and
days
To pile up votes enough for you,
And by good luck we've pulled you through!

And any candidate
Is a welcher or a skate
If he doesn't get a grip on the tree;
And any little plum
That's a ripe little plum
Is the right little plum for me!

Oh, chief elect! We soaked them hard!
We laid them out, and say, old pard,
For you the old Salt River boat,
If we had not pulled out the vote!

And any candidate
Is a welcher or a skate
If he hasn't got the eyes to see.
That any little job
That's a fat little job
Is the right little job for me!

Charles Irvin Junkin

A CANDY GIRL

HER dreams are all of chocolate-creams,
Marshmallows, fudge, and kisses—
The kind of maple sugar made,
Adored by greedy misses;
The way she makes the nougat go
Astonishes the gazers,
And everything to her is "sweet,"
From battle-ships to blazers.

She loves to lunch on caramels
And lemon-drops and taffy;
On peanut brittle, buttercups,
And lozenges she's daffy.
She thinks molasses peppermints
A diet fine and dandy,
For she is sweet sixteen herself,
And sweeter than the candy!

Minna Irving

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

BY JOHN GRANT DATER, SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF
THE MUNSEY PUBLICATIONS

CREDIT BANKS FOR FARMERS

IT has long been recognized that one of the greatest defects of the financial system of the United States centers in its failure to provide for the needs of agriculture, and for the requirements of farmers who want to borrow money for legitimate purposes. In the absence of proper banking facilities, the agriculturists are often forced into the hands of loan-brokers to whom they are compelled to pay heavy commissions, on top of high interest rates. Such a system works to their own great hardship, and to the actual injury of agricultural development and of the country.

It is interesting to note that a movement designed to assist the farmers of the country in borrowing money at reasonable cost has made great progress of late, and has assumed a definite form. The plan favored is patterned closely after the cooperative credit banks and land-mortgage societies of Germany. Indorsed by the American Bankers' Association at its recent annual convention, by the Southern Commercial Congress, and by numerous other bodies, the movement has received a great impetus from the Washington administration, which has made an exhaustive study of foreign agricultural credit systems, with the view of adapting them to the special requirements of this country.

In a letter written to the chief executives of all the States, late in October, President Taft submitted the results of these investigations, which were conducted through the Department of State and also by a special committee, together with a report on the subject prepared by Myron T. Herrick, United States ambassador to France, who has taken a prominent part in the movement. In his letter the President outlined a general working plan, which he urged upon the consideration of the Governors at

their next conference or congress, to be held in Washington during December.

The President's purpose in writing to the Governors was to secure uniformity of action. Under our system of divided State governments, an agricultural credit banking system can scarcely be efficient or effective in the highest degree unless planned and administered everywhere alike.

Referring to the serious handicap placed on the American farmer in the matter of negotiating loans, the President said:

The twelve millions of farmers of the United States add each year to the national wealth \$8,400,000,000. They are doing this on a borrowed capital of \$6,040,000,000. On this sum they pay annual interest charges of \$510,000,000. Counting commissions and renewal charges, the interest rate paid by the farmers of this country is averaged at $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, as compared to a rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent paid by the farmers of France and Germany.

The interest rate paid by the American farmer is considerably higher than that paid by industrial corporations, railroads, or municipalities, though the security offered by the farmer in his farm land is quite as sound as that offered by other borrowers.

The President reaches the same conclusion as all others have done—that the chief reason the farmer in this country is made to pay so heavily for his money, when his security, productive land, is the best in all the world, is the fact that he lacks the proper machinery for borrowing, and for making his obligations as convenient and as readily negotiable as corporation bonds.

It will occur to our readers that if the farmer pays an average interest rate of eight and one-half per cent, there must be some cases of exorbitant maximums to equalize the moderate rates charged in older and more settled communities. We have received many letters bearing upon this subject from various sections of the West and

NOTE—All matter in this department was written before the end of October.

South. Here is a typical one of recent date, written by an Arizona correspondent:

Here in the Southwest we have a problem which, it seems to me, can only be solved by the Easterner getting in closer touch with his Western kinsman.

The Eastern man with surplus money loans it through a bank in the West for five and six per cent. The bank, in turn, loans this money to borrowers in its locality for twelve per cent. I have paid it, and I know.

Furthermore, individuals acting as financial agents of private parties in the East loan their money out here for ten per cent, paying the Eastern capitalist five or six per cent, and taking the commission off that, while pocketing the difference of four or five per cent.

Why should the borrower with real estate security pay such usurers' rates? Why should not the Easterner get the legal rate of eight per cent in this State, and both borrower and lender be better off?

I am doing some building on my homestead, and wanted to borrow a thousand dollars for one year. The banks want twelve per cent, while the legal rate in Arizona is eight per cent. Private parties want ten per cent, and will not loan a penny for less. Is there no solution for this affair?

That there must be some remedy for such conditions is assuredly the case; and a promising one is to be found through the establishment in this country of rural co-operative and land-mortgage banks like the two great systems which have done such admirable work in Germany—the Raiffeisen banks and the *Landschaften* societies.

These two systems are quite distinct in plan and scope. Through the former, the small farmer obtains personal credit. No loan whatever is granted except for short periods, and for some reproductive purpose, which will enable the borrower to pay the debt promptly and to make a profit for himself. Through the latter, a broad general market is created for mortgages on farm land, which are standardized as to issue and guaranteed, and thus become a safe and highly desirable investment security.

The first thing which strikes you in studying the German systems of agricultural credit is the immensity of their operations. The International Institute of Agriculture, of Rome, has gathered the most recent available statistics in a brochure entitled "An Outline of the European Co-operative Credit Systems."

From this it appears that on June 1, 1910, there were no less than 18,962 co-

operative societies in active operation in the German Empire, of which 15,517 were rural banks. The results of 12,614 such institutions, for the year 1909, are set forth in consolidated form.

According to these figures, the banks had a total membership of 1,163,186, or an average of 92 per institution. Their total incoming and outgoing business—reckoning four marks to the dollar—amounted to \$1,061,568,167. At the end of the year 1909 they had on hand deposits of \$391,437,708 and outstanding loans of \$348,209,146. The loans granted during the year amounted to \$214,694,794.

When it is recalled that this immense business was the result of cooperative workings of men of small means, operating through small local or rural banks, the results seem nothing short of marvelous. The 12,614 banks themselves had a paid-in share capital, in the aggregate, of only \$5,321,307, an average per bank of \$423. But the wonder of wonders is that the great work of these institutions was performed at the modest average cost, for the year, of \$152 per institution.

One may well wonder how a business of such magnitude can be carried on at such trifling expense; and one may wonder the more to learn that there has been virtually no failure of a Raiffeisen bank since the system was first introduced by Friedrich Wilhelm Raiffeisen, burgomaster of Weyerbusch, in the middle of the last century. The explanation of the great efficiency and economy of the system is referable to the fundamental principles underlying the general plans, which are—unlimited liability of the members, restricted areas of operation, and gratuitous management.

A Raiffeisen bank may be likened to a club of farmers. The area of its operations is limited strictly to a commune or parish, and the whole system is founded on mutual confidence and collective liability. The members not only know one another personally, but they can see from day to day the manner in which their money is employed. The administrative functions are divided between a committee of management, a council of supervision, and a general meeting. The executive work is carried on by a treasurer, who is usually the only employee who receives pay for his services.

These banks have a share capital only because an imperial law requires it, the par value of shares being placed at ten marks,

or two dollars and fifty cents. The working capital is derived from the paid-in capital, the accumulated reserve fund from previous years' operations, savings deposits, and deposits on current accounts. Attached to the system are central banks, in which the surplus money is deposited at interest; but the business of the bank is almost exclusively that of making advances to members. Loans are made both for current accounts and for fixed periods, which vary from about six months to two or three years.

As the object of the rural banks is to furnish credit to the members on the most favorable terms, and not to make commercial profits, the rates on loans are held to a minimum, rarely exceeding four and one-half per cent, and no distribution of earnings in the shape of dividends is permitted. Interest at a low rate is paid on deposits, but whatever the bank makes over and above the expenses of operation is carried to a reserve fund. Thus the institutions strengthen themselves year after year, while at the same time they assist their members and further the agricultural developments of their communities.

The *Landschaften* societies, of which there are now twenty-five in the German Empire, are an older institution than the *Raiffeisen* banks. They date back to the latter half of the eighteenth century, and owe their origin to the deplorable condition in which landowners found themselves after Frederick the Great's wars, which left the German states ravaged and prostrated.

The underlying theory of the system, as expounded by Büding, its founder, is that land is an asset—that is, static wealth. In order to impart dynamic force to this, Büding argued that it was only necessary to give currency or negotiability to the asset, and the owner of the land could obtain all the credit he required.

It is interesting to recall that this was the underlying theory of the "assignats" of the French Revolution; but whereas the experiment proved a deplorable failure in France, owing to the disorders of the Revolution, the general loss of confidence, and the tremendous overissue of "assignats," the plan has worked out to an unqualified success in Germany, where the issues have been restricted, safeguarded, and treated as a debenture bond rather than a convertible circulating note.

The *Landschaften* are organized generally for a province, or some other adminis-

trative unit. Their object is to obtain for their members the credit they require for land improvement, by means of bond issues guaranteed by the landowners of the province collectively.

A proprietor desiring to borrow money states the purpose of the loan in his application. He cannot be refused the demand if the object is proper, for his land serves as security to the *Landschaften*. To be quite safe, however, the loan is limited to one-half or two-thirds the value of the property. Though the body of landlords possess real estate of great value, they seldom have large amounts of money at their disposal, and they get the sums needed for the borrowers from third parties, by selling bonds, guaranteed by the collective group, to capitalists and investors. These bonds rank almost as high as the German imperial three-per-cent.

The total amount of such bonds outstanding in 1909 was \$830,667,554. This huge borrowing was effected by the *Landschaften* and allied institutions at from three and one-half to four per cent. The debtors pay about one-half of one per cent more for their money, and the difference defrays the administrative expenses. The bonds are redeemed by amortization instead of a lump payment, the amortization period running as long as seventy-five years in some instances, but averaging about thirty years.

If uniform action, or something closely approximating it, can be obtained from the various States of the Union, there seems to be no reason why a general agricultural credit system similar to that outlined should not be introduced into this country. It has been suggested that cooperative credit banks should be incorporated under State charters to perform the functions of the *Raiffeisen* banks, and that land-mortgage banks, also under State charters, should be established to operate in each State as the *Landschaften* societies operate in the German provinces.

As a later step, President Taft favors the enactment of laws by Congress permitting the organization of a national institution under national supervision to guarantee and market the bonds issued and guaranteed by the State land banks and credit societies.

Perhaps it is too much to expect that the system in its entirety, as outlined by the President, can be carried into effect immediately; but it should not be difficult to

utilize some of its beneficent features now, and to introduce others later on. It is to be hoped that this will be the outcome, for we know of nothing which would so vitalize agriculture in this country as to put the farmer in the way of procuring the credit to which he is entitled at moderate cost. If a plan can be devised to standardize farm mortgages, and make them readily negotiable, not only would it stimulate agricultural development and cheapen the price of farm products, but it would provide investors with about the safest and best security that the world knows.

SPECULATION AND DIVIDENDS

FROM a correspondent in Zurich, Switzerland, we have received a letter raising a question that may be of general interest. It propounds the following query:

How is it possible that a number of standard American stocks can be kept up at a price where they pay less than first-class bonds? A speculator who buys these issues on margin continually loses on his interest account; and the genuine investor runs the risk of extensive fluctuations, and does not even get the returns of a good bond.

If I were a speculator, I certainly would select issues which carry the interest charges, so that in waiting for a rise it would not cost me anything. If I were an investor, I would buy either good bonds at four and one-half per cent or a stock which at the market price pays at least six per cent, to counterbalance the greater risk.

Our correspondent goes on to express his wonder at the fact that Reading common, which pays six-per-cent dividends, should be selling at 176, a price at which it returns but 3.4 per cent on the purchaser's money. In his opinion, even should the Reading dividend be raised to eight per cent—a rumor of which appears to have penetrated Switzerland—the price would be very high, for the stock would return but 4.54 per cent on the investment. He thinks that par is about the proper price for a six-per-cent stock.

He is puzzled, also, that St. Paul should sell at 113 while paying but five per cent, which gives an income value of but 4.42 per cent. From his point of view, St. Paul should rule around 80 to establish a six-per-cent basis. He argues that the risks attendant upon the ownership of common

stocks are such as entitle an investor to at least that return, as a compensation for the hazard he incurs.

It is not our intention to enter into any discussion concerning the price of Reading, beyond saying that a theory has long prevailed in Wall Street that on the conclusion of certain Federal litigation bearing upon the Reading's ownership of vast tracts of anthracite coal, a readjustment of its affairs would inure to the great advantage of the shareholders.

The case with the St. Paul road is different. Its dividend was reduced to five per cent as a result of poor earnings, which the shareholders believe are but temporary. They have held their stock instead of selling it, and their faith in the property seems justified by the recent marked improvement in the company's gross and net returns.

As our readers are aware, we have no sympathy with speculation, and we have repeatedly urged against it in favor of investment operations. We agree with our correspondent in some particulars, but we dissent from his apparent conclusions that the dividend rate is the sole factor in determining the price of a stock.

He may apply a fixed measure to bonds with a fairer degree of accuracy, for bond interest is a fixed quantity, and in a general way bond prices are measured by income yield and the value of money; but even with bonds our correspondent will have to make certain allowances for different degrees of security, and the like, which influence general price ranges.

Stock dividends are dependent upon earnings, which are variable, and upon other contingencies. Of course, preferred stocks, with which the rate of disbursement is usually specified, are an exception. It is impossible to gage common stock prices, however, as bonds are determined, wholly or mainly by income; for stocks may participate in things from which bonds are excluded. The corporations may be rich in assets and surplus, or otherwise; the equities may be great or small, the earnings may increase or decrease, and the dividends may be one rate to-day and at a different rate six months or a year hence. Stocks are influenced directly by such contingencies, while bonds, bearing fixed rates of interest, may be affected only indirectly, or not at all.

The various factors and circumstances which influence stock prices and their fluctuations are legion. Purely speculative

considerations, mere idle rumors, may be and often are as potent as actual developments in temporarily enhancing or depressing prices. Non-dividend-paying issues may be raised to par, or even higher, through the force of sheer manipulation alone.

How, I wonder, would our correspondent determine the price of non-dividend-payers? He could not, assuredly, measure them by his standard of par for a stock paying six per cent. Because they pay nothing, it would be manifestly absurd to fix their price at zero. It does not follow, because a stock is paying nothing, that it is earning nothing, or that it is worthless; nor does it follow that it may not some day distribute satisfactory dividends.

These considerations should suggest to our correspondent that there may sometimes be justification for a stock's selling at a price above the actual worth of money, as measured by income value. There may be concealed equities in the property, unknown to the general public; there may be improving earnings, which promise larger dividends; or some important development may be impending in the property, which will greatly enhance its value.

Markets, and particularly speculative markets, usually anticipate such events. In the case of stocks, if speculators know of impending developments, they act beforehand. They do not wait for actual developments before buying. In fact, they usually select that time to sell, and secure their profits, for that is the time when others may be disposed to buy. This explains, in a general way, why stocks so frequently advance on occasions when there seems no good reason for it, and why they so often decline on "good news," such as increases in dividends, and the like.

Our correspondent thinks that if he were a speculator, he would select issues which "carry the interest charges." That is, he would purchase only such dividend-paying stocks as are selling at prices where the income yield is greater than the broker's carrying charges, so that his account would show him no loss in interest on the money advanced by the broker.

This is an excellent plan, both in theory and in practise, but it does not follow that a speculator can always buy a stock which carries the full interest charge, or, if so, that the issue would be attractive for speculation. If our correspondent were a speculator, he would probably be governed by the

considerations which control speculation. He would buy stocks on margins, upon "tips" that they were likely to enhance; and he would buy them regardless of dividend earnings or anything else, unless he felt that these features were likely to influence an enhancement of the market price.

Consider a speculative transaction for the advance, or for the "bull account," in its entirety, and it becomes apparent that the chief consideration is not that of buying but that of selling the stock. The motive which underlies the venture is, of course, the hope of gain or profit, derived through an enhancement in price. To obtain that profit, the speculator must complete the transaction by selling the stock. It was bought for that purpose—not to hold for dividends or for larger dividends, or to share in improvements or expected developments, but to sell at a higher price, bag a profit, and be rid of the thing.

If the speculator buys a dividend-paying issue on a margin, which carries itself or nearly carries itself, it is better for his books, for the interest account is a heavy item in a speculative transaction. But a speculator customarily buys for quick turns, not with the expectation of waiting months or years before he sells. He is looking for his chief profit from a fluctuation in market price.

Many speculators, no doubt, would prefer that the higher price should result from some genuine favorable development; but if the advance should be brought to pass as the result of a mere fake or stock-jobbing rumor, we do not believe that there is one of them who would refuse his profit. They would sell their stock and return thanks for what the gods gave them.

Whether stocks are high or low depends very much upon the view-point of the individual, and whether he is contemplating an investment or a speculation; but even among investors and among speculators there will be differences of opinion on this matter. For instance, our correspondent says he would buy stocks only when they return six per cent, to compensate for the risks involved. Others might not think them unduly high on a five-per-cent basis. If he feels that the price is likely to advance, a speculator might disregard income yield entirely.

In the long run, the income value of stocks and the worth of investment capital will control, or at least influence, the prices

of high-grade dividend-paying issues. In a general way, stocks used to be considered high in Wall Street when they returned less than five per cent on the purchaser's money. At that time, very high-grade bonds netted about three and one-half to four per cent. At present, the same class of bonds net from four and one-half to five per cent,

which roughly measures the present worth of investment capital.

Whether this establishes six per cent as the proper basis for the corresponding grade of stocks, it is impossible to say; but it seems clear that if the best securities yield more than formerly, stocks should yield correspondingly more.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

FOREIGN LOTTERY BONDS

Can you throw any light upon the "safe and profitable investments" mentioned in the enclosed booklet, which has reached me from Paris? Is this an invitation to invest in a lottery in a disguised form, or are the bonds legitimate issues of the European cities and countries mentioned?

If this is such an attractive opportunity to make "big money" with safety, why is it necessary for a Paris firm to beat the bushes for customers in far-off Hawaii?

H. P. N., Honolulu, Hawaii.

From Paris to Honolulu and back again to New York is a far cry on a financial inquiry. Nevertheless, such is the course which this proposition has traveled, and H. P. N.'s letter is one of six of like character which have reached me, alluring booklet and all, from Hawaiian correspondents. Just why Hawaii has been selected for exploitation by Melville, Glyn & Co., share-dealers of Paris, for the sale of lottery bonds, does not appear clear. Possibly the firm still expects to find in Honolulu, Hilo, and elsewhere traces of that simplicity and innocence in financial affairs which in days of old is said to have characterized the Kanakas in other particulars.

Melville, Glyn & Co. have arranged some tempting offers of lottery bonds for the Hawaiians. The lowest-priced one is "special combination No. 51," which participates in twenty-two drawings a year, and presents forty annual chances for a fortune. There are three prizes of £20,000, three of £10,000, one of £6,000, ten of £4,000, and so on down to nineteen of £400 each.

This combination is offered for the small and nominal sum of £22, 10s. cash, or £26 payable in instalments. It is made up of one bond of the city of Ghent, one of the city of Antwerp, one of Panama, authorized in connection with the French canal project, and one of the Congo Free State. The denominations of the bonds are not stated, but that is perhaps immaterial, for the possibility of drawing big prizes is the feature emphasized in the literature.

"Special Combination C. B. 88" is the costliest of the Paris firm's investment offerings. It participates in sixty drawings annually, and affords an adventurous Hawaiian no less than three hundred and fifty chances of making his

everlasting fortune during the year. It can be acquired for £243 cash, or £270 payable in instalments. It is made up of a neat arrangement of lottery bonds of Panama, the Congo State, the Servian government, the Ottoman government, and the cities of Paris, Brussels, Antwerp, Ostend, and Ghent, and of the Egyptian Foncier, or land-mortgage bank. From this combination a purchaser has a chance, each year, at winning about £385,000, or almost \$2,000,000, and there are no less than twenty-five shots at capital prizes of £20,000, or \$100,000 each.

In addition to the alluring booklets, my Hawaiian correspondents have sent me some letters which have passed between them and Melville, Glyn & Co. The share-dealers desire to have it known that they are not selling lottery tickets, but bonds which may make you rich suddenly. They appear to be aware, however, that it is unlawful to send such material as theirs through the United States mails, for their latest literature contains a special enclosure, printed in red ink, which states that in making remittances "money-orders must not be sent" from the Hawaiian Islands.

A suggestion that they prefer a United States bank-note, or a draft on London or Paris, ought not to avail them any better, however, if the Hawaiian postmasters are alive to the situation. The case of Horner against the United States, wherein the courts held that it was unlawful to use the mails to further the sale of Austrian government premium bonds, seems to correspond precisely with the present case.

The securities described in the booklets appear to be duly authorized issues of various European governments, cities, and land-mortgage banks, which still issue bonds bearing a low interest, or no interest at all, but possessing a lottery attachment. The countries and municipalities resorting to this method seek to justify it on the score that they utilize the love of gambling for the promotion of thrift; but the tendency with lottery bonds, like all undertakings which contain a large element of chance, seems really to be in the other direction, and this form of financing is steadily decreasing.

The lottery bond is really a survival of the old lottery, which once played a very important part in government finance, and to which all countries resorted in order to procure funds for national purposes. England, from 1703 to 1824, raised money each year through this medium, and in 1776 a national lottery was instituted by the American Congress. The old government or State lotteries were very unfair indeed, and they were finally abolished in consequence of their demoralizing influence on children, servants, and unwary people, many of whom were ruined by their operations.

Though not countenanced in this country, the lottery bond of continental Europe is a fairer proposition than the old type of lottery. The purchaser, to be sure, may never win a prize—indeed, the odds against his drawing one are enormous—but he, or his heirs or assigns, or the person to whom he may have sold the bond, will at least receive the principal back some day, and, in addition, will get the trifling sum in interest which such issues now bear.

A specified number of bonds are canceled upon the occasion of each drawing. A capital prize and a number of other prizes, relatively few, are awarded by lot; but the vast majority of the drawn bonds carry no prizes or premiums at all, and in this respect correspond to the blanks in the customary form of lotteries. Through the operation, however, the loan is gradually paid off. As a rule, the bonds have no fixed maturity; but as the number to be drawn on each occasion is known, the average life of the indebtedness can be computed easily.

The apologists of this form of financing compare it to a system once in vogue of giving higher and lower rates of interest on borrowed money according to lot. The bonds, they assert, carry interest like other loans, and they claim that it is not paid ratably only because a certain proportion is set aside to provide for the prizes or premiums. They lay stress upon the fact that under the usual form of borrowing money at a definite rate of interest for a prescribed number of years, the interest must be provided annually for the full period of the loan, which leaves the principal unpaid at maturity. Under the plan of the lottery bond, the drawings and cancellations amortize the debt through periodical payments.

Admitting these features, however, it remains true that the chief incentive in purchasing such bonds is not that of investing money safely and profitably at all, but the hope of winning the big prizes, and of gaining something of value for a relatively small outlay. The buyer of a lottery bond pays more for the security than it is worth, if measured by the returns on investment capi-

tal; and it is clear that he would not do so except for the alluring prospect held out to him of drawing a capital prize, which is an exceedingly remote contingency.

The offerings made to our Hawaiian correspondents are a direct appeal to credulity, strongly emphasizing the prize-winning features of the bonds, and laying stress upon the large number of chances of fortune in which one may participate. As such, the literature violates our statutes bearing upon the use of the mails in connection with lotteries, and the sooner a stop is put to its circulation, the better.

A CANADIAN LAND COMPANY

What can you say of the Commercial Wheat Growers' Association of Canada, with offices at Chicago and wheat land in the Kindly district of Saskatchewan, which it is selling to investors under the unit system? Would you advise investing in this company?

R. N. T., Pittsfield, Mass.

We cannot advise our readers upon investing money in any agricultural proposition. We have fully explained our reasons in an article entitled "Farming on Shares," which this correspondent and others will find in our September number, page 992.

To determine the responsibility of an enterprise, our reader should make his investigations through the banks or the credit agencies. Even if well assured on that point, however, he must never lose sight of the fact that nature, and not man, controls the results of agriculture.

AMERICAN SUGAR REFINING STOCK

Will you kindly give me a line on the stock of the American Sugar Refining Company, to wit:

- (1) Is this stock considered a good purchase from an investment standpoint?
- (2) How does it rate with other high-grade industrials?
- (3) I notice that the common is selling two or three points higher than the preferred. Why is this? Is not the preferred "preferred" as to assets and dividends?
- (4) I understand that this company has paid a regular quarterly dividend of one and three-quarters per cent for the last ten years. Is this true? On both preferred and common?
- (5) Is this company being sued for dissolution by the government at the present time?
- (6) What will be the probable outcome of this suit?
- (7) If you cannot recommend this stock for investment purposes, what high industrials paying six or seven per cent per annum can you recommend?

W. E. M., Milwaukee, Wis.

Replying to the above questions in the order in which our correspondent asks them, I should say:

(1) The status of American Sugar Refining common has changed materially of late. Whereas for years it was regarded as a speculative football, it is now favored for investment by persons who interpret the term broadly enough to include common stocks of industrial concerns. The company's preferred stock, however, conforms more nearly with

the considerations which should properly govern an investment.

(2) The issue grades with the best of its class. It stands in the first rank among industrial common stocks.

(3) American Sugar Refining preferred stock is a cumulative issue. It is preferred as to dividends, but not as to assets, in liquidation. There is more "imagination" about the common than the preferred stock. The dividend of the latter is restricted, while that of the former may be increased above the present rate, if warranted by good earnings. This possibility appeals to the speculative element, and doubtless explains why the common sells above the preferred, though both are at present paying the same dividends of seven per cent.

(4) The dividend record of the American Sugar Refining Company is much better than stated by our correspondent. It has paid seven per cent on its preferred stock consecutively for twenty-one years, or since its organization. On its common stock it has paid at varying rates, as follows: 1892, 10½ per cent; 1893, 21½ per cent; 1894 to 1899, inclusive, 12 per cent; 1900, 7¾ per cent; 1901 to 1912, inclusive, 7 per cent.

(5) Yes, the company is being sued by the government as a monopoly in restraint of trade, for alleged violation of the Sherman Antitrust Act.

(6) I do not know what the outcome of the suit may be. I do not know anybody who does know, and I decline to guess.

(7) It is never considered good policy to buy into a lawsuit, and for that reason I shall make no recommendation concerning a purchase of American Sugar Refining common stock. Our correspondent will have to decide for himself the question of buying the securities of a company whose title is clouded by litigation. I may say, however, that the pendency of the suit does not appear to distress the shareholders, for the stock is selling around 127, at which price it returns about five and one-half per cent on an investor's money.

Each individual must determine something about an investment for himself, and it is unwise to assume the responsibility of recommending any stock to any one without knowing his circumstances. Among industrial trust preferred stocks, however, which are not subject to government litigation, which are listed upon the New York Stock Exchange, and which at present return between six and seven per cent, I submit the following as worthy of consideration, for a person contemplating the purchase of industrial shares:

American Beet Sugar preferred; dividend 6 per cent, maintained for thirteen years; earned for this issue in 1911, 46.5 per cent; price, about 100; income value, 6 per cent.

National Lead preferred; dividend, 7 per cent, maintained for 20 years; earned for this

issue in 1911, 10.7 per cent; price, about 110; income value, 6.36 per cent.

United States Rubber first preferred; dividend, 8 per cent, maintained for 6 years; earned for this issue in 1911, 13.4 per cent; price, about 108; income value, 7.14 per cent.

Virginia-Carolina Chemical preferred; dividend, 8 per cent, maintained for 17 years; earned for this issue in 1911, 12.4 per cent; price, about 116; income value, 6.90 per cent.

IN SEARCH OF A SAFE INVESTMENT

I have about \$15,000 in cash, which I want to put out at interest at five or six per cent. I do not care to speculate or take chances. I want something that is an absolutely safe investment, from which I can obtain my interest regularly and my principal when it is due. What class of investments would you advise?

L. A. F., New Orleans, La.

The highest general standard of investment in this country is that established by law for savings-bank and trust funds in New York and the leading New England States. The securities which conform to these requirements do not return a rate of interest as high as six or even five per cent. A few of them may be bought at prices to net about four and one-half per cent, but the majority now yield from four and one-quarter to four and three-eighths per cent.

To obtain an "absolutely safe investment," our correspondent must conform to an absolutely safe standard. The law of investment is as fixed in this respect as that of the Medes and the Persians, which altereth not. You cannot at one and the same time have a high interest rate and every other desirable feature of investment, including absolute safety.

If, in purchasing a security, you demand the very highest standard and the readiest negotiability, you must pay for it by accepting a small return. If you demand a big yield, you can secure it only by surrendering something. Either the security will not be as salable, or it will not be quite as well secured in some particular.

This does not imply that there are no safe and desirable investments in this country except such as measure up to the Eastern savings-bank standard, for such is not the case; but when a man asks for an "absolutely safe investment," the adviser has no option. He must indicate the highest standard he knows, even though some "absolutely safe" securities, like government bonds, may not offer an advantageous investment for an individual.

It is not necessary for the personal investor, ordinarily, to restrict himself to savings-bank standards in order to secure a good bond. There are many other securities, netting as much as five per cent, which are thoroughly safe, in the ordinary acceptance of the term. There are ways of investing money at six per cent which entail no excessive hazards; but

the security, if sound, is not likely to be readily marketable, or, if so, it cannot conform to the highest standards, and must be of a somewhat speculative description.

In the class of things which pay six per cent are Western farm mortgages, some real-estate bonds and mortgages, a few special assessment and improvement bonds of Western communities, and some industrial preferred stocks. Of course, there are also stocks and bonds of local enterprises, manufacturing concerns and the like, which may be highly desirable. As these latter securities have no broad or general market, I cannot deal with them. One who is seeking high interest, however, should not overlook the possibilities of mortgage loans and local enterprises in his own community.

I believe if any one should apply the principle of diversification in investments, it is the man who is seeking high interest. By so doing he can probably approximate the precise rate he desires, and he can do so without locking up all his money in slow or unmarketable securities, or placing all of it at undue hazard. He will be able to secure some readily negotiable issues, and some very excellent securities, even if all of them are not of the very highest standard.

I think our correspondent will be well advised if he will consider his contemplated investment along these lines. His \$15,000 is susceptible to a division into five parcels of \$3,000 each, to be laid out respectively in securities of the five following classes:

Well secured railway bonds, netting $4\frac{3}{4}$ to 5 per cent.

Semi-speculative railways bonds, netting 5 to $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Public utility bonds, netting 5 to $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Real-estate mortgages or bonds, netting 5 to 6 per cent.

Industrial preferred stocks, netting 6 per cent.

It would assist him very much in deciding this problem, if he would send to two or three reputable banking-houses for their investment lists, and would study their offerings carefully.

THE WONDERS OF SULPHO-CARBON

I am sending you the literature of the Sulpho-Carbon Company, and I would like to ask your opinion on this project as an investment. The profits, as you will see, are very attractive to one who is drawing only four per cent from a savings-bank, but is the company safe, and are the profits assured?

Do the other proprietary articles which appear in the picture "A Yard of Fortune-builders," return the profits mentioned?

Please answer quick, for the stock is going to advance.

C. R. E., Brookline, Mass.

"A Yard of Fortune-builders" gives you a slight idea of the magnitude of Charles H. Babb's new investment offering. It is considerably more than three feet broad, and has a depth to correspond. No office desk was

large enough to spread it out in full, and so we tacked it to the door and a part of the wainscoting to get a clear idea of the thing.

One glance, and all was made clear. The "Yard of Fortune-builders" is a pictured display of the bottles, cans, boxes, and packages of well-known washing-powders, baking-powders, soaps, cleansers, biscuits, and the like, among which is a very fat can of Sulpho-carbon.

These "fortune-builders" have smiled upon us from all their thirty-six inches of space before; at least, most of them have, but we note the absence of Spar Products, which figured among the elect on the last previous occasion when the device was called to our attention. We recall that instead of a "fortune-builder," Spar Products became a fortune-loser, and went bankrupt. All the other celebrities are there, however, with the fat can labeled "Sulpho-carbon" gracing the place once occupied by Spar Products, of sorrowful memory.

Sulpho-carbon, according to Babb, does many things. We have not the space to enumerate them all, but a few will suffice. It will positively kill hog-cholera germs, bedbugs, smallpox germs, and cockroaches. You can also use it to fumigate a damp cellar. To accomplish these things, you set fire to the wonderful stuff. One picture shows a can with circles and wreaths of dense smoke arising from the ignited substance; the quality of which, if not the odor, may be inferred from the fact that even polecats cannot stand it. The prospectus says that they die, and so also do badgers, prairie-dogs, and gophers.

Mr. Babb, who is offering Sulpho-carbon shares for sale, appears to own the formula for manufacturing the substance. This enables him to make what he calls an "inside, subcellar" offering—which has perhaps been fumigated, like the damp cellar mentioned; and herein rests his ability to promise unusual rewards to trusting shareholders. The literature reads:

Five hundred per cent profit now; one thousand per cent profit within a year.

This, surely, is "going some" in the way of profits; but I think our correspondent will be better advised to leave his money undisturbed in his savings-bank. It would not surprise me if four per cent from the bank resulted in more actual cash money than one thousand per cent obtained by the Babb process. Sulpho-carbon's big profits will be derived as follows:

The "inside, subcellar price" is a small and nominal sum of five cents for a one-dollar share, and you cannot buy more than ten thousand shares. Now it is clear that if this price advances to twenty-five cents, which Babb predicts at an early date, the mark-up is fivefold

of the "investment," and there's your five hundred per cent. Later, Sulpho-carbon shares will be advanced to fifty cents, and there's your one thousand per cent. It is as simple as falling into a ditch, and the only thing about the scheme which astonishes me is Babb's philanthropy in sharing his riches with others.

Only to think of it! Babb could retain all his five-cent subcellar Sulpho-carbon shares, every one of them, and, by the easy process of advancing them a few hundred per cent a lick, become the wealthiest man in the world. All that seems necessary is to print enough shares and mark them up sufficiently high.

We hope that our correspondent will let no one outdo him in philanthropy. We hope he will leave Mr. Babb in undisputed possession of every share of his stock, that he may be the sole beneficiary of all these marvelous Sulpho-carbon profits.

AN ARIZONA "TRUST COMPANY"

Will you kindly read the enclosed booklet of the Bankers' Trust Company, of Amarillo, Texas, and let me know if you advise an investment in its shares?

L. A. P., St. Joseph, Mo.

There is nothing in the booklet this correspondent sends us which would justify us in advising an investment in the stock of the Bankers' Trust Company, which is now engaged in selling shares through a "fiscal agent" for the ostensible purpose of opening business at Amarillo, Texas.

The pamphlet does not indicate the names of the company's officers or the State of its incorporation. Failing to find any mention of these important details, we have made inquiry of the proper authorities, and have been informed that the Bankers' Trust Company is not a Texas corporation. It is not subject to the supervision of the banking department of that State, nor, so far as we can determine, of any State. Nor is it a trust company in the ordinary acceptance of the term, for it is not a fiduciary, and enjoys no banking powers.

Under the laws of Arizona and some other States, concerns transacting a land-mortgage business can call themselves "trust companies," even though they may not possess the banking functions usually associated with a trust company. This concern was chartered in Arizona. Its chief activities up to the present time appear to have been in the direction of stock-selling. As the company has an authorized capital of \$3,000,000, there should certainly be stock enough to supply the wants of all the citizens of Amarillo, which had a population of 9,957 according to the last census.

At present the "fiscal agent" is offering \$1,000,000 of the company's stock, par value \$10, at \$20 a share. The booklet says this will provide a capital of \$1,000,000 and a paid-in surplus of \$1,000,000, but the promoters probably get something for their services. It might

be well, therefore, for any one contemplating a purchase of the shares to ask for a copy of the stock-selling contract, and to ascertain how much out of each dollar paid for capital and surplus goes to the stock-venders for commissions and expenses, and how much reaches the company's treasury.

Of the material in the booklet issued in connection with the stock offering of this concern, at least two-thirds is made up of references to the large earnings and big dividends of old-established banking trust companies of New York, Chicago, and elsewhere. An inexperienced person might be led to confuse the Bankers' Trust Company of Arizona, domiciled at Amarillo, Texas, with such institutions as those over whose prosperity the booklet waxes eloquent.

Of course, there is no more real basis of comparison between this trust company in name, but not in substance, in the little Texas city, and a great banking institution in New York or Chicago, than there would be between a bottle of ginger-pop and a magnum of champagne of rare vintage.

THE MCCRUM-HOWELL COMPANY

Will you kindly give me the details of the reorganization of the McCrum-Howell Company, and also express an opinion on the safety of purchasing a hundred or so shares of the preferred or common stock as a speculative investment, to be bought outright, to hold indefinitely?

B. B., Philadelphia, Pa.

The proposed reorganization plan of the McCrum-Howell Company can be obtained in full from the chairman of the committee on reorganization, or it may be studied in the columns of publications like the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*. We cannot undertake to publish the details, for they may be modified, as is frequently the case with reorganization plans, before the first tentative proposal assumes a definite form.

We cannot advise a reader on the purchase of shares of a bankrupt concern. The McCrum-Howell Company made a very bad failure, and it appears that its condition and earning capacity had been grossly misrepresented. If our correspondent was unfortunate enough to have invested in the stock of the company, the only possible way we know of his recovering anything is to pay his assessment and take his chances on the company's working out of its troubles.

We do not advise on speculative investments, or on the purchase of non-dividend-paying shares of rehabilitated bankrupts upon the chance that they may make good. We recommend the purchase of good bonds and the dividend-paying stocks of established properties. If our correspondent is considering a new investment, we should think that a corporation which has a clean history and a good record would appeal to him, rather than one of a contrary character.

THE DARKEST HOUR

BY J. F. PASCOE AND R. W. PASCOE

WITH A DRAWING BY THE KINNEYS

CHICAGO is the Mecca of all stage-struck Mid-Westerners. It is infested with booking-agents and their camp-followers. It has many dingy offices, through which it is necessary to pass before one may blossom on the professional side of the footlights. And even after having succeeded in passing through one or other of these dingy offices, there is more to undergo.

North of the river there are many halls, where chorus-people drill. In musical shows, only the principals rehearse. The chorus drills—drills, day after day, until it is hot, leg-weary, and almost heart-broken.

Its members dress in the coolest fashion possible. Some girls wear bloomers and a jersey; others work through the hot summer days in things one does not often see away from the seashore—flimsy bathing-costumes.

Rose Radcliffe was in "the business"; but she was not exactly a success. She had long ago realized that the stage was not her proper sphere; but having set out—from Adrian, Michigan—on a stage career, she considered that it was too late now to remedy her mistake. Almost a year had passed since she had joined the chorus of the Dainty Burlesquers, at eighteen dollars a week and railroad-fare.

When the Dainty Burlesquers closed, at Joliet, Illinois, she made up her mind that she had seen enough of burlesque. The Dainty Burlesquers were dainty in name only. Each woman principal in the company weighed a great deal more than a woman can weigh and still be dainty; and the comedians, though less weighty than the ladies interested in the show, were not given to daintiness of figure or speech, either.

A few months of burlesque had utterly disgusted Rose Radcliffe; so, when they closed their season at Joliet, she went in to Chicago with the hope of getting an engagement in some musical comedy.

After several weeks consumed in tramping from one office to another, in sitting among other ambitious coryphées in ante-rooms, and in interviewing stage-managers—when she could get to them—she at last started to rehearse with the chorus of a three-year-old musical comedy going on the road. She rehearsed—or drilled—for two hot weeks. By that time she was a week behind with her board-bill, and had less than a dollar left in cash.

Then came the "weeding out." Rose had worked her hardest through those sweltering August days, but at the last moment the stage-manager came to her.

"I gotta let you go, kid," he said. "You ain't a winner!"

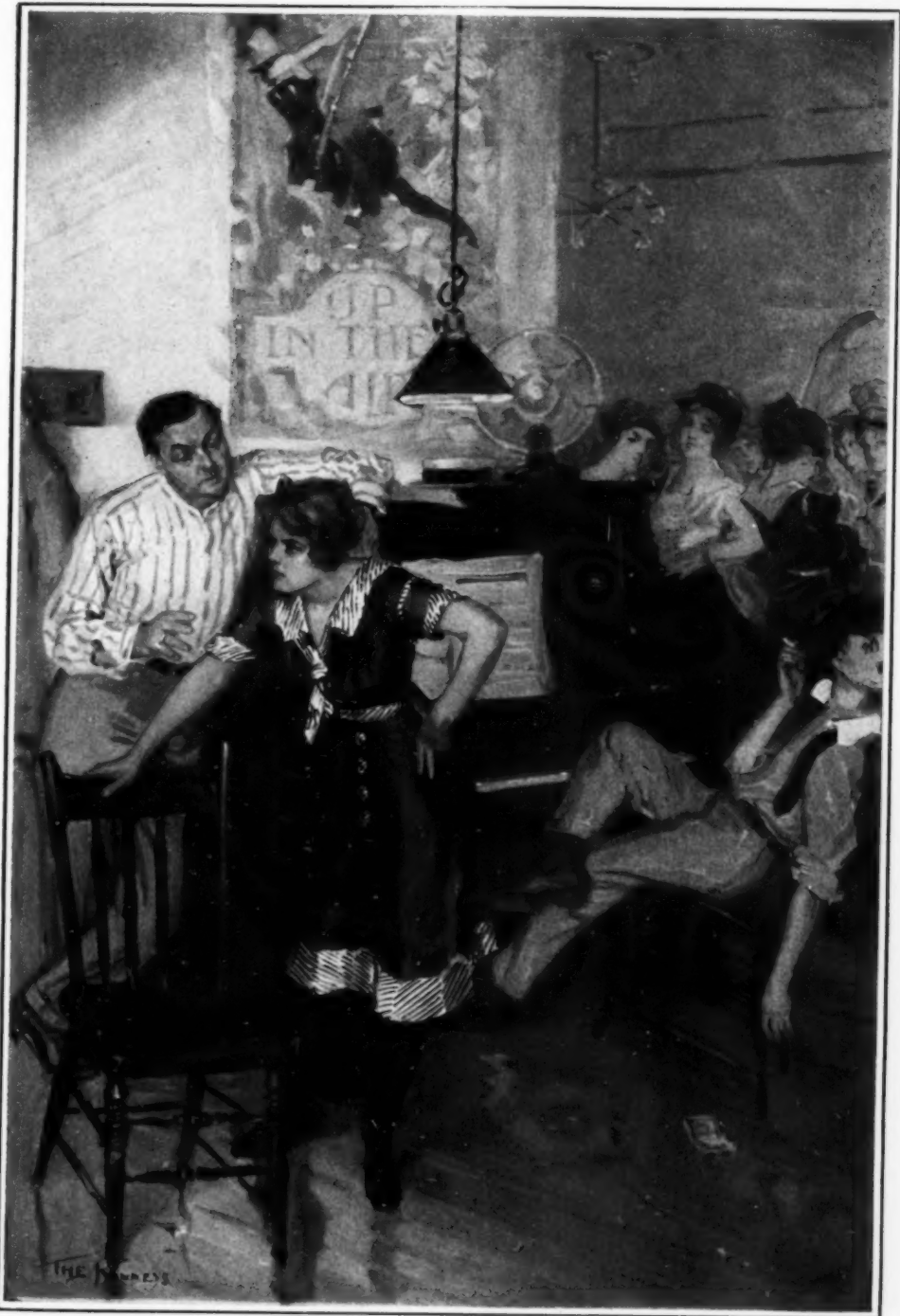
Rose didn't argue. She simply changed her bathing-costume for her street clothes, packed the bathing-suit into her hand-bag, and left the hall, north of the river.

Once in the street, she hesitated. There seemed to be no place to go now—not one.

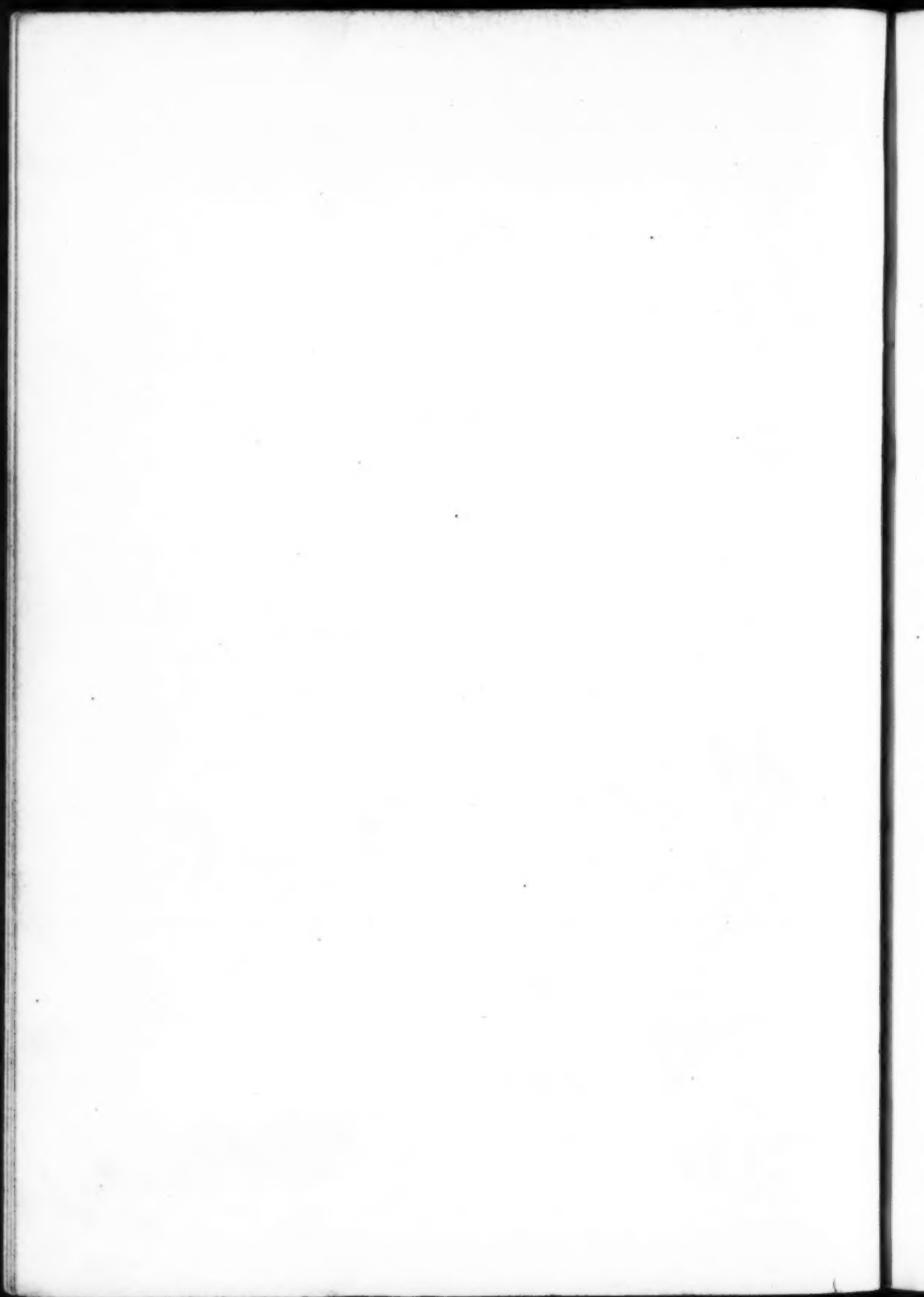
Presently she found herself wandering aimlessly down North Clark Street. She crossed the bridge. She resolved to have one more try, and set out more briskly, down-town.

Then came the round of the offices. But Rose didn't enter any of them. The first office door she came to seemed to have something printed on it; something for every one to see—"You ain't a winner." She left that one and went to another, then to another. They were all alike.

She wandered away from it all; from the rattling of the overhead railways and the



"I GOTTA LET YOU GO, KID. YOU AIN'T A WINNER!"



million other noises that help to make Chicago the din-laden city it is. She made her way to the lake front, and there sat down to think.

She had been an utter failure. Time was when she had dreamed of a triumphant return to Adrian, Michigan. In those days she used to sit in her aunt's garden there and paint dream pictures of the day when she'd be a star. Now her dream pictures were different.

She pictured the old garden, with its rambler roses, its mignonette borders, and its cool lawn under the shade of the big maple. How she longed to be there once again! She felt that if she could but utterly wipe out the past twelve months, she would give—but she remembered, she had nothing to give. She simply longed to be there.

About a week before, she had written to her aunt. She had not written because she felt that she needed help. At that time she was as full of ambition and hope as she ever had been, and fully expected to go out with the musical comedy. She had written because she wanted to be reconciled with the aunt who had cared for her since she was a tiny child, and who had begged and entreated her to stay at home and content herself.

Before that, Rose had not written to her aunt for a long time; and this letter had brought no answer as yet. Perhaps her kindly guardian had lost patience, and was done with her entirely. She might even have gone from the old house with the garden.

Poor Rose! Her thoughts were far from pleasant. She looked out over the lake, and almost longed to be swallowed up by its gleaming waters. They began to beckon to her most invitingly. She sighed and turned away from them.

Then she started to walk home—"home" to a tiny room in a none too elegant boarding-house. It took her more than an hour to get there; and when she did, her landlady met her in the hallway.

"I don't want to appear too fresh," said the landlady, from whom all freshness had forever departed; "but I want to speak to you a minute, Miss Radcliffe."

Rose knew exactly what was coming. She hung her head, ashamed that she had nothing to say.

"Unless you've got some money for me, you can't stay here any more after to-night,

Miss Radcliffe. I'm head over heels in debt myself. The grocer is after me—I owe him close on to sixty dollars; and the butcher and the milkman and the iceman are after me, too. Then I got my rent to pay, and a lot more besides, and the Lord only knows where it's all comin' from. I don't! You know it's close on to two weeks since you give me a cent. I ain't the one to turn a good girl adrift—not me!—but what can I do? You can see what I'm up against, can't you?"

The one-sided conversation came to an end abruptly. The landlady, who had said all she had to say while she stood with one hand firmly gripping the door-knob, retired behind the door it belonged to, her action saying that the interview was at an end. Rose wearily made her way up-stairs to her room.

She sat on the edge of the bed and looked about her. Although the room was not quite the cozy place one grows to love, it was a shelter—a place to come to, to sleep in; and this was the last night she might spend in it. She had lost all hope now. There seemed to be nothing left for her to do. She lay on the tiny bed, and sobbed—just one strangling sob.

In the twilight of the room, few things were plainly discernible; but the gas-fixture stood out from the wall. It was a suggestion—an inoffensive-looking, but none the less efficient, means of ending all things.

The more Rose tried to keep her eyes away from it, the more persistently it coaxed them back again, until, at last, she did not try to look at anything else. She simply lay and watched it.

Presently it coaxed her from the bed. She got up and went to it. She touched its metal arm.

Then the sinful thing behind the arm—the valve—began to talk into her mind.

"Turn me," it said. "Just one little twist, one little turn of the wrist, and the gas will bring you peace. Peace—imagine it! No more worry; no more chorus drills; no more tramping from one agent to another—no more anything!"

Rose stood irresolute. Her fingers toyed with the valve. Then, without flinching, she turned it.

She heard a short hiss, and caught the smell of gas; and then, turning away from the gas-jet, she stretched her arms before her and groped her way back to the bed,

there to collapse in a shuddering heap, and await the end.

II

ROSE had always heard that gas quickly sent its victims into a comatose condition; but in her case it seemed an age before she began to feel her senses gradually weaken. Surely the end was near now!

All her life she lived over again, as she awaited the end of it. All the places most dear to her she visited again—visited them in spirit, to say good-by to them. To the garden at Adrian, Michigan, she went last of all; and how she loved it! It was all abloom, and the air was heavy with the scent of dew-laden mignonette. She imagined herself going up the path, seemed to see her aunt rise from the shady seat under the maple to come to meet the returned prodigal, with a smile of welcome on her face and her arms outstretched in greeting.

Then it seemed that somewhere, far away, Rose heard a rapping. She could not imagine what caused it, but she was positive that she heard it, that it seemed to come closer. She did not move or speak. "It will soon stop," she thought.

Then she fancied she heard her aunt's voice. She imagined that her mind was

fighting its last fight, that her reason was leaving her, that her brain was going through chaos, along tangled lines of thought, before the end.

Then the door opened, and her landlady, carrying a kerosene lamp in her hand, stood on the threshold.

"Some one to see you, dearie," she said graciously. "A lady!"

Almost before the woman had finished speaking, some one had come quickly into the room, and Rose found herself encircled by a pair of loving arms.

"Auntie!" she gasped; and then her tears almost blinded her.

Her aunt held her close and soothed her quietly.

"My poor child," she murmured, "I'm so thankful I've found you at last! I'm going to take you home to Adrian with me, if you'll come. I got your letter three days ago, and I thought I'd come instead of writing. There, there, child; don't cry any more. You can tell me all about it later, when—"

Suddenly, with a gasp, Rose remembered. She rushed to the gas-fixture.

"I'll leave you the lamp," said the landlady. "You can't light no gas. They took out my meter this morning."

THE MONK

A MONK, moon-mad, the garden paced,
Tortured by joys that he had missed,
Temptations he had never faced,
The woman he had never kissed.

From out the pregnant, brooding dusk
He heard the whir of insects' wings;
Around him rose the scent of musk,
And perilous imaginings.

The date-palms stirred; from o'er the hill
The moonlight poured, and whitely lay
Upon the mission arches chill,
On graveyard urn and new-cut hay.

In empty arms he bowed his head,
Yearning for children ne'er to be;
And grieved because his loved lay dead
In vague, unborn infinity.

But when from tender, velvet sky
The dawn descended, he had crept
To the sweet, mothering cross near by,
Which heard and healed him as he wept!

Marion Ethel Hamilton

HIS GREAT ADVENTURE*

BY ROBERT HERRICK

AUTHOR OF "TOGETHER," "THE COMMON LOT," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

THE story opens in New York, where Edgar Brainard, an unsuccessful young playwright, nearly at the end of his resources, happens to pass a man who has fallen in a fit on the street. He befriends the sufferer, and takes him to his own room, which is close by, to await an ambulance. While waiting, though he is seemingly near death, the sick man rallies his powers sufficiently to entrust Brainard with a strange commission. Giving him a power of attorney, which he signs "H. Krutzmacht," he bids the young man go to his office in San Francisco, empty out his safe, and take the contents to Berlin.

"Give it all to Melody," he concludes, but here his strength fails, and who or what Melody is Brainard cannot guess.

Using money from the sick man's wallet, Brainard goes to San Francisco. He learns that Krutzmacht was a well-known figure in finance, and had been engaged in a bitter war with rival interests. The envoy finds his office, and although Krutzmacht's stenographer tries to prevent it, he packs the contents of the safe in a trunk and a valise, with which he hurries to the ferry for Oakland. From a newspaperman who assists him, he learns that Krutzmacht has died in the New York hospital to which he was taken.

VI

AT the Oakland station there was a nervous ten minutes for Brainard while the overland passengers and their luggage were being transferred from the ferry to the train. He sat in his seat, furtively scanning each person that entered the car, expecting momentarily to feel the touch of a man's hand upon his shoulder. The stenographer had already had nearly thirty minutes in which to start the battery of her revenge.

By the time the train had pulled out of the ferry-shed, Brainard had already made up his mind to drop off at the first stop, even at the sacrifice of the little trunk, which was checked through to Chicago, and which now lay under a pyramid of tourist luggage at the other end of the long train. He could find it later.

While he was still debating with himself, the train slowed up, and he heard some one say:

"It's the Santa Fe crossing."

It came to Brainard in a flash that he might be able to catch the south-bound

limited on the Santa Fe and go eastward through Arizona and New Mexico.

He seized his heavy bag, and rushed for the door. Fortunately there was no one on the platform of his car. As he opened the vestibule, and pitched out his bag, the train began to move forward. He jumped into the darkness, and landed, unharmed, on top of his bag.

After the long train had passed him, he crawled to the track and made his way down to the other line, his heart quite light. No one, he thought, had observed his hasty departure, or even knew that he had been aboard the train.

When Brainard awoke the next morning, the Santa Fe train was entering the Mohave Desert. He lay for some time in his berth, collecting himself. It was intensely hot in the little coop of the Pullman berth. The heat reflected from the desert sands was blinding, and he drew down the curtain. When he stretched himself, his feet touched the heavy bag at the bottom of the berth.

With a start, his adventure came over him. What was he going to do now?

* This story began in the November number of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*

Hitherto he had been carried on a wave of events that demanded instant action, and he had not bothered himself with the future. Even when the reporter had given him the news of Krutzmacht's death in the hospital, he had hesitated only for a moment, although he realized that the flimsy power of attorney, which had given him his sole right to loot the old man's safe, had lost its force the instant its maker had ceased to breathe. After that he was, as the stenographer had said over the telephone, a mere thief. Nevertheless, he had not hesitated to obey the will of the dead man. But now?

Thus far he had followed Krutzmacht's orders. The old man who had fallen in a fit at his threshold had seized upon him as the nearest tool, had imposed on him his own purpose, and sent him across the continent on an errand the full nature of which was as yet unknown to him. He had obeyed the dying man with a curious faith in his reasonableness—had responded as to the command of a natural master. Now that he was dead, should Brainard desert him?

He knew, now, that Krutzmacht had been engaged in a life-and-death struggle for the control of large properties, a fight carried on by the aid of bankers and of courts. Apparently his enemies had been closing in on him in the final grapple. He had almost succeeded in eluding them, and then had been stricken, as Brainard now fully believed, by the dastardly hand of a hired murderer, and thrown on the pavement to die. Even in the torture of his convulsion, the old man had exerted his will to defeat these cowardly enemies, and had lingered on in life just long enough to enable his agent to snatch their prey from their very jaws.

But what was Brainard to do with his plunder?

The obvious thing would be to apply to the nearest Federal authority, explain his action, deposit his plunder, and allow an impartial court to judge the dispute between the dead man and his enemies. A few days before, such a timid and safe course of conduct would have seemed to Brainard the only thing to do. Now, however, it was not in the least to his taste.

He had become an altogether different creature from the beaten man, at the end of hope, who had stumbled homeward in the gloom of the April day. For one brief week

he had been alive—fully alive—and with his hand in the thick of the tangle he was not willing tamely to withdraw. The man who had used him as a tool was dead, but Krutzmacht's will lived on in him, not yet fulfilled, and to that will a strange kind of loyalty responded. He would not desert the old man, no matter what the legal aspects of the situation might be.

"Take everything," Krutzmacht had said. "Get it out of the country—to Berlin."

But then what?

There was that name—Mel, or Melody, that the dying man had been at such effort to enunciate. What had Melody to do with the matter? Was it the name of a person? The puzzle remained. It might be solved in Berlin. At any rate, that must be his next destination.

All that long day he pondered these things, while the train slowly traversed the mighty Arizona plains—arid, boundless, austere, fringed here and there by solitary peaks that rose majestically in the still, clear air. Which way should he lay his course to escape from the country safely?

As the day wore on, he lost the sense of security he had had at first when he gained the Santa Fe train. He grew anxious about possible messages that might even now be speeding past him on the wires, to intercept his flight at some convenient point.

At first he had thought of making for New Orleans, having altogether abandoned the idea of returning to New York, which would be the first place where he would be looked for. Now even New Orleans seemed a dangerously long way off. The sooner he could put an international boundary between himself and those people in California, the better would be his chance of escaping to Europe.

He studied the rough little map in his time-table, and saw that by taking the southerly line at Selva Junction he could cross into Mexico. He decided to do so.

The day drew slowly to its conclusion. The sun streamed horizontally across the arid plains, touching the bare outlines of the mountains with blood-red tints. Brainard's eyes roved from the landscape to the few passengers in the car, who seemed somnolent and harmless. He did not dare to open his overflowing valise while he remained on the car, although it tempted his curiosity.

He was abundantly supplied with ready

money. In addition to the large sum he had taken from the old wallet, he had found in one of the inner drawers of the safe a package of bank-notes and a little bag of gold coin, placed there, no doubt, by Krutzmacht, for just such an emergency as this. In all, he had on his person very nearly twenty thousand dollars, which would be sufficient for an extended journey. Ready money gave Brainard a comfortable sense of assurance in his own powers that he had not often experienced.

"What is your name, stranger?"

Brainard started as the big conductor laid a hand on his shoulder. He replied mechanically:

"Edgar Brainard—why?"

"Don't be scared, stranger!" the conductor exclaimed with a chuckle, glancing at a yellow envelope he held in his hand. "I'm looking for a party named Wilky, or Wilkins."

Brainard controlled himself just in time not to snatch the telegram. It flashed over him that it was from the *Despatch* man, who had divined his wandering course, and probably wished to warn him of some impending danger. The trainman passed on down the car, asking the passengers their names, and exhibiting his telegram.

Brainard waited until the conductor left the car; then he took his valise into the dressing-room, as if he were about to make a toilette. Presently, when the train slowed up, he looked out; but he could see nothing on the darkening desert except a huge wooden tank set aloft on stilts.

"This is my chance," thought Brainard.

There happened to be no one in the dressing-room or on the platform of his car; and when the train began to move, he quietly dropped off close to the water-tank.

It was dusk, and the distant mountains were covered with purple shadows. So far as Brainard could see, there was not even a section-house in sight—nothing but the huge tank, now dripping water into the thirsty plain.

As the reverberation of the retreating train died from the rails, he heard the beat of a horse's hoofs, and out of the cactus growth a pony dashed up with a girl astride, who peered after the train.

"Lost your train?" Brainard asked.

The girl on the pony turned in his direction, but made no reply.

"Can you tell me where the nearest town happens to be?" he said presently, and

added, with a doubtful look at the dusky plain: "If there is any!"

The answer from the figure on the pony was a girlish laugh, and then, in a soft voice—

"I reckon you won't find much of a town this side of Phoenix, stranger—and that's a mighty long way to the south!"

"I can hardly put up there to-night!"

"I reckon you cain't. You lookin' for some one?"

"I want to get to Diondas on mining business," Brainard replied glibly, the name being one that he remembered to have seen on the railroad folder.

"Where's that?"

"In northern Mexico, I think," Brainard explained in a doubtful voice.

"Mexico!" the girl drawled, with a charming accent of surprise. "Why, that's an awful ways south across them mountains. I reckon you won't get there, either, to-night, stranger!"

"I must have got off at the wrong place," Brainard remarked cheerfully.

"Reckon you did, stranger. Phantom ain't much of a place."

"So it seems," Brainard agreed, looking for the water-tank, which had been swallowed up in the night.

The girl rode closer, and peered out of the dark at the man sitting on the big yellow valise beside the railroad-track. She was a thin little figure. On her head she wore an old sombrero which screened her face from Brainard's searching glance.

"Where do you think I could spend the night?" he inquired rather helplessly. "I don't much care about camping here until daylight."

"Well," the little girl drawled, after a moment's reflection, "there's old man Gunnison. He lives back up the trail a ways. If he's to home, he might take you in."

"Won't you show me the way?" Brainard asked, gazing into the dark in the direction in which the girl pointed.

"I might," she admitted, hesitating, and looking up the track as if she expected to see a train. "I reckon the west-bound train won't be coming yet," she said to herself.

The girl slipped from her horse, and quickly swung Brainard's valise to the saddle, making it fast to the seat with thongs. Then, taking the reins, which she slipped over the animal's head, she strode out into the darkness. Brainard followed as best he could.

"What are you doing here at this time of night?" he asked, after they had proceeded in this unsociable fashion for some minutes.

The reply came softly back from the gloom ahead.

"Lookin' for the train, stranger."

"Going away?" he inquired.

"Perhaps."

"To California?"

No reply came to this question; and Brainard, realizing that his curiosity had been politely rebuked, relapsed into silence. After a time, as his eyes became accustomed to the dark, he advanced beside the pony, and, putting a hand on the bag to steady it, made another attempt at conversation.

"Live about here?" he asked.

"Reckon nothin' lives hereabouts but lizards and old man Gunnison."

"Where do you live, then?"

"I used to live up in the mountains over yonder." She made a gesture toward some distant spot that was lost upon Brainard. "It's called Monument," she added.

"Monument!" Brainard repeated.

The name seemed to be familiar, but he could not tell whether he had seen it in the railroad folder or on one of the numerous documents from Krutzmacht's safe which he had hurriedly examined. "Monument!"

"It's some ways from here," the girl vouchsafed.

"You used to live there—where do you live now?" Brainard persisted, his interest in his guide rising.

But she had urged the tired pony to a slow trot, as if to avoid further questions, and Brainard found some difficulty in keeping up with the pace. After more of this blind progress into the night, the girl stopped before what seemed a mound of dirt, and remarked:

"Here's Gunnison's. Maybe the old man is abed—I'll raise him for you."

She proceeded to pound vigorously with the butt of her whip on the door of the dugout. Presently there was a sound within, and a human head appeared at the door.

"Here's a gentleman who wants to go to some place in Mexico," the girl said in her gentle Southern voice. "I told him it was pretty fur from these parts, but I reckon you know how to git there if any one does."

"Will you put me up for the night, any way?" Brainard asked. "That's the first thing."

"I can do that," the sleepy Mr. Gunni-

son replied after a time, coming out of the door. "But if you be in a hurry to reach Mexico, stranger, you'd better go back to the railroad you come from, and take the next train."

"I'll see about that in the morning," Brainard replied.

The girl had already unfastened the bag and mounted her pony.

"Much obliged to you, miss, for all your help!"

"That's all right, stranger," she said cheerily, starting the pony.

"Going back to the railroad now?" Brainard asked.

"Yes!"

There was something pathetic in this childish figure, astride the tired pony, riding back to the lonely water-tank at Phantom.

"Good-by!" he called after her. "Hope we shall meet again some day!"

"Reckon we might, stranger!" came back to him in the soft voice.

Then the pony's feet padded rapidly off into the darkness, and the girl was gone.

"Who is she—do you know?" he asked the man.

"Belongs over in Moniment, in one of them mining-camps, I expect," the old man replied indifferently. "I seen her riding past this afternoon."

"Where is she going alone at night?"

"I dunno—guess she knows her own business."

"Such a small girl!"

"They know how to look after themselves, in these parts, as soon as they can creep," the old man remarked calmly. "They have to!"

"Monument!" Brainard repeated to himself, wondering where he had heard that name before.

"That's what they call it. It ain't much of a place now. There used to be a big mine near there, and some feller expected to get awful rich out of it; but he didn't. You can come in and bunk alongside of me, stranger."

VII

BRAINARD did not follow the old plainsman's advice to stick to the railroad for his travels. Instead, he induced Gunnison to leave his dugout and guide his chance guest across the Mexican border.

It was not as easy as it looks on the map in the railroad folder to get from Phantom,

Arizona—which was the name of the water-tank where he had dropped from the train—into the State of Chihuahua; but Brainard did not feel pressed for time, and those weeks on the trail, with old Gunnison and the pack-train of two horses and a mule, were full of joy to the city-bred man, who had rarely wandered beyond the confines of Harlem and the Battery. The altitude, the vivid desert colors, the beauty and the wildness of this neglected part of the world, filled Brainard with ecstatic happiness. Never before in all his life had he felt so much alive, so eager to act, to plot, to embrace the struggle of life; so light and free from pressing doubts, so willing to test what destiny had in store for him.

This was life as he had tried to write of it, and had miserably failed. No wonder! He had never had the least experience of it.

The nights under the glittering cover of the Arizona heavens, the long days of travel in the sunlight, the silence and the majesty of the vast desert spaces brought out all his latent powers. It seemed that he was embarked upon some mysterious mission, which must end finally in a great experience.

Lying awake beneath the glittering stars, his head pillowed on his bag, which had rapidly lost all signs of newness, he speculated about Krutzmacht and his fragmentary instructions. That last mumbled word, "Melody," especially piqued his curiosity. Melody meant something connected with music, and music, or any of the fine arts, seemed remote from the purposes of the old man. Could it be the name of a place, or of a woman? Brainard could not guess.

From this his mind wandered back to his recent guide. He resolved to return some day to this wonderful country, his adventure completed, and discover Monument, the abandoned mining town, and see again the little girl on the pony who had guided him through the darkness. He had an amused recollection of the thin little Southerner who rode forty miles to see a railroad-train. Old Gunnison, when questioned about her, hinted vaguely of some one she went down to the railroad to look for.

"Her father, most likely," he said; "one of the miners I was telling you about. But I guess she won't find him soon. He left her and her mother behind when he left the mine."

This slight information added a new

touch of pathos to the girl's long ride to find the father who had abandoned her.

Nearly a month later, Brainard entered the City of Mexico, lean and brown and hard, with a very much travel-stained valise. So far as he could learn from the few American newspapers he had come across, there had been no great excitement over Krutzmacht's death and the robbery of his safe. If a pursuit had been undertaken, the fact had been carefully kept from the press; and he felt confident that by this time either it had been given up, or the persons interested were watching the wrong places.

There was a steamer sailing for Havre from Vera Cruz at the end of the week, and he resolved to take it, meanwhile resting and making a few preparations for his voyage. It was the first time in his life that he had been outside his own country, and every sight and sound in this bastard Spanish metropolis filled him with curiosity and pleasure. He secured his cabin on the Toulouse, and then set out to do the sights.

The second evening, as he was resting after a busy day in the cool courtyard of the old Hotel Iturbide, a little man in a bedraggled linen duster hitched his chair across the stones toward Brainard.

"Just come down from the States?" he inquired.

Brainard nodded.

With this slight encouragement, the stranger launched forth upon a rambling talk about himself. He had come to Mexico, several years before, to manage a rubber-planting enterprise, and the "dirty dagoes" had done him out of his last cent. Soon he proposed having a drink with his compatriot, "in honor of the greatest country in God's world." When Brainard refused, saying that he was tired and was going to bed, the American shambled along by his side through the corridors.

Judging that his fellow countryman was a harmless dead-beat, Brainard put his hand into his pocket, and drew forth a bill, as the easiest way of ridding himself of an unwelcome companion. At sight of the money, the man's eyes filled with tears. Taking his benefactor's arm, he poured forth a flood of personal confession and thanks that lasted until they were at the door of Brainard's room.

"Let me come in and talk to you a minute," the stranger begged. "Ain't often I

see a decent man from God's country, and I get lonely down here," he whimpered.

"All right," Brainard replied reluctantly, wondering how he could rid himself of the fellow.

When he turned on the electric light, the stranger's eyes roamed carelessly over the room. It seemed to Brainard that his guest exhibited much more keenness than his forlorn and lacrimose state warranted.

As Brainard turned to the wardrobe to fetch a box of cigars, he caught the man's eyes fastened on the valise which was shoved under the bed. Brainard gave him a cigar, but did not invite him to sit down, and after a little while he left, thanking Brainard profusely for his hospitality. As he went out of the door, his eyes rested once more on the bag beneath the bed.

After his visitor had left, Brainard prepared to undress. First he placed his watch and pocketbook on the night table. Over them he laid his revolver, which he had purchased in his wanderings, and, under Gunnison's directions, had learned to use. Now that he was outside the States, whoever might dispute with him the possession of Krutzmacht's property would have to make good his demands.

He had lost every trace of that nervous fear which had made miserable the day after his departure from San Francisco. Before turning out his light, he glanced into the courtyard, and caught sight of his recent acquaintance skulking behind a pillar. For several minutes Brainard stood behind his curtain, looking into the courtyard, and in all this time the man did not move from his post.

There was no reason, Brainard said to himself, why the dead-beat should not spend the night in the courtyard of the Hotel Iturbide. Turning out the light, he got into bed; but he could not sleep, and presently he rose and peered cautiously out into the dark. The courtyard, faintly lighted by the lamps in the office, was empty. This disturbed him rather more than the skulking presence of the American, although he could give no reason for his suspicion beyond the stranger's apparent interest in his valise.

He got back into bed, but not to sleep. After tossing restlessly for several hours, he rose, dressed, took his bag, and groped his way through the dark corridors to the office. There he roused the night porter, and found that there was an early morning

train on the new International line, which had just been completed. The man offered to get him a cab, but he refused, and, lugging his heavy bag, he departed by the rear entrance of the hotel.

As the porter, who had been awakened by a good tip, unbarred the door, Brainard asked him casually:

"Do you know that *Americano* who was talking to me last evening—the one who was hanging about the courtyard?"

"No, *señor*," the man replied. "He's been about the hotel for a week or more. Just come from the States, and lost all his money at cards. A bad lot!"

"He told me he had been here several years!" Brainard exclaimed.

"That cannot be; he knows no Spanish. Probably he wanted to get money from you to go back to the States."

"Very likely!"

After a short walk, Brainard came out upon the plaza in front of the cathedral. Discovering a cab, he waked the driver and told him to drive to the railroad-station.

As they rattled through the empty streets, Brainard thought rapidly. If the contents of his battered valise were as valuable as he thought they probably were, the persons interested in capturing Krutzmacht's fortune would spare no effort or expense in tracking him. And it could not be difficult to follow his trail—a slim, unshaven young man dressed in a brown suit, with steel-rimmed spectacles, carrying a large cow-hide valise!

If this fellow really was after him, it was not likely that he was alone. The next day, when he and his associates discovered that Brainard had given them the slip overnight, they would ransack the country for him. It was important that he should find some town, not too small, where he could remain quietly during the three remaining days before the sailing of the Toulouse; and it must be some place not far from Vera Cruz, where he was to take the steamer.

By the dim light of the carriage-lamp he scanned the list of names on his timetable, and selected the station of Jalapa, which was only a short ride from the coast on a branch line of railroad. He liked the name, and the fact that it was printed in capital letters, indicating that Jalapa was a junction, attracted him. It would be an easy place to get away from in case he had to fly again.

At five o'clock in the morning, just as the first light of the dawn was revealing the sleeping city, the north-bound train pulled into the great plateau, bearing Brainard and his valise, tucked away in an empty compartment.

VIII

If there was a spot on the earth where a fugitive might spend forty-eight undisturbed hours, it was surely the little city of Jalapa. Thus Brainard reflected the next afternoon while he lounged in the plaza, listening to the band, and breathing the delicious fragrance of the Easter lilies, which bloomed in great luxuriance.

To the eye, Jalapa consisted of a couple of squares of old plaster-covered buildings with irregular tiled roofs, a squat, drab cathedral of the Spanish-American type, half a dozen streets of houses wandering about the summit of the hill, and, on the lower slopes, fertile green gardens carefully walled in. All about the old town lofty trees made a dense circle of green, and to the south towered the snowy crown of Orizaba, on whose lower slopes stretched the coffee-plantations.

Brainard was relieved to find no strangers in the place. It was already too late for tourists, although it was the love-liest season of the year in that semitropical climate.

At the midday dinner in the hotel, he had made acquaintance with the one American resident in Jalapa—a lean, lank, bronzed Southerner, who was manager of the Jalapa division of the railroad. Calloway had been talkative and friendly, and had asked no questions. He had lived in the country, so he told Brainard, more than thirty years, and still did not feel at home there. He offered to take Brainard, the next morning, to a hacienda in the neighborhood, where they would have such coffee as Brainard had never drunk before.

So, early in the morning, while the heavy dew still drenched the soil like rain, the two set forth on horseback. They rode some miles through the thick forest to the eastward, emerging finally in a region of plantations that were being cultivated by the peons.

The Englishman who owned the Hacienda de Rosas seemed delighted to see Calloway and his friend, and showed them over the plantation with languid interest. At the midday breakfast, which was served in the

cool courtyard beneath the running tendrils of climbing roses, Brainard met the Englishman's wife, a dull-looking Mexican woman, and the daughter of the house, Señorita Marie, a fascinating little creature who spoke English with a dainty accent and mixed good American slang freely with French and Spanish phrases.

The *señorita* told Brainard that she had been educated at a convent in New York State, and also, for the last two years, near Madrid. Now she had come home, "finished," to stay with her parents. She let Brainard perceive that life on a coffee-plantation was dull for a clever young woman who had seen something of the world, and that the advent of a stranger from New York was an event.

After luncheon, while the Englishman and Calloway smoked long black cigars, the *señorita* entertained Brainard by singing to him, and then took him for a walk—"as girls do in America," she remarked naively. Brainard was easily persuaded to stay for dinner, and the family idled away the evening in the courtyard, listening to the cool drip of the fountain and chatting lazily.

In the still, starlit night, with the heavy scent of roses and the tinkle of the flowing water, Brainard was captivated by the naive little lady, half Spanish, half English. When his host urged him to make them a visit, he was tempted to yield. Why not wait over a fortnight for another boat? By that time he might escape all pursuit, and there could be no such great hurry about his errand to Berlin.

A sense of loyalty to his dead employer, however, urged him on, and he declined the alluring invitation. He would return some day, he said, when his business was finished.

The girl looked sad. Men did not come back, once lost in the great world.

"I shall surely return," Brainard said, "and then I shall stay a long time!"

He felt very tenderly for the lonely little creature after the day in her company. She reminded him oddly of that other girl he had met in this adventure—the one in Arizona, who had ridden long miles to watch the train go by. As he returned to Jalapa with his companion, riding through the wonderful night in the moonlight, with the snowy dome of Orizaba glittering above them, he became sentimentally reflective. Yes, he surely would come back!

Calloway was also confidential, and told Brainard the history of their recent host. Twenty-five years ago the Englishman had arrived in Mexico and bought this plantation. It seems that he had absconded from a shipping firm in Liverpool, and had carried away with him ten thousand pounds. He had married a Mexican woman, and had prospered, but he had never been able to leave the country.

"It must be hard on his wife and daughter!" Brainard exclaimed.

The Southerner laughed cynically.

"What do they care? He is rich and respected in this country. They have everything money buys, and the girl has been well educated. It was a long time ago when he took the money, and, as you see, he lives like a perfect gentleman with his own wife and daughter. Oh, there are many down here who have no better antecedents than Harlow, and aren't as respectable." He looked shrewdly at Brainard, as if inquiring his business. "After you've lived here a while, you don't ask questions about the newcomers, so long as they don't try to borrow money of you. Live and let live—that's a good motto, young man. You never can tell when you will need the same charity for yourself that you give another fellow!"

Brainard suspected that the Southerner might have his own story, which would explain why he was living so far away from Alabama in this little Mexican town, which he had never learned to like. But he did not press the subject; another twenty-four hours would see him out of Jalapa, on board the Toulouse, bound for Havre.

It was late by the time they reached the hotel. Before going to bed, Brainard stepped out on the balcony of his room, to take a last look, in the moonlight, at the snow-capped mountain that dominated the southern horizon. He lingered there, charmed by the stillness of the deserted streets, by the soft, scented air, by the beauty of the white mountain towering into the heavens.

He heard voices in the next room, which came to him through a window opening upon the balcony. He listened, but at first could not distinguish words, as the talkers were seated within the room at some distance from the window. He thought that they were speaking English. Then a woman's voice came nearer, saying distinctly:

"I don't see how Mossy let him slip

through his fingers in Mexico City. Lucky we stopped off here and got his wire!"

Brainard thought he knew that voice, with a pert, crisp twist to the words. A heavier voice said something from within the room, and then, still nearer, came the woman's answer:

"I wish we knew which way he meant to jump next. I wonder if he's fool enough to try to go back North!"

The speaker came out on the balcony, and Brainard noiselessly glided back into the shadow of his unlighted room. He had seen the profile of the woman, and was sure that she was the stenographer in Krutzmacht's office!

"We'll get him either way," the woman said, in answer to a remark from within, and turned back into the room.

IX

BRAINARD stood without moving until his muscles ached. Then he dropped to the floor, crawled over to the bed, and felt beneath the bolster, where he had taken the precaution to conceal his bag when he had left that morning. It was still there. The room had been casually searched, or possibly his pursuers had only just arrived by a delayed train.

At any rate, he had until the next morning. The woman and her companion would not be likely to make a disturbance that night, feeling that they had him and his plunder safe within grasp. They knew as well as he that all escape from Jalapa was impossible before the early morning train for the north.

While he thought, Brainard took off his shoes, tied them together by the laces, and slung them around his neck, as he had done as a boy, when he wished to make an early escape from the parental house. Then, placing his precious bag on his shoulder, he crept inch by inch toward the open window. It was hazardous, but it was his only chance. He was morally certain that the door into the hall would be watched.

When he reached the balcony, he listened. Not hearing any sound from the next room, he stepped out into the moonlight, and walked as rapidly as he could along the open balcony to the corner of the building, and around to the other side. Then he looked over the rail to the street, thinking to drop his bag and follow it as best he could. It was a good twenty feet from the balcony to the hard pavement beneath.

As Brainard debated the chances of breaking a leg, he saw approaching the spot the figure of a night officer on his rounds. Instinctively he drew back, felt for the nearest window, and pushed it open. He prayed that it might be an empty room; but he was no sooner within than he heard the loud snoring of a man.

Perplexed, Brainard listened for a few moments, then quietly crossed to the bed. Feeling about over the night table, he secured the pistol that he suspected might lie there, then boldly struck a match. With a snort, the sleeper sat bolt upright. Luckily it was Calloway, the manager of the railroad. Brainard whispered tensely:

"It's all right, but don't speak! There's your gun—only don't shoot!"

"What's the matter?" the Southerner demanded coolly, now wide awake.

"You said," Brainard whispered, "that there was always a time when a man might need charity. I want your help. I have a bag here that contains I don't know what amount of valuable papers, belonging to some other person. I'm trying to get to a safe place, as I was told to. I haven't stolen it, you understand, but of course you won't believe that. I've been followed here by some enemies of the man who owns the stuff. They'd kill me as quickly as they would a fly to get hold of this bag. If they can't murder me, and get it that way, they will probably put me in prison to-morrow, and keep me there. You must help me get out of this town!"

"You can't do that before to-morrow morning," the Southerner replied, yawning, as if he wished Brainard would take himself off to bed and let him alone.

"I must get out of this hotel now, to-night, and away from Jalapa, and not have a soul know where I've gone. I'll pay you well for your trouble!"

"Keep your money, my son," the man answered gruffly. "It wasn't for *that* I had to come down here. But I'll help you out if you are in trouble."

He reflected yawningly for a few moments, while Brainard held his breath with impatience. For all he knew, the man and the woman next door might already have entered his room and discovered his flight!

"If it were daylight, it would be different, but you know I couldn't start a train out of here at this time without the whole town knowing about it; and I reckon that isn't what you want."

"Not much!"

"Can't you camp here until morning?"

Brainard shook his head.

"I'd run you down myself in an engine to the coast—"

"That's it!"

"But there isn't an engine in the place. The first train comes up in the morning."

"I might get a horse and go over to the hacienda," Brainard suggested.

The Southerner scratched his sleepy head for a while.

"You might," he admitted. "But that wouldn't put you out of trouble. You want to get clear of the country."

"That's so."

"Got some nerve?"

"Enough to come all the way from Frisco with this"; and he patted his valise.

"Come on, then!"

The Southerner drew on his trousers and boots. As Brainard turned impatiently toward the door, he said:

"Not that way!"

He pulled back a hanging at the foot of his bed, revealing a little wooden door, which he opened, and, candle in hand, led the way through a close, dusty passage. After making several turns, they descended a flight of narrow stairs, and Brainard's guide pushed open a door at the bottom. The musty odor of old incense told him that they had entered a church, and the wavering candle-light partially revealed the statues of the saints and the altars of the chapels.

"The cathedral," the Southerner explained, and added: "Handy for the *señoritas* sometimes!"

Brainard followed him closely across the nave of the church to a door, which Calloway unlocked with a key, after some fumbling. They emerged upon a narrow lane with blank walls on either side.

"That hotel used to be the bishop's palace," the Southerner explained. "It's a pretty handy place to get out of on the quiet, if you know the way!"

It was only a short distance to the railroad terminal. Calloway walked rapidly and noiselessly on the toes of his boots, and kept to the dark side of the lane. They entered the yards beyond the station-building, and went to the farther end, where several tracks were occupied by antiquated coaches that looked like a cross between open street-cars and English third-class carriages.

"We used these rattletraps before they changed the line to steam. It took six mules to haul one of 'em up from the junction of the Mexico and Vera Cruz road; but they can go down flying! It's down grade all the way for nearly forty miles. They are rather wabbly now, but if you get one with a good brake it will last the trip."

He tried several of the old cars, and finally selected one with a brake that worked to his satisfaction. Together they could just start it, and they pushed it out to the main track. Brainard threw his valise aboard, and took his post, as the railroad man directed him, at the hand-brake.

"I'll open the gate for you, and set the switch; then it's clear sailing. Go slow until you learn the trick, then let her sail. There's a bad curve about seven miles out, and a couple of miles farther on you'll find a considerable hill and some up grade. You must let her slide down the hill for all she can do, and take the grade on her own momentum. If you don't, you may get stuck. I can't think of anything else. You'll roll down to the junction in an hour or so, as pretty as coasting, if that confounded peon hasn't left the switch open at Cavallo. If he has, you'll just have to jump for it, and foot it down through the chaparral, if you haven't broken your neck. Needn't bother to return the car," he chuckled. "Is there anything else I can do for you, young man?"

"You've got me out of a tight hole," Brainard replied warmly, "and I can't begin to thank you for it. I hope I shall see you up North some day, and be able to do something for you!"

"It isn't likely we'll meet in the States. They don't want me up there!" the Southerner answered slowly. "But perhaps, some time, you'll be able to help a poor fellow out of his hole in the same way."

"That woman may strike the scent, and come hot-foot to Vera Cruz by the first train. Well, I'll have to take my chances there before the boat sails."

"I'll give her a tip that you have gone north," Calloway laughed. "If she won't take it, there are other ways of stopping her activity. There's a good deal of smallpox hereabouts, you know, and if the mayor suspected these *Americanos* had the disease, he'd chuck 'em into the pest-house. Don Salvador does pretty much what I tell him—and the hotel-keeper, too. I think we can keep your friends busy."

"Get me twelve hours, if you can!"

The two men shook hands; Calloway pushed back the great gate; and the car slid down the track out into the warm, black night, groaning to itself asthmatically as it gathered impetus.

X

THE Transatlantique line steamer Toulouse lay off the breakwater of Vera Cruz, smoking fiercely, anchor up, passengers all aboard, ready to sail for Havre. Her departure had been delayed nearly eighteen hours by a fierce "norther," which had not yet exhausted its fury. They had been anxious hours for Brainard, who had gone aboard the night before, in the expectation of sailing immediately. Now the black smoke pouring from the funnel indicated that the captain had decided to proceed, and Brainard's spirits rose.

The Southerner at Jalapa had been better than his word. He had succeeded in delaying the stenographer and her companion almost two whole days, and had kept them away from the telegraph, too.

Brainard was about to leave the deck, where he had been anxiously watching the land, when his attention was caught by a small launch that was rounding the end of the pier and heading for the steamer. His hands tightened on the rail; he suspected what that launch might contain. He noted that the steamer was moving slowly. Would the captain wait?

The Toulouse had swung around; her nose pointed out into the Gulf of Mexico, and her screw revolved at quarter speed. The launch approached rapidly, and signaled the steamer to wait. Brainard could see the smart French captain, on the bridge above, examining the small boat through glasses. He himself could detect two figures in the bow, waving a flag, and he smiled grimly at the comedy about to take place.

The screw ceased to revolve. As the launch came within hailing distance, there was an animated colloquy in French between the officers on the bridge of the Toulouse and the man in charge of the launch.

"Some late passengers," remarked the third officer, who was standing beside Brainard. "A woman, too!"

Apparently neither the stenographer—for now he could recognize the young woman—nor her companion, a stout, middle-aged, red-cheeked American, understood the French language. They kept

gesticulating and pointing to Brainard, whom they had discovered on the deck. The captain of the launch translated their remarks, and threw in some explanations of his own. The officers from the bridge of the Toulouse fired back vigorous volleys. It was an uproar!

Brainard, in spite of his predicament, burst into laughter over the frantic endeavors of the two Americans to make themselves understood. The captain tried his English, but with poor results. Finally, with a gesture of disgust, he yanked the bell-rope. Brainard could hear the gong sound in the engine-room beneath for full speed. The Toulouse would not wait.

The steamer began to gather speed, the launch to fall behind, while the woman at the bow shrieked and pointed to Brainard. The captain of the Toulouse merely shrugged his shoulders and walked to the other side of his vessel.

"Some friends of yours?" the third officer said to Brainard, with a grin, as the little launch fell into their wake and finally turned back toward the inner harbor. "The lady seemed anxious to join you—might be a wife, *non?*"

Apparently he knew enough English to gather what the two Americans had been trying to make the captain understand. If, thought Brainard, the captain had known as much English as his third officer, it might not have gone so happily for him!

"The lady isn't exactly my wife," Brainard replied, with a laugh; "not yet!"

"Ah!" the Frenchman said, with a meaning smile. "What you in the States call a breach of the promise?"

"Exactly!" Brainard replied hastily, glad to accept such a credible fiction.

"She seems sorry to let you make the journey alone, eh?"

"Rather!"

The story circulated on the ship that evening, and gave Brainard a jocular notoriety in the smoking-room among the German and French business men, who composed most of the Toulouse's first-cabin list. It was forgotten, however, before he emerged from his cabin, to which the remains of the "norther" had quickly driven him. By this time—it was the fourth day out—the Toulouse was in the grasp of the Gulf Stream, lazily plowing her twelve knots an hour into the North Atlantic, and the passengers were betting their francs on the probable day of arrival at Havre.

That evening, at dinner, Brainard ordered a bottle of champagne, and murmured, as he raised the glass to his lips:

"Here's to Melody—whoever and whatever she may be!"

His youthful fancy, warmed by the wine, played around the idea of an unknown mistress for whom he was bound across the seas with her fortune in his grip. With the ease of youth, he had made up his mind that Melody must be a woman—what else could she be? He always saw her as a young woman, charming, beautiful, of course, and free!

And yet she might well be some aged relative of Krutzmacht, or a fair friend of his youth, to whom, in the moment of decision allowed him, he had desired to leave his fortune; or some unrecognized wife, to whom, at the threshold of death, he thought to do tardy justice.

"Some old hag, perhaps!" the young man murmured with a grimace. "We'll see—over there!"

But his buoyant fancy refused to vision this elusive Melody as other than young and beautiful. He began to think of her as living in some obscure corner of the great world, waiting to be dowered with the fortune that he had bravely rescued for her.

When Brainard felt that his stomach and his sea-legs were both impeccable, he descended to his cabin, bolted the door, pulled the shade carefully over the port-hole, pinned newspapers above the wooden partitions, and proceeded to make a leisurely examination of the valise. It was the first safe moment that he had had to go through the contents of the bag; and when the key sank into the lock, his curiosity was whetted to a fine edge.

He had already made a careful count of the notes and gold left after his devious journey to Vera Cruz. The sum was eighteen thousand dollars and some hundreds. This he had entered on a blank leaf in a little diary, under the heading—"Melody, Cr." On the opposite page he had put down all the sums that he remembered to have spent since leaving New York, even to his cigarettes and the bottle of champagne which he had drunk in honor of his unknown mistress.

"Here goes!" he said at last. "Let's see what Melody's pile is, anyway."

It took the best part of the night to examine thoroughly what the bag held. Even after he had gone over every piece, Brain-

ard, untrained in business matters, could but guess at the full importance of his haul. There were contracts and deeds and leases relating to a network of corporations, of which the most important, apparently, was the Pacific Northern Railway.

Despairing of understanding the full value of these documents without some clue, Brainard contented himself with making a careful inventory of them. The meat of the lot, he judged, lay in certain bundles of neatly engraved five-per-cent bonds of the Pacific Northern, together with a number of certificates of stock in the Shasta Company. In all, as he calculated, there were eight millions of bonds and fifteen millions, par value, of stock.

"Melody doesn't look to me to be a poor lady," Brainard muttered, bundling up the bonds and stock, and packing them carefully away at the bottom of the valise. "They are welcome to the rest, if they'll let me off with these pretty things!"

What was more, he had come across the name of Schneider Brothers, bankers, Berlin, on the letter-head of several communications, indicating that they had been the dead man's foreign fiscal agents. That would be of use to him, he noted, as he wrote the name in his little diary. Then he went on deck, lighted a long Mexican cigar, and began to think. The value of his haul made him very serious.

The days of the lazy, sunny voyage slipped away. As the vessel drew nearer Europe, Brainard speculated more and more anxiously on what might be waiting for him on the dock at Havre.

Now that he knew how valuable his loot was—he could not understand how the Shasta Company and the railroad could get on without the papers in his possession—he felt certain that old Krutzmacht's San Francisco enemies, who had tracked him to the dock at Vera Cruz, would hardly be idle during the sixteen days that the Toulouse had taken to cross the seas. There had been ample time for them to hear from the stenographer and their agents in Mexico, to communicate with the French authorities, to have detectives cross from New York by one of the express boats and meet him at Havre. There would be a fine reception committee prepared for him on the dock!

Cudgel his brains as he might, hour after hour, he could see no way out of the predicament that was daily drawing nearer.

After the incident at Vera Cruz, he could not approach any of the officers of the vessel and seek to enlist their help. He thought of bribing the sociable third officer to secrete the contents of his valise, but he mistrusted the Gallic temperament.

There was a Frenchwoman who sat next him at the table, a dark-haired little person, clever and businesslike, who had been very agreeable to Brainard, and had undertaken to teach him French. He could tell his story to Mme. Vernon, and ask her to assume charge of the troublesome valise. But an instinctive caution restrained him from taking any one into his confidence. He preferred to run his chance of arrest, and to fight against extradition.

Whenever he resigned himself to this prospect, his sporting blood rebelled, and there rose, also, a new sentiment of loyalty to the interests of his unknown mistress, Melody. He had come too far in his venture to be beaten now!

"Whether the old man was straight or not, whether he really owned the bunch of bonds and stock or not, it would be a pity not to get something out of it for Melody. She's not in the scrap," he said to himself. "No, I don't chuck the game yet!"

His anxieties were quieted by another fit of seasickness on the day before they were due to arrive at Havre. As she approached the coast of Brittany, the Toulouse lost the balmy weather which had prevailed since they entered the Gulf Stream, and ran straight into a gale that was sweeping over the boisterous Bay of Biscay. Brainard went to bed, to spend altogether the most wretched twenty-four hours he had ever experienced.

In his more conscious moments he gathered that the old Toulouse was having as hard a time with the weather as he was. Her feeble engines at last lay down on the job, and the captain was forced to turn about and run before the storm. It mattered little to Brainard, just then, whether the ship was blown to the Azores, or went to the bottom, or carried him into Havre, there to be arrested and finally deported to the United States for grand larceny. He turned in his berth, thought of the Bour-gogne, and closed his weary eyes.

Toward evening the gale blew itself out, and the battered old Toulouse was headed north once more across the Bay of Biscay. Some time in the night, the engines ceased to thump, and Brainard awoke with a start.

When he hurried into his clothes, and groped his way to the deck, he was astonished to see ahead, through the gray fog of early morning, faint lights and, farther away, the stronger illumination that came from some city.

"Is it Havre?" he demanded of the third officer, whom he met.

"No, *monsieur*—St. Nazaire!" the Frenchman answered. "*Monsieur* will be disappointed?"

"I don't think so!" exclaimed Brainard.

It was, indeed, the port of Nantes. The captain had not chosen to risk the voyage around the stormy coast of Brittany with his depleted coal-supply, and had taken the old Toulouse to the nearest port.

"Here's where Melody scores!" Brainard muttered, when he realized the significance of the news. "Now for a quick exit to Paris, before the telegraph gets in its deadly work and notifies the civilized world where we are!"

XI

THREE hours later the passengers of the Toulouse were aboard a special train for Paris, and in a first-class compartment Brainard was seated, facing his valise, and looking out upon the pleasant landscape of the Loire valley, a contented expression on his brown young face.

He had already formulated to himself the exact plot of his movements from the moment he reached Paris. From the pleasant Frenchwoman who had been his neighbor at the ship's table he had learned the address of a little hotel in the Bourse quarter, where she assured him that Americans rarely appeared. It was not far from the large bank in which he intended to deposit Melody's burdensome fortune until he could make arrangements for disposing of it.

It did not take him long, therefore, to get his room at the little *Hôtel des Voyageurs et Brésil*, and to rid himself of his troublesome loot. Then he wrote a letter to Schneider Brothers, of Berlin—who, he had learned at the *Crédit Lyonnais*, were a well-known firm of bankers with an agency in New York. He wrote the Messrs. Schneider that in obedience to the instructions of the late Mr. Herbert Krutzmacht, of San Francisco, he wished to consult with them in regard to the disposal of some securities that he had in his possession. He would remain for the present in Paris, and he begged to suggest that the bankers should

send a responsible agent to meet him at some place—preferably The Hague, whither he was going the following week.

He had selected The Hague as a safe middle ground, after consulting the map of Europe in his guide-book.

"That will draw their fire," he thought complacently. "We shall see on which side of the game they are!"

Having mailed the letter, he strolled out to the boulevards to enjoy his first whiff of Paris. This was the city that he had walked in his dreams! He had never hoped to see it; but now he was strolling along the Boulevard des Italiens, and there before his eyes lay the great Place de l'Opéra, with its maze of automobiles, buses, and pedestrians. And there—Brainard stopped in the middle of the crowded *place*, wrapped in wonder, staring at the gilded figures on the façade of the Opéra, until an excitable official with a white baton poured a stream of voluble expostulation into his ear, and he dodged from under an omnibus just in time to fall into the path of a motor, causing general execration.

The official with the white stick finally landed him on the curb before he became an obstruction to traffic. He sank into an inviting iron chair and ordered a drink, as he saw that that was what the Parisians used their sidewalks for. In answer to his labored French, there came back in the purest Irish:

"Whisky, sor? Black and White, sor? Very good, sor!"

"Well, I never!" he murmured, radiant with happiness.

When the waiter reappeared with the drink, he was gazing down the broad avenue, entranced.

"Where does that go?" he whispered to the waiter, thrusting a bill into the curving palm and pointing vaguely before him.

"The Luvver, sure, sor. You'll be wanting a nurse before the day is done!" the Irishman muttered.

And indeed the self-contained young American began to act like a lunatic let loose. Gulping down his whisky, he set off at random, plunging again into the sea of traffic, finally escaping to the shelter of a cab. The driver, after vain attempts to extract an order from his fare, just drove on and on through the boulevards, across great squares, up the noble avenue to the lofty arch, and then brought him back and stopped suggestively before a restaurant.

Somehow Brainard managed to get fed, and then the fatherly cabby received him and bore him on through the gas-lighted streets, soft and lambent and vocal, and at the end of another hour deposited him in front of what Brainard took to be a theater—a modest-looking building enough. From the poster he saw that it was the Français.

The great Théâtre Français! He beamed back at cabby, who gesticulated with his whip and urged him on. Cabby had begun sympathetically to comprehend his lunatic.

They played "Cyrano" that night, it happened. Though the fluent lines rolled too swiftly over Brainard's head for his feeble comprehension of the language, he understood the wonderful actors. For the first time in the twenty-eight years of his existence, he realized what is art—what it is to conceive and represent life with living creatures, to clothe dull lines of print with human passions. This was what he had dreamed might be when he descended from his gallery seat in a Broadway theater—but what never was.

Cabby was asleep on the box outside when Brainard emerged from his dream. At the young American's touch, he awoke, and, chirping to his decrepit horse, bore the stranger to his hotel. At the door they exchanged vivid protestations of regard, and a couple of pieces of gold rolled into cabby's paw.

"He understood!" Brainard murmured gratefully. "*Demain—demain!*" he cried; and the *cocher* cracked his whip.

The next two days were the most wonderful that Brainard had ever spent. He slept but a few hours each night—was there not all the rest of life to sleep in? Under the fat cabby's guidance he roamed day and night. He would murmur from time to time some famous name which seemed to act on cabby like a cabalistic charm—Louvre, Pantheon, Arc de Triomphe, Invalides, Bastille, Luxembourg, Notre Dame. At noon and at night they drew up before some marvelous restaurant, where the most alluring viands were to be had. Each evening there was a theater, carefully chosen by cabby; and there Brainard spent enchanted hours, drinking in at every sense the meaning of the play, savoring the charm of intonation, of line, of gesture—the art which seemed innate in these people.

For was he not, as he had said to Krutzmacht, a dramatist?

The third day he bethought him of the French lady of the Toulouse, and gave her address to his guardian. With her he made an expedition to Versailles. On their return from the château, they dined at a little restaurant at Ville d'Avray, the Frenchwoman carefully selecting the wines.

As the twilight fell across the old ponds and over the woods where Corot had once wandered, Brainard murmured softly:

"Melody, my dear, I owe you a whole lot for this—more than I can ever pay you, no matter how much I can squeeze out of those Dutchmen for your bonds and stock!" And then, aloud: "Here's to Melody—God bless her!"

"Mel-odye!" said the French lady daintily. "It is a pretty name. Is that the name of your *fiancée*?"

"No, *madame*! I have never seen the lady—but I hope to, some day!"

The Frenchwoman smiled and made no comment, puzzled by this latest manifestation of the lunatic American.

After dinner they strolled through the ancient park of St. Cloud to the river, and took a *bateau mouche* for Paris. Mme. Vernon seemed to understand all the pleasant ways of spending money. It was a warm, starry night. The French lady sat close to Brainard, and looked up tenderly into his eyes, but though his lips were wreathed in smiles, and his eyes were bright, he did not seem to comprehend what such opportunities were made for.

"Not even took my hand once!" she murmured to herself with a sigh, as she mounted the stairs to her apartment alone. "What are these Americans made of? To drink to the name of an unknown, and spend their dollars like sous. And always business!"

For when she had suggested an excursion for the morrow, the young man had excused himself on the plea of "my business."

"Always business!" she murmured.

But the lady did Brainard an injustice. He was thinking little of business. If she had but known it, he was in love, and dreaming—in love with life, and dreaming of the wonderful mystery of Krutzmacht and of the still more mysterious Melody!

At his hotel there was a despatch from the Schneider Brothers, appointing a meeting at a hotel in The Hague for the following evening.

(To be continued)

THE STAGE

TOO MANY HITS

THERE is no satisfying some people. Not in years has an opening theatrical season witnessed so many good plays as that of 1912-1913, and yet this very fact has given the grumblers a chance to complain.

"What is the use," they ask, "of having a piece that pleases the critics and the public, if there are so many other good ones in town that there are not enough playgoers to make audiences for all of them?"

Poor business with poor plays is bad enough, but poor business with good plays

is worse, because, after all, it is easier to find plays than audiences. Of course, it is nobody's fault but the managers' own, for they have gone ahead putting up new theaters without considering for a moment whether there was a demand for them; and still the building game goes merrily on. By Christmas Forty-Eighth Street, which, two years ago, was without any theater at all, will have four of them running; to say nothing of two more that are being hurried to completion in Forty-Fourth Street.

Among the many hits there is one that I could have dispensed with. This is "The Case of Becky," a play of dual personality,



JOSE COLLINS, WHO SINGS THE TITLE-RÔLE IN THE CASINO HIT, "THE MERRY COUNTESS"

From her latest photograph by Gould & Marvin, New York

written by Edward Locke, author of "The Climax," and presented by David Belasco in his usual complete fashion. As the *Jekyll* and *Hyde* heroine, Miss Frances Starr puts over some wonderful acting,

stead, into the meek *Dorothy* put a thrill into the most blasé theatergoer's soul.

But the whole affair is unpleasant. I can readily understand how it must interest Mr. Belasco to adventure into the kingdom



JANE COWL AS MARY TURNER IN "WITHIN THE LAW," BAYARD VEILLER'S PLAY OF DEPARTMENT-STORE AND POLICE LIFE

From her latest photograph by White, New York

showing us a shift from the sweet-tempered *Dorothy* to the detestable *Becky* in full view. Again, when the friendly doctor seeks to drive the hideous personality into oblivion by the power of hypnotic suggestion, her piteous pleadings to be transformed, in-

of the mind, and to make visible those workings of the brain, which, in a healthful state, would be hid from sight. But by no twist of the term can it be called "entertainment" to see such things, no matter how well presented.



GAIL KANE, WHO IS BIANCA IN THE SECOND EPISODE OF "THE AFFAIRS OF ANATOL,"
AT THE LITTLE THEATER, NEW YORK

From a photograph by White, New York



MARY BOLAND, LEADING WOMAN AS KALLEIA WITH JOHN DREW IN
"THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND"

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York

About "The Return of Peter Grimm" there is a haunting sweetness that enlightens while it holds one. In "The Case of Becky" there is none of this. The reason for the dual personality—a sinister prenatal influence—is too horrible to be explained here; and certain manifestations of *Becky's* vulgar trend would not be tolerated on the burlesque stage. That these manifestations are out of keeping with the character, I do not claim; I only deplore that the theater should harbor such disagreeable exhibits.

Miss Starr's support is able at every turn. Albert Bruning, late of the New Theater, brings to the kindly doctor an atmosphere of pure purpose, and a clean-cut determination to battle with evil, that do much to banish the inherent gloom of the piece. Charles Dalton, as the arch-villain, in the showy part of the professional hypnotist, could not be bettered. The duel between the two men is absorbing in its cumulative tenseness.

In accordance with his previous announcements—Mr. Belasco's statements to the public are always lived up to—"The Case of Becky" will, in spite of its success, be withdrawn in Christmas week, and a new play of absolutely different atmosphere substituted at the Belasco. Similarly, at the Republic, "The Governor's Lady," another indisputable hit, will make room for a comedy called "Years of Discretion." Mr. Belasco accepted this last piece more than a year ago, on merely hearing the idea. A cast of unusual strength has been engaged for it, including Lyn Harding, who has had to abandon the title-rôle in "Drake" at His Majesty's Theater, London, in order to play the lead in this new comedy by Frederic and Fanny Hatton, two new writers from Chicago.

DELIGHTFUL "DELPHINE"

Another theatrical tradition shattered! An attempt to duplicate a big success by the same people has succeeded. "Oh! Oh! Delphine" is almost as good as "The Pink Lady," in spite of the fact that the composer and the librettist are the same, and that it is founded on another French farce, "Villa Primrose," by the same two men



GLADYS HANSON AS KATHERINE STRICKLAND IN DAVID BELASCO'S PRODUCTION OF "THE GOVERNOR'S LADY"

From her latest photograph by Gould & Marsden, New York

who wrote "Le Satyre," on which "The Pink Lady" was based.

Neither is anybody starred in the new piece, glory be! The general eclipse of the star is one of the gratifying features of the new season. With three or four exceptions,

a part no more important to the story than is that filled by Scott Welsh, who in London sang the "Saskatchewan" song in "The Pink Lady." In "Delphine" Mr. Welsh has one almost equally catchy—"Posing for Venus." This is closely fol-



HOPE LATHAM, LEADING WOMAN IN THE NEW PROBLEM PLAY, "RANSOMED"

From her latest photograph

the hits in which a dominating personality is exploited are practically nil.

As some one remarked the other night, we used to say:

"Let us go to the theater and see So-and-So. What's he or she playing in?"

Now we say:

"What is there to see? How are the new plays?"

In other words, one can take it for granted that plays are well acted. What we want to know is whether they are worth acting at all.

In "Delphine" we find Frank McIntyre, who starred last year in "Snobs," playing

lowed by "Oh, Oh, Delphine," a duet for Grace Edmond, in the name-part, and Mr. McIntyre, with a refrain by the man back of the scenes who talks for the parrot.

There are so many song hits in the piece that to enumerate them would liken this column to a music-dealer's catalogue. I must, however, mention "The Quarrel," in which the two wives have a set-to about the right to give a dance.

In story, "Delphine" is very Frenchy, but the cleansing process has been done deftly and effectively, and does not spoil the interest of the plot. Klaw & Erlanger have provided an excellent company, and



BESSIE HARRISCALE, LEADING WOMAN IN "THE BIRD OF PARADISE," ON TOUR

From a photograph by Matsuzo, Los Angeles



VIOLET SEATON, LEADING WOMAN IN THE NEW OPERETTA, "THE GIPSY"

From a photograph by Strans-Peyton, Kansas City

with Ivan Caryll's music as the big "draw," there is little hazard in prophesying that *M. Jolibeau*, the artist, will remain at the Knickerbocker, looking for a suitable left shoulder for his picture of Venus, till prim-roses bloom again in the land.

TWO POOR ONES AND A WINNER

In type as large as the name of the piece, Ralph Herz is set down on the program of "The Charity Girl" as specially engaged for this "new American music play" by Edward Peple and Victor Hollaender. As the thing needs a big dose of the virtue mentioned in its title, I will not dwell upon its shortcomings, but will pass on to "Tantalizing Tommy," revealed to Broadway on the same October evening.

Like its immediate predecessor at the Criterion, "The Girl from Montmartre," this latter musical comedy had previously been performed at the very same theater as a play without music, "The Richest Girl." Its success was not such as to warrant its longer lease on life by the addition of tunes, even as pleasing ones as some of those that Dr. Hugo Felix has supplied. And its story, *per se*, was ill-suited to a musical background.

A chorus is dragged in by the heels, as it were, and low comedy is introduced by such questionable devices as afflicting the millionaire caramel-manufacturer with a sort of St. Vitus's dance. Elizabeth Brice is attractive as *Tommy*, and there is some good dancing by Harry Clarke and Dorothy Webb; but much water has flowed over the Hudson tubes since the day when a musical show can win out on one or two good numbers, as in the nights of "Florodora."

An operetta, and one worthy of being thus differentiated from mere musical comedy, is "The Woman Haters," based on the German of "Die Frauenfresser," and equipped with captivating music by the Viennese composer, Edmund Eysler.

There is novelty in the idea of the castle owned jointly by two different households, with the dividing line running down the center of the living-room. Given a meeting of the woman-haters' club on one side, and a *kaffeeklatsch* of ladies on the other, one has the necessary dramatic element of conflict at the very outset.

But it is on its melodious score that this sufficiently merry show should live and prosper, and on the very capable company that A. H. Woods has collected. There are

Sallie Fisher as the repentant *Marie*, who loses her lover in a moment of anger; Walter Lawrence for the major who passes his grudge on to others in founding the woman-haters' club; and Leslie Kenyon as the love-lorn Englishman who always talks in terms of the automobile. Then there are Joseph Santley and Dolly Castles, who sing and dance their way through the piece in wholesome and altogether delightful fashion.

Considerable dexterity has been exercised by the composer and librettist in piecing together the words, the action, and the music—as, for example, in the polka number, intended to show the major's delight at discovering that he is not such an old fossil as he had considered himself. The inevitable Viennese waltz would not have expressed this, nor would a two-step have done; but the almost forgotten polka, with its one, two, three time, was a happy inspiration. As much, however, cannot be said of the title.

"DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN" AND "NEW SIN"

Why? That is the constantly reiterated question that crops up in one's mind in witnessing "The Daughter of Heaven."

For instance, the first scene, called "A Chinese Love Song," shows a boat creeping slowly across the stage at night. What has this to do with the play? Why is it there?

Why, when the Emperor of China is in love with the Daughter of Ming, does he permit his people to make war on her?

In the last scene, when she is brought as a captive before her conqueror, and he offers her marriage and a seat beside him on his throne, so that their union may end the wars between the Manchus and the Mings—why, after finding that a reference to her ancestors has no effect, does he not ask her to think of their descendants, reminding her that a son of theirs would effectually cement the warring dynasties?

Why, again, do all the most important incidents which provide movement for this drama of modern China by Pierre Loti and Judith Gautier take place off stage or between the acts? And yet the production is called a dramatic spectacle. The only real action is the burning of the defeated followers of Ming in a huge funeral pyre, and the beheading of the captives by the victorious Manchus, and this last proceeding is hidden from the audience by a crowd of Chinese spectators.

For the first time on any stage, George

Egerton's English adaptation of this awkwardly built play was brought out by the Lieblers at the Century Theater in mid October. It proved to consist almost entirely of scenery and costumes. Of Chinese atmosphere there was naught except such as these accessories furnished. Basil Gill, specially imported from England to enact the Manchu emperor, suggested an Irishman far more than a Celestial, as did also the small boy impersonating the child emperor of Nanking. Both of them, to be sure—and Viola Allen, too—were ingeniously made up to represent slant-eyed Orientals, but once they opened their mouths all illusion was lost. They were out for "points," eager to "get" their speeches over, and let the *vraisemblance* of the thing go hang.

The production is divided into three parts and eight scenes. Very appealing in color effects are the palace gardens at Nanking, although the persistency of the flamingoes in fluttering their wings against the tree-trunks, causing these to flutter in turn, is rather distracting to the onlooker. Unique, too, is the scene showing the battlements near the wall of Nanking; but one sighed for the climactic interest supplied against a similar background in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," long ago, at the Empire, or more recently in "The Arrow Maker," at the Century, then known as the New.

The critical comment on "The Daughter of Heaven" was severe, the consensus of it being that the money lavished on scenery and costumes, with little of dramatic value to drape in such costly settings, was a fortune thrown away.

The futility of "The Daughter of Heaven" was atoned for in "The New Sin," presented by the same management. This is a play by the new English writer, B. MacDonald Hastings, which ran for some time in London last spring. It had only three acts there. A fourth, to bring about the happy ending which modern audiences are supposed to crave, has been added for the American tour, and strikes a more or less jarring note in an otherwise remarkable dramatic presentment.

There are only seven characters, not one of them a woman, so the new sin does not belong to the moral category of which a Broadway *flâneur* would probably think on glimpsing the title on the bill-boards. *Hilary Cutts's* father has made a fortune by inventing a man's stocking-supporter.

Hilary is one of twelve children, the brightest of the lot, and the most worthless at the outset. He is cast adrift, and inherits nothing when his father dies. Worse yet, to make it impossible for his brothers to give him any share of the inventor's money, the will specifies that none of the children shall receive a penny from their father's estate for twenty-one years, except in the event of *Hilary's* death.

When the play opens, however, *Hilary* has turned a new leaf, and is making a name for himself as a painter and illustrator. He is tortured by constant appeals from his brothers and sisters, who are in dire need, and who point out that but for him, the black sheep of the family, they would be in comparative affluence. This is the situation which *Hilary* states to his friends in the first act, arguing that it seems a sin—a new sin—for him to live. He talks of suicide, whereupon his chum, *Jim Benziger*, jocosely suggests that he might commit a murder, for which he would be hanged, thus accomplishing the same end.

Comes then his younger brother, *Max*, just discharged from a draper's shop, with a new tale of woe. He recognizes his recent employer in one of *Hilary's* friends, and, in semidrunken rage, shoots and kills him. The others burst in, and with a quick inspiration *Hilary* announces that he has acted on his pal's suggestion, and committed a murder as the best way out of an intolerable situation.

The third act shows the scarcely repressed joy of the weak-willed *Max* over the money into which he will come as soon as his brother swings. One of his remarks, however, puts *Jim* on the trail of the truth, and then comes the announcement that there has been official intervention on the day preceding the execution, and that *Hilary's* sentence has been commuted to penal servitude for life.

"It isn't true! It can't be true!" *Max* yells in a frenzy. Then, as the cries of the newsboys in the street float up through the window, carrying confirmation of the news, he drops into a chair, and sobs out, with his head on the table: "Oh, what shall I do? What will become of me now? What will become of us all?"

On this dramatic but shocking ending the final curtain originally fell, and there is no denying that it was the proper place for it to fall. The added act sets forth the freeing of *Hilary*, owing to the confession

which *Max* is forced into making, and the latter's escape from paying the proper penalty for his crime because he had already been tried for the murder and acquitted. Matters are therefore left pretty much in *statu quo*, but *Hilary* finds that his picture at the Royal Academy has sold for a large sum, and agrees to buy off his brothers and sisters with a gift of money. Thus, you see, in this sop to the happy-ending fiends, Mr. Hastings begs the entire question.

But there is so much that is adroit in his management of the main part of his theme, so much good writing has gone into the dialogue, and he has found such capable players to set it forth, that one hates to cavil over a fourth act which, after all, one may easily escape by leaving the theater.

The entire cast is British born. Cyril Keightly, once leading man for Billie Burke, conveyed *Hilary's* varying moods with faithful realism. O. P. Heggie, as the heartless *Max*, succeeds in making of the fellow a most despicable little scoundrel. More difficult, because less showy, is the character of *Jim Benziger*; and all the more credit to Julian L'Estrange for making him seem every bit as alive as the other six. In his one chance, where he traps *Max* into an unwary admission of guilt, he had us all sitting on the edge of our seats.

"The New Sin" was presented in Chicago early in the autumn and made a favorable impression on the reviewers, one of whom called it "the most notable play of the year, beyond any comparison." It ran for three weeks. In New York, the notices were not so good and the play lasted no longer. But it is remarkable drama, nevertheless.

A DELIGHTFUL PHILANDERER

Everybody liked "The Affairs of *Anatol*," with which Winthrop Ames inaugurated the second season of his charming Little Theater. This "sequence of five episodes, by Arthur Schnitzler, paraphrased in English by Granville Barker," is just the sort of entertainment for Mr. Ames's tiny playhouse, where it was set forth in delightful fashion with John Barrymore as *Anatol*—the best thing he has ever done—and five leading women, one to each act.

Anatol would be a very dreadful person if one were expected to take him seriously. He sees, sighs, loves, and hurries away in search of fresh conquests. Self-conceit is the breath of his life, and yet we simply

look on at the egregious vanity of the man and enjoy it.

In the first scene, "Ask No Questions," Marguerite Clark is very dainty as *Hilda*, whom *Anatol* hypnotizes into telling her real age, but fears to interrogate further, lest his fears should be confirmed. In the second, "An Episode," Gail Kane is the circus-rider *Bianca*, who fails to remember *Anatol* just after he has been boasting to his friend *Max* about the conquest he has made of her. In "The Supper Party," Doris Keane puts him to rout as *Mimi*. He plans to dismiss her, but—to use the vernacular of the day—she beats him to it by announcing that she has transferred her affections to a player in the orchestra.

Katherine Emmett scores in "A Christmas Present," which is the most serious of the five episodes and the most unique in setting, showing the front of a Vienna flower-shop on a rainy Christmas Eve. In sharp contrast to this is the final scene, "The Wedding Day," with Isabelle Lee for the avenging fury, *Lona*, who proceeds to break up the furniture when she finds that *Anatol* is to be married that very noon.

Of course, *Anatol* is a very reprehensible young man. You wouldn't care for him as a friend, for you couldn't possibly trust him; and yet, as a theatrical entertainment, he is such a clever and amusing figure that one almost loses sight of his moral enormities. So much for Mr. Barrymore's lightness of touch in the acting and George Foster Platt's finesse in giving the production a gossamer atmosphere.

OLD FRIENDS IN A NEW SETTING

The highly moral atmosphere of "Little Women" was the very quality, no doubt, that rendered a dramatization of this classic of our childhood a dangerous proposition from the managerial point of view. At any rate, several authors declined to undertake the task, and when Marian De Forest finally made the story into a play, her work was declined by several managers before William A. Brady undertook its production.

Seldom, if ever, have I read such unanimity of indorsement by the New York critics, and yet the play, as a play, breaks every rule in the book of technique. There is no heroine or hero, no cumulative interest, each act being practically complete in itself, and no suspicion of a "punch." There is only such humor as would naturally arise out of the every-day life of a fam-

ily that has hard scratching to make both ends meet. And yet there is a charm about the thing from which there is no getting away, because it is genuine.

The play shows life, real life, such as was actually lived in New England fifty years ago, under the shadow of the Civil War. It is probably because no ruthless hand was allowed to profane the simplicity of the story by introducing a wounded soldier, or some other alleged touch of the dramatic, that it has scored the smashing hit which stands to its credit. People like it because it is calm and peaceful, innocent and pure—in short, altogether different from anything seen on the stage in recent years. Even "*Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*," you remember, must needs have its young heroine try to put a wedding-ring on the mother of her friend.

Miss De Forest has accomplished marvels in keeping so much of herself out and so much of Miss Alcott in the play. We who loved the book may well be thankful that the better-known dramatists to whom Jessie Bonstelle first appealed declined to undertake the task. It is easily to be supposed that they would have tried to reverse this process. Miss De Forest is an ardent lover of the story, and I am told that she wrote her first draft of the play entirely from her memory of it, without once looking at the book. In this way only the high lights of the narrative presented themselves to her for use, and her mind was not hampered by the crowding in of episodes pressing for transference from page to stage.

In a play that must depend mainly on patronage from those who know the story, it was one of her happiest thoughts to start just as the book starts. Do you recall it?

"Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents," grumbled *Jo*, lying on the rug.

"It's so dreadful to be poor!" sighed *Meg*, looking down at her old dress.

That is exactly where the play begins, with the four girls in the old sitting-room at Concord, *Jo* stretched out on the rug in front of the fire, her chin propped on her two hands as she stares unseeingly at the audience. All through the four acts, in fact, Miss De Forest has contrived in marvelous fashion to retain the very language of the book, even although it wasn't always possible to keep the same background.

For instance, you will remember that *Laurie* proposes to *Amy* as they are boating

on an Italian lake, with special reference to the skill with which they pull together. *Amy* is made to recall this scene when the two are in the apple-orchard at Plumfield, and it is the same with *Jo* and the professor, who really asks her the all-important question under an umbrella as they are both plodding along through the streets in the rain. In the play a sunshade is employed to lead up to Miss Alcott's very words; and thus it is all through the piece.

The cast, though most of its members are quite unknown to Broadway, is a capable one. The *Jo* is Marie Pavey, hitherto identified with Western stock-companies. To the most showy rôle in "*Little Women*" she brings the tall, angular figure of Miss Alcott's description and a keen, if grim, sense of humor which never fails. Mr. Brady's daughter Alice makes a sweet *Meg*, and Beverly West imparts just the right accentuation to *Amy's* high-sounding words and artistic tendencies. Gladys Hulette does not die on the stage as *Beth*. Howard Estabrook handles *Laurie* with real genius, this being a character that could be easily made an insufferable prig in the wrong hands.

BEAUTY FOLLIES' CHIEF ASSET

From "*Little Women*" to the Follies of Ziegfeld! Such are the contrasts in play-going meted out to metropolitan critics, for the next offering was the 1912 edition of froth, frolic, and fun. Last season the contrast between the two entertainments would not have been so great, for, as I noted at the time, the travesty "*Every-wife*" was almost a sermon in itself. But to judge by the present production, pretty girls are more plentiful than clever ideas.

Compared with either its predecessors in the "Follies" series, or with other similar shows now on view, the present mélange of songs, dances, novelties, and beauties falls short in every respect excepting the last. The good looks of the much-vaunted Ziegfeld chorus there is no denying. Whether they alone will suffice to keep the piece in town for the winter I doubt. The pace in the musical-comedy realm just now is very swift; it takes "some going" to catch up with "*Delphine*," "*The Count of Luxembourg*," and "*The Merry Countess*." Elsewhere in this issue I have descanted on the merits of "*The Woman Haters*," but even that bright offering was driven to the road after only three weeks on Broadway.

As to the scenery of the "Follies," the final set, showing the interior of a circus tent, was a happy thought if only as a variant from the wearisome duplication of New York's Broadway and Atlantic City's boardwalk. I am sure that most playgoers would be quite willing to forego another view of Herald Square or Times Square in exchange for a peep at what the scene-painter can do with Chicago's Michigan Avenue, Boston's Common, or Philadelphia's Chestnut Street.

THE MAN WHO WILL GET SHAW'S NEXT

Bernard Shaw, along with his other unique qualities, is able to "come back," as was proven by Robert Loraine's revival of "Man and Superman" at the Hudson Theater, where this same star first presented it seven years ago. Mr. Loraine has come over from England with the express purpose of giving the play in San Francisco, his visit there on his former tour having been interrupted by the earthquake.

So far as I know, Loraine is the only man who has successfully defied Shaw. He not only got this usually unmanageable author to cut the Inferno scene out of "Man and Superman," in order that it might be played in one evening, but forced him to consent to the disappearance of *John Tanner's* beard and the substitution of a sack suit for his frock coat. But roaring lions of the Shaw breed love to be bearded in their dens. You see, they admire courage, and Loraine's reward is the chance to produce Shaw's newest play, which he expects to do when he returns to London next spring.

The nature of the coming work has not yet been announced; but the fact that its chief character is to fit Loraine promises something interesting.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE DRAMA LEAGUE?

It appears that the Drama League, of Chicago, did not exactly indorse "June Madness" after seeing a performance of it. This particularly unpleasant play by Henry Kitchell Webster failed so signally on its New York showing that its reported commendation by the Evanston contingent caused no little wonder.

It seems that only the first play in the series produced by the Chicago Theater Society was bulletined in the usual way—after being viewed by the playgoing committee, one of whom has been good enough

to answer my query as to the facts of the matter. This first performance was that of Molière's "Learned Ladies"; but the league was so much interested in the success of the Chicago Theater Society, that when "June Madness" was added to the repertory, a special bulletin was issued and sent out, calling attention to the novelty in these words:

The intent of the play is to show a time-worn situation from a new point of view—that of a successful business woman who has from an early age been economically independent. The minor characters are as carefully elaborated as the principal ones, and the technique is worthy of an experienced playwright.

However useful the Drama League may be in keeping its members away from plays that are not approved, it would not appear, judging by results, to be of much assistance to managers in securing audiences for the performances that it recommends. Last season was notably disastrous in Chicago theatrical annals, and in mid October of the present year, the *Inter-Ocean* remarked:

It is declared on unimpeachable authority that the patronage resulting from the Drama League indorsement of four plays—"The New Sin," "Milestones," "The Blue Bird," and "Kismet"—has been so small that it was not considered even a factor in any case of the four.

I am setting down these facts, not because of any quarrel with the league's purpose, but by reason of my interest in its aims. Indeed, this department was one of the first to spread broadcast the tidings that it was the league's indorsement of "Disraeli" which apparently switched that play from success to failure. This happened before the organization attained such wide-spread fame.

Possibly its annual meetings, with the reports of speeches, resolutions, and so on, have created the impression—a false one, I grant—that the league approves plays that are instructive rather than entertaining. It may be that the wording of the bulletins tends to further this belief. Take, for instance, these lines from the indorsement of "The Faun," under the heading "Value":

A fantastic squint at sophisticated modern life through pagan eye-glasses. A humoresque played upon the theme of the unity of the spiritual with the physical. As the symbolism is not always clear, an uninspired materialism

might be read into some of the lines and situations, which demand imagination for their true interpretation.

Now I submit that the average man and woman, reading the foregoing, would acquire an entirely distorted conception of a play which, after all, was merely a fantastic comedy with some truth at its base.

A FEAST OF FANTASY AND JOY

Of the four persons engaged in the manufacture of "The Lady of the Slipper," the one who first thought of using the old fairy-tale of "Cinderella" as the basis for a musical show deserves the lion's share of the credit, whether he or she gets a larger proportion of the royalties or not. It was inspiration, nothing less, in view of the fact that Elsie Janis is one of the stars. The rest was easy, given Montgomery and Stone for her two associates and R. H. Burnside to put the piece on a stage which fairly yawns with traps and properties built chiefly on hinges, so that they can be turned inside out more easily than a coat.

Victor Herbert's music is more important to this production than Anne Caldwell and Lawrence McCarty's libretto, or James O'Dea's lyrics, because there is more dancing than either singing or acting, and one must have tunes to dance to.

Charles Dillingham was the wizard who induced three stars to cast in their lot in one electric sign. He tried to make it four, but Joe Cawthorne backed out, and just where he is at present on the theatrical map I do not know. Montgomery, Stone, and Miss Janis are likely to be found at the Globe, on Broadway, until 1913 pumpkins begin to sprout from the vines.

Dave Montgomery, you see, is a pumpkin come to life from the corn-field in response to *Cinderella's* wish that the pumpkin-head in the kitchen window could speak to her in her loneliness. *Punks*, in turn, wishes for the presence of his pal, *Spooks*, the scarecrow; hence Fred Stone, once again the *Straw Man* of "The Wizard of Oz." After that they are worked deftly into the story, or as much of it as the acrobatics of Stone and the dancing of everybody else leave room for. After the fairy godmother transforms the six white mice and the pumpkin into as many white ponies and a red coach, the magic still holds good for this nimble pair. They are seen on the box as coachman and footman, driving *Cinderella* to the ball, the six ponies running on a tread-mill.

The ball is a splendid affair, in which occurs a ballet, "Youth" led by the Russian Lydia Lopoukova and danced by coryphées, whose white skirts stand out straight and fluffy, after the fashion that prevailed in our youth, before wriggles and turkey-trots invaded the scene. Then Montgomery has the best song in the piece—"Bagdad"; Stone does the punch-bowl glide, ending up with a dive straight through a painting; and the act ends with a fine ensemble called "The Drums of the Nations," an inspiriting military number.

In the last act, back in the baron's kitchen, *Harlequin* and *Columbine* appear, just as in the old pantomime days, and set the properties to playing tricks on *Spooks* and *Punks*, to punish them for lingering too late at the ball. The ugly sisters try on the slipper in vain, and Elsie Janis does some new imitations, even cleverer than her old ones. Then comes the throne-room, with all the court ladies taking their turn at the slipper, but only *Cinderella* finding that it fits. A truly wonderful transformation scene follows; but you have already seen so many wonderful things that you take it as a matter of course.

As you go home, you wonder if Mr. Dillingham couldn't annex a few more Saturday afternoons to the calendar, for the benefit of all the children who will want to see this show.

WHAT THE PUBLIC DOESN'T WANT

Helen Ware must be growing weary of hearing her acting praised and her plays condemned. The latest, "Trial Marriage," by Elmer Harris, is a spineless affair whose theme is sufficiently explained in its title. In these days of public indifference to unhappy love-affairs, either on or off the stage, it is astounding that a management would thus kindly warn people away from the box-office. Time was when nastiness paid in the theater. It is now deader than "June Madness." The Belasco bed has been superseded by the Belasco laboratory and the Bayard Veiller handcuffs.

Helen Ware has a fine voice, a good presence, a keen intelligence. It is a thousand pities that she should be tied down to plays dug from the muck-heap of the past. Wait until she finds a vehicle that hinges on other woes than those of the unwed mother. Then her name in the electrics will mean all that it deserves to mean now.

Matthew White, Jr.

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND*

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

AUTHOR OF "BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK," "TRUXTON KING," ETC.

LI (continued)

"WHAT is this you are saying?" demanded Redmond Wrاندall. "When I left the inn that night," Sara went on, "after seeing my husband's body in the little up-stairs room, I said to myself that the one who took his life had unwittingly done me a service. He was my husband; I loved him, I adored him. To the end of my days I could have gone on loving him, in spite of the cruel return he gave for my love and loyalty. I shall not attempt to tell you of the countless lapses of fidelity on his part. You would not believe me. But he always came back to me with the pitiful love he had for me, and I forgave him his transgressions. These things you know. He confessed many things to you, Mr. Wrاندall. He humbled himself to me. Perhaps you will recall that I never complained to you of him. What rancor I had was always directed toward you, his family, who would see no wrong in your king, but looked upon me as dirt beneath his feet. There were moments when I could have slain him with my own hands, but my heart rebelled. There were times when he said to me that I ought to kill him for the things he had done.

"You may now understand what I mean when I say that the girl who went to Burton's Inn with him did me a service. I will not say that I considered her guiltless at the time. On the contrary, I looked upon her in quite a different way. I had no means of knowing, then, that she was as pure as snow, and that he would have despoiled her of everything that was sweet and sacred to her. She took his life in order to save that which was dearer to her than her own life, and she was on her way to pay for her deed with her life, if neces-

sary, when I came upon her and intervened."

"You—you know who she is?" said Mr. Wrاندall, in a low, incredulous voice.

"I have known almost from the beginning. Presently you will hear her story from her own lips."

Involuntarily four pairs of eyes shifted. They looked blankly at Hetty Castleton.

Speaking swiftly, Sara depicted the scenes and sensations experienced during that memorable motor journey from Burton's Inn to New York.

"I could not believe that she was a vicious creature, even then. Something told me that she was a tender, gentle thing who had fallen into evil hands, and who had struck because she was not evil. I did not doubt that she had been my husband's mistress, but I could not destroy the conviction that somehow she had been justified in doing the thing she had done. My gravest mistake was in refusing to hear her story in all its details. I only permitted her to acknowledge that she had killed him, and no more. I did not want to hear the thing which I assumed to be true. Therein lies my deepest fault. For months and months I misjudged her in my heart, yet secretly I loved her. Now I understand why I loved her. It was because she was innocent of the only crime that I could lay at her feet.

"Now I come to the crime of which I stand self-accused. I must have been mad all these months. I have no other defense to offer. You may take it as you see it for yourselves. I do not ask for pardon. After I had deliberately set about to shield this unhappy girl—to cheat the law, if you please; to cheat you, perhaps—I conceived the horrible thought of avenging myself for all the indignities I had sustained at the hands of you Wrاندalls, and at the same

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time of evening my account with the one woman upon whom I could put my finger as having robbed me of my husband's love. You see, I put it mildly. I have hated all of you, Mrs. Wrاندall, even as you have hated me. To-day—now—I do not feel as I did in other days toward you. I do not love you, but I do not hate you. I do not forgive you, and yet I think I have come to see things from your point of view. I can only repeat that I do not hate you as I once did."

She paused. The Wrاندalls were too deeply submerged in horror to speak. They merely stared at her as if stupefied; as breathless, as motionless as stones.

"There came a day when I observed that Leslie was attracted by the guest in my house. On that day the plan took root in my brain. I—"

"Good Heavens!" fell from Leslie's lips. "You—you had *that* in mind?"

"It became a fixed, inflexible purpose, Leslie. Not that I hated you as I hated the rest, for you tried to be considerate. The one grudge I held against you was that in seeking to sustain me, you defamed your own brother. You came to me with stories of his misdeeds; you said that he was a scoundrel, and that you would not blame me for 'showing him up.' Do you not remember? And so my plot involved you; you were the only one through whom I could strike. There were times when I faltered. I could not bear the thought of sacrificing Hetty Castleton, nor was it easy to appease my conscience in respect to you. Still, if I could have had my way a few months ago, if coercion had been of any avail, you would now be the husband of your brother's slayer. Then I came to know that she was not what I had thought she was. She was honest. My bubble burst. I came out of the maze in which I had been living, and saw clearly that what I had contemplated was the most atrocious—"

"Atrocious?" cried Mrs. Redmond Wrاندall, between her set teeth. "Diabolical! Diabolical! Sara, what a devil you—"

She did not complete the sentence, but sank back in her chair and stared with wide, horror-struck eyes at her rigid daughter-in-law. Her husband, his hand shaking as if with palsy, pointed a finger at Hetty.

"And so *you* are the one we have been hunting for all these months, Miss Castle-

ton! You are the one we want! You who have sat at our table, you who have smiled in our faces—"

"Stop, Mr. Wrاندall!" commanded Sara, noting the ashen face of the girl. "Don't let the fact escape you that I am the guilty person. Don't forget that she owed her freedom, if not her life, to me. I alone kept her from giving herself up to the law. All that has happened since that night in March must be placed to my account. Hetty Castleton has been my prisoner. She has rebelled a thousand times, and I have conquered—not by threats, but by *love*! Do you understand? Because of her love for me, and because she believed that I loved her, she submitted to my wishes. You are not to accuse her, Mr. Wrاندall; accuse me! I am on trial here. Hetty Castleton is a witness against me, if you choose to call upon her as such. If not, I shall ask her to speak in my defense, if she can do so."

"Sara, this is sheer lunacy!" cried Mr. Wrاندall, coming to his feet. "I don't care what your motives may have been. They do not make her any the less a murderer. She—"

"We must give her over to the police immediately—" began his wife, struggling to her feet.

Mrs. Wrاندall staggered. It was Booth who stepped quickly to her side to support her. Leslie was staring at Hetty.

Vivian touched her father's arm. She was very pale, but vastly more composed than the others.

"Father, listen to me," she said. Her voice trembled in spite of her effort to control it. "We are condemning Miss Castleton unheard. Let us hear everything before we—"

"Good Heavens, Vivian! Do you mean to—"

"But how can we place any reliance on anything that she may say?" cried Mrs. Wrاندall.

"Nevertheless," said Vivian firmly, "I for one shall not condemn her unheard. I mean to be as fair to her as Sara has been. It shall not be said that *all* the Wrاندalls are smaller than Sara Gooch!"

"My child—" began her father, incredulously.

His jaw dropped suddenly. His daughter's shot had landed squarely in the heart of the Wrاندall pride.

"If she has anything to say," said Mrs.

Wrاندall, waving Booth aside and sinking stiffly into her chair.

Her husband sat down. Their jaws were set hard.

"Thank you, Vivian," said Sara, surprised in spite of herself. "You are nobler than I—"

"Please don't thank me, Sara," said Vivian icily. "I was speaking for Miss Castleton."

Sara flushed.

"I suppose it is useless to ask you to be fair to Sara Gooch, as you choose to call me!"

"Do you feel in your heart that we still owe you anything?"

"Enough of this, Vivian!" said her father, harshly. "If Miss Castleton desires to speak, we will listen to her. I must advise you, Miss Castleton, that the extraordinary disclosures made by my daughter-in-law do not lessen your culpability. We do not insist on having this confession from you. You will deliver it at your own risk. If Mr. Carroll is your counsel, he may advise you now to refuse to make any statement."

Mr. Carroll bowed slightly in the general direction of the Wrاندalls.

"I have already advised Miss Castleton to state the case fully and completely to you, Mr. Wrاندall. It was I who originally suggested this—well, what you might call a private trial for her. I am firmly convinced that when you have heard her story, you, as her judges, will acquit her of the charge of murder. Moreover, you will be content to let your own verdict end the matter, sparing yourselves the shame and ignominy of having Miss Castleton's story told in a criminal court for the delectation of an eager but somewhat implacable world."

"Let me say that your language is extremely unpleasant, Mr. Carroll," said Mr. Wrاندall coldly.

"I meant to speak kindly, sir."

"Do you mean, sir, that we shall let the matter rest after hearing the—"

"That is precisely what I mean, Mr. Wrاندall. You will not consider her guilty of a crime. Please bear in mind this fact—but for Sara and Miss Castleton you would not have known the truth. I can assure you that Miss Castleton could not be convicted in a court of justice; nor will she be convicted here this evening, in this little court of ours."

"Miss Castleton is not on trial," interposed Sara calmly. "I am the offender. She has already been tried and proved innocent."

Leslie, in his impatience, tapped sharply on the table with his seal ring.

"Please let her tell the story. Permit me to say, Miss Castleton, that you will not find the Wrاندalls as harsh and vindictive as you may have been led to believe."

Mrs. Wrاندall passed her hand over her eyes.

"To think that we have been friendly to this girl all these—"

"Calm yourself, my dear," said her husband, after a glance at his son and daughter—a glance of unspeakable helplessness. He could not understand them.

As Hetty rose to speak, the elder Mrs. Wrاندall lowered her eyes; and not once did she look up during the recital that followed. Her hands were lying limply in her lap, and she was breathing heavily, almost stertorously. The younger Wrاندalls leaned forward with their clear, unwavering gaze fixed on the earnest face of the young Englishwoman who had slain their brother.

"You have heard Sara accuse herself," said the girl, slowly, dispassionately. "The shock was no greater to you than it was to me. All that she has said is true, and yet I—I would so much rather she had left herself unarraigned. We were agreed that I should throw myself on your mercy. Mr. Carroll said that you were fair and just people, that you would not condemn me under the circumstances. But that Sara should seek to take the blame is—"

"Alas, my dear, I *am* to blame," said Sara, shaking her head. "But for me your story would have been told months ago, the courts would have cleared you, and all the world would have execrated my husband for the thing *he* did—my husband and your son, Mrs. Wrاندall, whom we both loved. God believe me, I think I loved him more than all of you put together!"

She sat down abruptly, and buried her face in her arms on the edge of the table.

"If I could only induce you to forgive her!" began Hetty, throwing out her hands as if in supplication to the Wrاندalls, to be met by a gesture of repugnance from the grim old man.

"Your story, Miss Castleton!" he said hoarsely.

"From the beginning, if you please," added the lawyer quietly. "Leave out nothing."

LII

CLEARLY, steadily, and with the utmost sincerity in her voice and manner, the girl began the story of her life. She passed hastily over the earlier periods, frankly exposing the unhappy conditions attending her home life; her subsequent activities as a performer on the London stage, after Colonel Castleton's defection; the few months devoted to posing for Hawkright the painter; and later on her engagement as governess in the Budlong family, and the offer of another position in California. She devoted some time to her first encounter with Challis Wrandall on board the west-bound steamer—an incident that came to pass in a perfectly natural way. Her deck-chair stood next to his, and he was not slow in making himself agreeable.

It did not occur to her till long afterward that he had deliberately traded positions with an elderly gentleman who occupied the chair on the first day out. Before the end of the voyage they were very good friends.

"When we landed in New York, he assisted me in many ways. Afterward, on learning that I was not to go to California, I called him up on the telephone to explain my predicament. He urged me to stay in New York; he guaranteed that there would be no difficulty in securing a splendid position in the East. I had no means of knowing that he was married. I accepted him for what I thought him to be—a genuine American gentleman. They are supposed to be particularly considerate with women. His conduct toward me was beyond reproach. I have never known a man who was so courteous, so gentle. To me, he was the most fascinating man in the world. No woman could have resisted him, I am sure of that!"

She shot a quick, appealing glance at Booth's hard-set face. Her lip trembled for a second.

"I fell in love with him," she went on resolutely. "I dreamed of him, I could hardly wait for the time to come when I was to see him. He never came to the wretched little lodging-house I have told you about. I—I met him outside. One night he told me that he loved me, loved me passionately. I—I said that I would be his

wife. Somehow it seemed to me that he regarded me very curiously for a moment or two. He seemed to be surprised, uncertain. I remember now that he laughed rather queerly. It did not occur to me to doubt him.

"One day he came for me, saying that he wanted me to see the little apartment he had taken, where we were to live after we were married. I went with him. He said that if I liked it, I could move in at once; but I would not consent to such an arrangement. For the first time I began to feel that everything was not as it should be. I—I remained in the apartment but a few minutes.

"The next day he came to me, greatly excited and more demonstrative than ever before, to say that he had arranged for a quiet, jolly little wedding up in the country. Strangely enough, I again experienced a queer feeling that all was not as it should be; but his eagerness, his persistence, dispelled the small doubt that had begun even then to shape itself. I consented to go with him on the next night to an inn out in the country, where a college friend who was a clergyman would meet us, driving over from his parish a few miles away.

"I said that I preferred to be married in a church. He laughed and said that it could be arranged when we got to the inn and talked it over with the minister. Still uneasy, I asked why it was necessary to employ secrecy. He told me that his family were in Europe, and that he wanted to surprise them by giving them a daughter who was actually related to an English nobleman. The family had been urging him to marry a stupid but rich New York girl, and he—oh, well, he uttered a great deal of nonsense about my beauty, my charm, and all that sort of thing."

She paused for a moment. No one spoke. Her audience of judges, with the exception of the elder Mrs. Wrandall, watched her as if fascinated. Their faces were almost expressionless.

With a perceptible effort, Hetty resumed her story, narrating events that carried it up to the hour when she walked into the little up-stairs room at Burton's Inn with the man who, as she supposed, was to be her husband.

"I did not see the register at the inn. I did not know till afterward that we were not booked. Once up-stairs, I refused to remove my hat or my veil or my coat until

he brought his friend to me. He pretended to be very angry over his friend's failure to be there beforehand, as had been promised. He ordered a supper served in the room. I did not eat anything. Somehow I was beginning to understand—vaguely, of course, but surely.

"Suddenly he threw off the mask. He coolly informed me that he knew the kind of girl I was. I had been on the stage. He said it was no use trying to work the marriage game on him. He was too old a bird, and too wise, to fall for that. Those were his words. I was horrified, stunned. When I began to cry out in my fury, he laughed at me, but swore he would marry me even at that if it were not for the fact that he was married already.

"I tried to leave the room. He held me. He kissed me a hundred times before I could break away. I—I tried to scream. A little later on, when I was absolutely desperate, I—I snatched up the knife from the table. There was nothing else left for me to do. I struck him. He fell back on the bed.

"I stole out of the house—oh, hours and hours afterward, it seemed to me. I cannot tell you how long I had stood there watching him. I was crazed by fear. I—I—"

Redmond Wrاندall held up his hand.

"We will spare you the rest, Miss Castleton," he said, his voice hoarse and unnatural. "There is no need to say more."

"You—you understand? You do believe me?" she cried.

He looked down at his wife's bowed head, and received no sign from her; then at the white, drawn faces of his children. They met his gaze, and he read something in their eyes.

"I—I think your story is so convincing that we—we could not endure the shame of having it repeated to the world."

"I—I cannot ask you to forgive me, sir. I only ask you to believe me," she murmured brokenly. "I—I am sorry it had to be. God is my witness that there was no other way!"

Mr. Carroll came to his feet. There were tears in his eyes.

"I think, Mr. Wrاندall, you will now appreciate my motives in—"

"Pardon me, Mr. Carroll, if I suggest that Miss Castleton does not require any defense at present," said Mr. Wrاندall stiffly. "Your motives were doubtless good.

Will you be so good as to conduct us to a room where we may—may be alone for a short while?"

There was something tragic in the man's face. His son and daughter rose, as if moved by an instinctive realization of a duty. Perhaps for the first time in their lives, they were submissive to an influence they had never quite recognized before—a father's unalterable right to command. For once in their lives they were meek in Redmond Wrاندall's presence. They stepped to his side and stood waiting. Neither of them spoke.

Mr. Wrاندall laid his hand heavily on his wife's shoulder. She started, looked up rather vacantly, and then rose without assistance. He did not make the mistake of offering to assist her. He knew too well that to question her strength now would be but to invite weakness. She was strong. He knew her well.

She stood straight and firm for a few seconds, transfixing Hetty with a look that seemed to bore into the very soul of her, and then spoke.

"You ask us to be your judges?"

"I ask you to judge not me alone, but your son as well," said Hetty, meeting her look steadily. "You cannot pronounce me innocent without pronouncing him guilty. It will be hard!"

Sara raised her head from her arms.

"You know the way into my sitting-room, Leslie," she said, with singular directness. Then she rose and drew her figure to its full height. "Please remember that it is I who am to be judged. Judge me as I have judged you. I am not asking for mercy!"

Hetty impulsively threw her arms about the rigid figure, and swept a pleading look from one to the other of the four stony-faced Wrاندalls.

They turned away without a word or a revealing look, and slowly moved off in the direction of the boudoir. They who remained behind stood still, motionless as statues.

It was Vivian who opened the library door. She closed it after the others had passed through, and did not look behind.

LIII

HALF an hour passed. Then the door was opened, and the tall old man advanced into the room.

"We have found against my son, Miss

Castleton," he said, his lips twitching. "He is not here to speak for himself, but he has already been judged. We, his family, apologize to you for what you have suffered from the conduct of one of us. Not one, but all of us, believe the story you have told. It must never be retold. We ask this of all of you. It is not in our hearts to thank Sara for shielding you, for her hand is still raised against us. We are fair and just. If you had come to us on that wretched night, and had told the story of my son's infamy, *we*, the Wrاندalls, would have stood between you and the law. The law could not have touched you then; it shall not touch you now. Our verdict, if you choose to call it that, is sealed. No man shall ever hear from the lips of a Wrاندall the smallest part of what has transpired here to-night. Mr. Carroll, you were right. We thank you for the counsel that led this unhappy girl to place herself in our hands."

"Oh, God, I thank Thee—I thank Thee!" burst from the lips of Sara Wrاندall, as she strained Hetty to her breast.

"It is not for us to judge you, Sara," said Redmond Wrاندall, speaking with difficulty. "You are your own judge, and a harsh one you will find yourself. As for ourselves, we can only look upon your unspeakable design as the working of a temporarily deranged mind. You could never have carried it out. You are an honest woman. At the last you would have revolted, even with victory assured. Perhaps Leslie is the only one who has a real grievance against you in this matter. I am convinced that he loved Miss Castleton sincerely and deeply. The worst hurt is his, and he has been your most devoted advocate during all the years of bitterness between you and us. You thought to play him a foul trick. You could not have carried it to the end. We leave you to pass judgment on yourself."

"I have already done so, Mr. Wrاندall," said Sara. "Have I not accused myself before you? Have I not confessed to the only crime that has been committed? I am not proud of myself, sir."

"You have hated us well."

"And you have hated me. The crime you hold me guilty of was committed years ago. It was when I robbed you of your son. To this day I am the leper in your path. I may be forgiven for all else, but not for allowing Challis Wrاندall to be-

come the husband of Sebastian Gooch's daughter. That is my sin—my unpardonable sin!"

Mr. Wrاندall was silent for a moment.

"You still are Sebastian Gooch's daughter," he said distinctly. "You can never be anything else."

She paled.

"This last transaction proves it, you would say?"

"This last transaction, yes."

She looked about her with troubled, questioning eyes.

"I—I wonder if *that* can be true," she murmured, rather piteously. "Am I so different from the rest of you? Is the blood to blame?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Carroll nervously. "Don't be silly, Sara, my child! That is not what Mr. Wrاندall means."

Wrاندall turned his face away.

"You loved as deeply as you hate, Sara," he said, with a curious twitching of his chin. "My son was your god. We are not insensible to that. Perhaps we have never realized until now the depth and breadth of your love for him. Love is a bitter judge of its enemies. It knows no mercy, it knows no reason. Hate may be conquered by love, but love cannot be conquered by hate. You had reason to hate my son. Instead, you persisted in your love for him. We—we owe you something for that, Sara. We owe you more than I am able to express in words."

Leslie entered the room at this instant. He had his overcoat on and carried his gloves and hat in his hand.

"We are ready, father," he said thickly.

After a moment's hesitation, he crossed over to Hetty, who stood beside Sara.

"I—I can now understand why you refused to marry me, Miss Castleton," he said, in a queer, jerky manner. "Won't you let me say that I wish you all the happiness still to be found in this rather uneven world of ours?"

The crowning testimonial to an absolutely sincere ego!

LIV

On the third day after the singular trial of Hetty Castleton in Sara's library, young Mrs. Wrاندall's motor drew up in front of a lofty office-building in lower Broadway. Its owner stepped down from the limousine and entered the building.

A few moments later, she walked briskly into the splendid offices of Wrاندall & Co., private bankers and steamship-owners. The clerks in the outer offices stared for a moment in significant surprise, and then bowed respectfully to the beautiful silent partner in the great concern.

It was the first time she had been seen in the offices since the tragic event that had served to make her a member of the firm. A boy at the information desk, somewhat impressed by her beauty and the trim elegance of her long, black broad-tail coat, to say nothing of the dark eyes that shone through the narrow veil, forgot the dignity of his office. He went so far as to politely ask her who she wanted to see, and "what name, please."

The senior clerk rushed forward and transfixed the new boy with a glare.

"A new boy, Mrs. Wrاندall," he made haste to explain.

To the new boy's surprise, the visitor was conducted straightway into the private offices, where no one ventured except by special edict of the powers.

"Who was it?" he asked, in some awe, of a veteran stenographer who came up and sneered at him.

"Mrs. Challis Wrاندall, you little simpleton," said she, and for once he failed to snap back.

It is of record that for nearly two whole days he was polite to every visitor who approached him, and was generally worth his salt.

Sara found herself in the close little room that once had been her husband's, but was now scrupulously held in reserve for her own use. Rather a waste of space, she felt, as she looked about the office. The clerk dusted an easy chair and threw open the long unused desk near the window.

"We are very glad to see you here, madam," he said. "This room hasn't been used much, as you may observe. Is there anything I can do for you?"

She continued her critical survey of the room. Nothing had been changed since the days when she used sometimes to visit her husband here—to take him out to luncheon, or to see that he got safely home on rainy afternoons. The big picture of a steamship still hung on the wall across the room. Her own photograph, in a silver frame, stood in one of the recesses of the desk. She observed that there was a clean white blotter there, too; but the ink-wells appeared to be

empty, if she was to judge by the look of chagrin on the clerk's face as he inspected them.

Photographs of polo scenes, in which Challis Wrاندall was a prominent figure, hung about the walls, with two or three pictures of his favorite ponies, and one of a ragged gipsy girl with wonderful eyes, carrying a monkey in a crude wooden cage strapped to her back. On closer observation one would have recognized Sara's peculiarly gipsylike features in the face of the girl; and then one would have noticed the caption written in red ink at the bottom of the photograph:

The Trumbells' Fancy Dress Ball, January 10, '07—Sara as Gipsy Mab.

With a start, Sara came out of her painful reverie. She passed her hand over her eyes, and seemed thereby to put the polite senior clerk back into the picture once more.

"No, thank you. Is Mr. Redmond Wrاندall down this afternoon?"

"He came in not ten minutes ago, madam," the clerk replied. "Mr. Leslie Wrاندall is also here. Shall I tell Mr. Wrاندall you wish to see him?"

"You may tell him that I am here, if you please."

"I am very sorry about the ink-wells, madam," murmured the clerk. "We—we were not expecting—"

"Pray don't let it disturb you, Mr. Bancroft. I shall not use them to-day."

"They will be properly filled by to-morrow."

"Thank you!"

He disappeared. She relaxed in the familiar, comfortable leather-cushioned chair, and closed her eyes. There was a sharp little line between them, but it was hidden by the veil.

The door opened slowly, and Redmond Wrاندall came into the room. Sara rose at once.

"This is—er—an unexpected pleasure, Sara," he said, perplexed and ill at ease. He stopped just inside the door, which he had been careful to close behind him, and did not offer her his hand.

"I came down to attend to some business, Mr. Wrاندall," she said.

"Business?" he repeated, staring.

She could not help taking note of the tired, haggard look in his eyes, and the tightly compressed lips.

"I intend to dispose of my entire interest in Wrandall & Co.," she announced calmly.

He took a step forward, plainly startled by the declaration.

"What's this?" he demanded sharply.

"We may as well speak plainly, Mr. Wrandall," she said. "You do not care to have me remain a member of the firm, nor do I blame you for feeling as you do about it. A year ago you offered to buy me out—or off, as I took it to be at the time. I had reasons then for not wishing to sell out to you. To-day I am ready either to buy or to sell."

"You—you amaze me!" he exclaimed.

"Does your offer of last December still stand?"

"I—I think we'd better have Leslie in, Sara. This is most unexpected. I don't quite feel up to—"

"Have Leslie in by all means," she said, resuming her seat.

He hesitated a moment, opened his lips as if to speak, and then abruptly left the room. Sara smiled.

Many minutes passed before the two Wrandalls put in an appearance. She understood the delay. They had been telephoning to certain legal advisers.

"What's this I hear, Sara?" demanded Leslie, extending his hand after a second's hesitation.

She shook hands with him, not listlessly, but with the vigor born of nervousness.

"I don't know what you've heard," she said pointedly.

His slender fingers went searching for the end of his mustache.

"Why—why, about selling out to us," he stammered.

"I am willing to retire from the firm of Wrandall & Co.," she said.

"Father says the business is as good as it was a year ago, but I don't agree with him," said the son, trying to look lugubrious.

"Then you don't care to repeat your original proposition?"

"Well, the way business has been falling off—"

"Perhaps you would prefer to sell out to me," she remarked quietly.

"Not at all!" Leslie returned quickly, with a surprised glance at his father. "We couldn't think of letting the business pass out of the Wrandall name."

"You forget that my name is Wrandall," she rejoined. "There would be no occa-

sion to change the firm's name—merely its membership."

"Our original offer stands," said the senior Wrandall stiffly. "We prefer to buy."

"And I to sell. Mr. Carroll will meet you to-morrow, gentlemen. He will represent me as usual. Our business as well as social relations are about to end, I suppose. My only regret is that I cannot further accommodate you by changing my name. Still, you may live in hope that time may work even that wonder for you!"

She rose. The two men regarded her in an aggrieved way for a moment.

"I have no real feeling of hostility toward you, Sara," said Leslie nervously, "in spite of all that you said the other night."

"I am afraid you don't mean that, deep down in your heart, Leslie," she said, with a queer little smile.

"But I do," he protested. "Hang it all, we—we live in a glass house ourselves, Sara. I dare say, in a way, I was quite as unpleasant as the rest of the family. You see, we just can't help being snobs. It's in us, that's all there is to it."

Mr. Wrandall looked up from the floor, his gaze having dropped at the first outburst from his son's lips.

"We—we prefer to be friendly, Sara, if you will allow us—"

She laughed, and the old gentleman stopped in the middle of his sentence.

"We can't be friends, Mr. Wrandall," she said, suddenly serious. "The pretense would be a mockery. We are all better off if we allow our paths, our interests, to diverge to-day."

"Perhaps you are right," said he, compressing his lips.

"I believe," Sara continued, "that Vivian and I could—but no! I won't go so far as to say that, either. There is something genuine about her. Strange to say, I have never disliked her."

"If you had made the slightest effort to like us, no doubt we could have—"

"My dear Mr. Wrandall," she interrupted quickly, "I credit you with the desire to be fair and just to me. You have tried to like me. You have even deceived yourself at times. I—but why these gentle recriminations? We merely prolong an unfortunate contest between antagonistic natures, with no hope of genuine peace being established. I do not regret that I am your daughter-in-law, nor do I believe that you

would regret it if I had not been the daughter of Sebastian Gooch."

"Your father was as little impressed with my son as I was with his daughter," said Redmond Wrاندall dryly. "I am forced to confess that he was the better judge. We had the better of the bargain."

"I believe you mean it, Mr. Wrاندall," she said, a note of gratitude in her voice. "Good-by. Mr. Carroll will see you to-morrow." She glanced quickly about the room. "I shall send for—for certain articles that are no longer required in conducting the business of Wrاندall & Co."

With a quaint little smile, she indicated the two photographs of herself.

"By Jove, Sara," burst out Leslie abruptly, "I wish you'd let me have that 'Gipsy Mab' picture. I've always coveted it, don't you know. Ripping study!"

Her lip curled slightly.

"As a matter of fact," he explained conclusively, "Chal often said he'd leave it to me when he died—in a joking way, of course, but I'm sure he meant it."

"You may have it, Leslie," she said slowly.

It is doubtful if he correctly interpreted the movement of her head as she uttered the words.

"Thanks," said he. "I'll hang it in my den, if you don't object."

"We shall expect Mr. Carroll to-morrow, Sara," said the elder Wrاندall, with an air of finality. "Good-by. May I ask what plans you are making for the winter?"

"They are very indefinite."

"I say, Sara, why don't you get married?" asked Leslie, surveying the photograph with undisguised admiration as he held it at arm's length. "Ripping!" This to the picture.

She paused near the door to stare at him for a moment, with unutterable scorn in her eyes.

"I've had a notion you were pretty keen about Brandy Booth," he went on amiably.

She caught her breath. There was an instant's hesitation on her part before she replied.

"You have never been very smart at making love guesses, Leslie," she said. "It's a trick you haven't acquired."

He laughed uncomfortably.

"Neat stroke, that!"

Following her into the corridor outside the offices, Leslie pushed the elevator-bell for her.

"I meant what I said, Sara," he remarked, somewhat doggedly. "You ought to get married. Chal didn't leave much for you to cherish. There's no reason why you should go on like this, living alone and all that sort of thing. You're young and beautiful, and—"

"Oh, thank you, Leslie!" she cried out sharply.

"You see, it's going to be this way—Hetty will probably marry Booth. That's *on dit*, I take it. You're depending on her for companionship. Well, she'll quit you cold after she's married. She will—"

She interrupted him peremptorily.

"If Challis did nothing else for me, Leslie, he at least gave me you to cherish. Once more, good-by!"

The elevator stopped for her. Leslie strolled back to his office with a puzzled frown on his face. She certainly was inexplicable!

The angry red faded from Sara's cheeks as she sped homeward in the automobile. Her thoughts were no longer of Leslie, but of another. She sighed and closed her eyes, and her cheeks were pale.

Workmen from a picture-dealer's establishment were engaged in hanging a full-length portrait in the long living-room of her apartment when she reached home. She had sent to the country for Booth's picture of Hetty, and was having it hung in a conspicuous place.

For a long time she stood in the middle of the room, studying the canvas. Hetty's Irish blue eyes seemed to return the scrutiny, a questioning look in their painted depths. The warm, half-smiling lips appeared to be on the point of putting into words the eager question that lay in her wondering eyes.

Passing the open door of the library, Sara paused for an instant to peer within. Then she went on down the hall to her own sitting-room. The canary was singing glibly in his cage by the window-side.

She threw aside her furs, and, without removing her hat, passed into the bed-chamber at the left of the cozy little boudoir. This was Hetty's room. Her own was directly opposite. On the girl's dressing-table, leaning against the broad, low mirror, stood the unframed photograph of a man. With a furtive glance over her shoulder, Sara crossed to the table and took up the picture in her gloved hand. For a long time she stood there gazing into the

frank, good-looking face of Brandon Booth. She breathed faster; her hand shook; her eyes were strained as if by an inward suggestion of pain.

She shook her head slowly, as if in final renunciation of a secret hope, or in banishment of an unwelcome desire, and resolutely replaced the photograph. Her lips were almost white as she turned away and re-entered the room beyond.

"He belongs to her," she said, unconsciously speaking aloud; "and he is like all men. She must not be unhappy!"

Presently she entered the library. She had exchanged her tailor suit for a dainty house-gown. Hetty was still seated in a big chair before the snapping fire, apparently not having moved since Sara looked in on passing a quarter of an hour before. One of the girl's legs was curled up under her, the other swung loose. An elbow rested on the arm of the chair, and her cheek was in her hand.

Coming softly up from behind, Sara leaned over the back of the chair and put

her hands under her friend's chin, tenderly, lovingly.

Hetty started and shivered.

"Oh, Sara, how cold your hands are!"

She grasped them in her own and fondly stroked them, as if to restore warmth to the long, slender fingers.

"I've been thinking all morning of what you and Brandon proposed to me last night, dear," said Sara, looking straight over the girl's head. A dark, languorous, mysterious glow filled her eyes. "It is good of you both to want me, but—"

"Now don't say 'but,' Sara!" cried Hetty. "We mean it, and you must let us have our way."

"It would be splendid to be near you all the time, dear; it would be wonderful to live with you, as you so generously propose, but I cannot do it. I must decline."

"And may I ask why you should decline to live with me?" demanded Hetty, almost resentfully.

"Because I love you so dearly," said Sara.

THE END

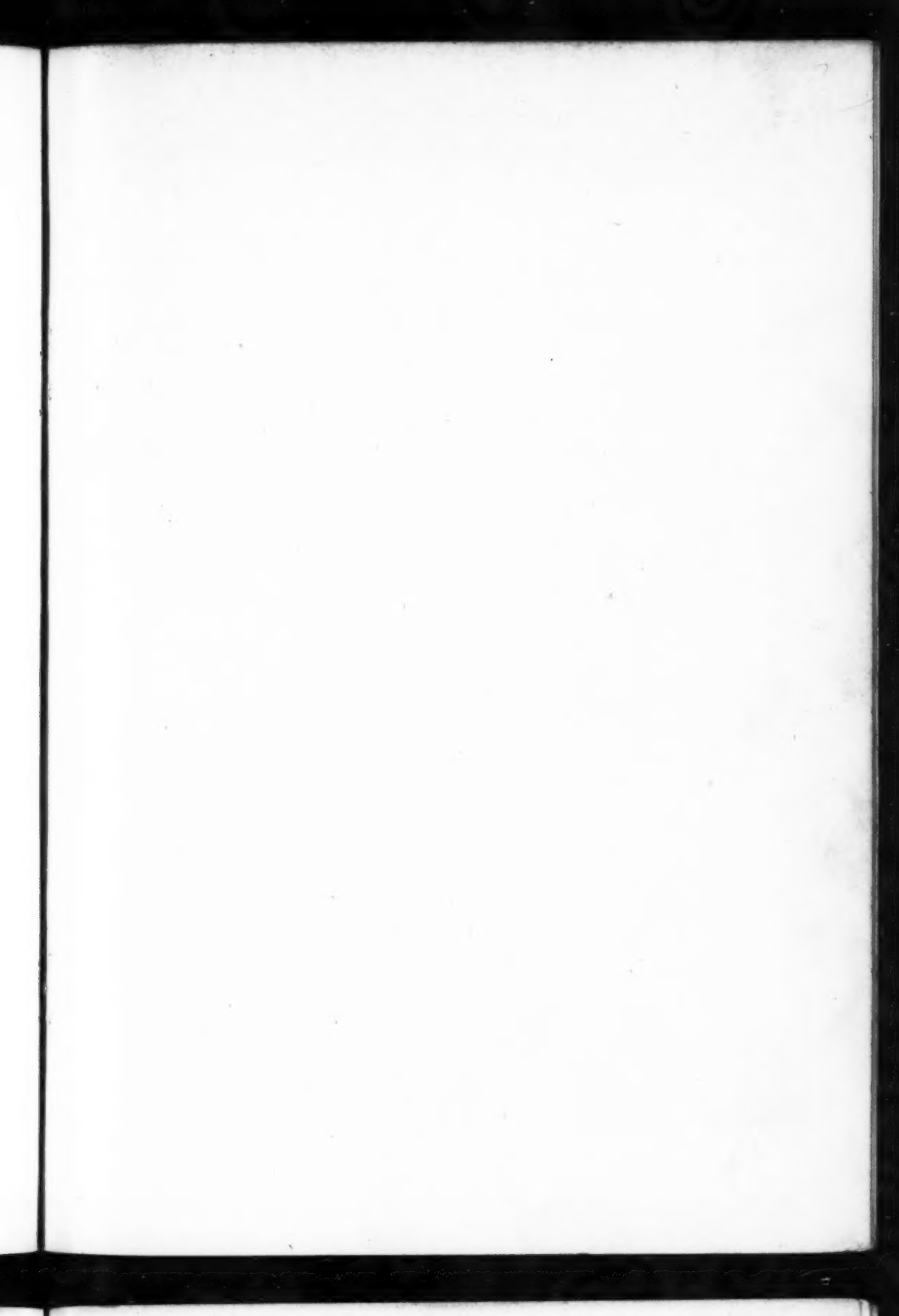
WHEN THE HOLLY HANGS RED

WHEN the holly hangs red on the lintel,
And lights are agleam in the tree—
While the log is aflame in the ingle,
'Tis home, ah, 'tis home I would be!
For bright as the glint of the holly,
And warm as the candles alight,
There leaps to the call of the Yule-log
The spirit of boyhood to-night.

It snatches the pen from my fingers
And writes me a psalm of joy;
It echoes in jubilant measure
The laughter I laughed as a boy;
It leaps with the flame in the chimney
And circles the tree with delight;
Hark, hark! 'Tis the voice of my childhood
That's singing its carols to-night.

The garment I wove in my sorrow
Is cast for the moment away;
I crown me with wreaths of the holly,
I drape me with smilax and bay.
I shout as a child till the rafters
Reecho my song of delight;
For mine is the infinite gladness—
The spirit of Christmas, to-night!

Clara Griffith Gassam





"BEYOND THAT, THERE ARE MANY TRIBES AND MANY PEOPLES WHO HAVE GONE AHEAD"
[See story "Children of the Dust," page 577]